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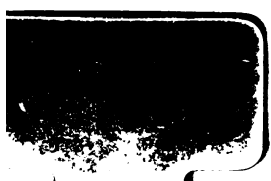
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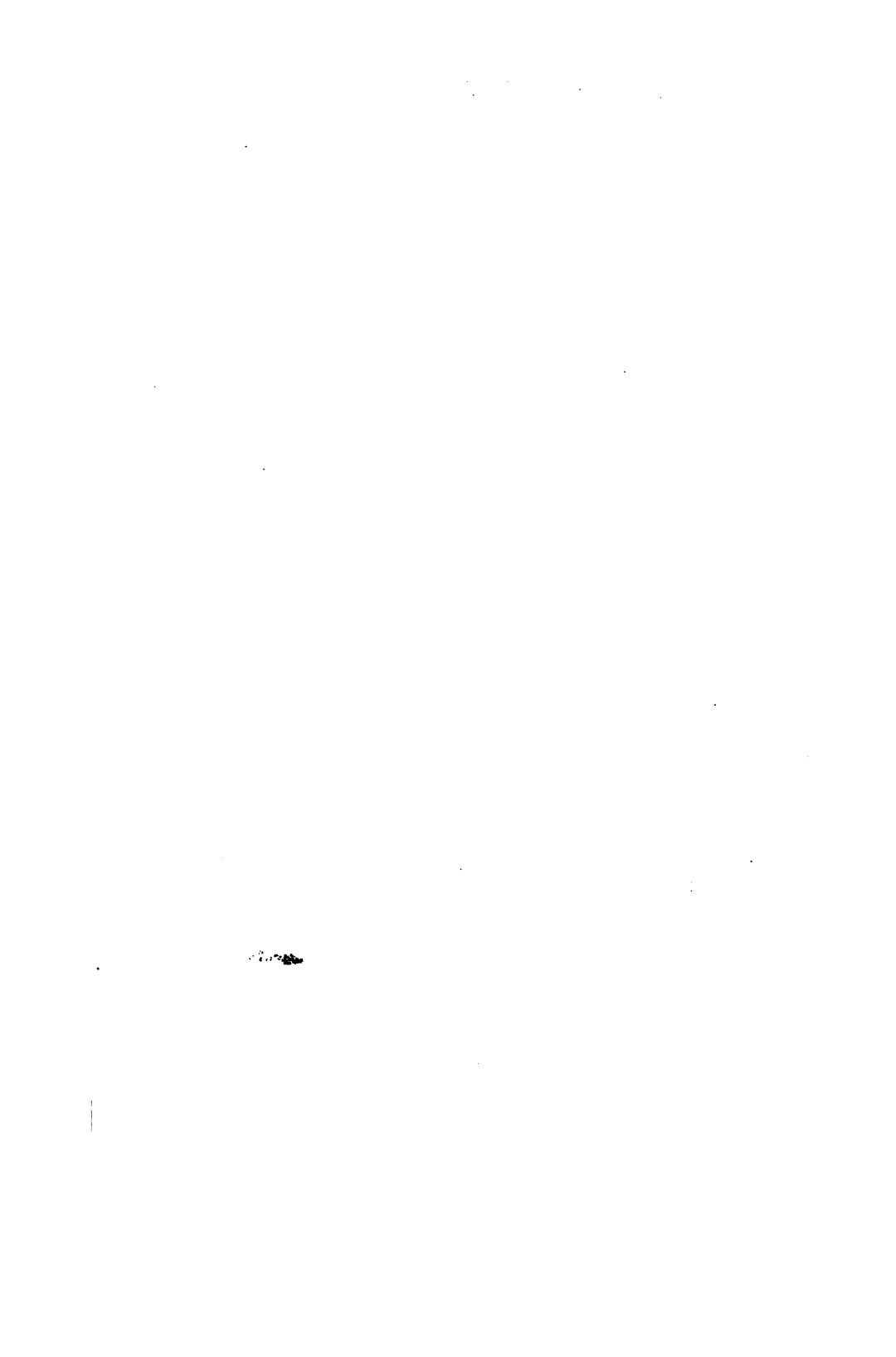
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THE  
COUNTRY HOUSE ON THE RHINE.

BY  
BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.



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# THE COUNTRY HOUSE ON THE RHINE.

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## BOOK XI.

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### CHAPTER I.

**R**OLAND and Eric walked side by side over the hills.

At no time is walking more agreeable than in the fresh autumn days ; the cows are grazing on the pastures, the last corn is being brought home from the fields, the foliage displays every variety of colour, and there is a kind of dewy freshness in the air ; it is like the evening of summer ; all nature appears satiated after the completion of labour.

Eric and Roland walked along in a sort of even tread, as if they could go on walking for ever, without pausing for rest.

On their way Eric told Roland of his own past history, though in a different tone to that in which he had related it to Clodwig, and subsequently to Sonnenkamp.

He had a feeling that he was taking his last free walk with Roland, and the latter confirmed this feeling by informing Eric that Prancken had already ordered



a uniform for him, and that late in that same autumn he was to enter the military school.

Roland now also spoke for the first time of Knopf, who was tutor at Mattenheim; and he openly said that he was glad of the opportunity of being reconciled with his old master before he entered another sphere of life. Eric learned how deeply Roland had offended his tutor. While he was asleep, Roland, in company with a former valet of Sonnenkamp's, who had incited him to do it, had cut off half his beard; he sincerely repented of having done so, and wished to acknowledge this to Herr Knopf.

They reached the village, situated not far from Weidmann's house; it was adorned with flags, and on waggons covered with garlands there were troops of peasant boys and girls, imitating in fun their various occupations.

Flags were flying from the town hall; in the hall itself, it was said, Weidmann was delivering an address.

Roland and Eric went in.

In the great hall, Weidmann was standing in front of a table, speaking to the people on the best way of cultivating land.

When Weidmann had finished his address, he greeted Eric and Roland heartily, and when Eric expressed his pleasure at his speech, he said: "I ought to have been a pastor, the son of a pastor sticks to me."

"There is so much preached of the soul," rejoined Eric; "it is well that you preach of the body."

Weidmann replied with great seriousness: "I do not, however, overlook the soul; indeed, it is more and more

inconceivable to me, how men manage not to believe in God ; I trace Him everywhere."

They went out into the street, where the festive train was passing along. Foremost came the firemen of the place and of the villages round, fresh handsome lads in grey linen blouses, with the glittering yellow helmets on their heads.

They went to the square, where the prizes were being distributed ; then Weidmann took his guests to the exhibition of agricultural implements, and Roland walked about among the assembled people, as if he had suddenly been transported into another world. "Only a few miles from Villa Eden," he thought, "there lives a man who labours with such zeal to help his fellow-men to gain their subsistence. And what are we trying to do ?"

Eric regarded it as a fortunate circumstance that Roland should thus gain a glimpse of active life. He had not ventured to interfere, nor to seduce him in plain terms from the vocation of a soldier. To tell of the repugnance which had arisen in his own mind to his former calling, was of little use, for the youth now could only see the bright and alluring side of a soldier's life.

"Perhaps," he thought, "Roland may now find his true vocation as a landed proprietor, in which he could indirectly work for others."

It was time for the dance to begin ; the music sounded gaily. They went into the Raven Inn, at which a nosegay tied with green was suspended ; and peasants and peasant girls were dancing merrily. On a slight elevation near the musicians stood Knopf, blowing his flute ; he nodded to them as they entered.

Roland seized Eric's hand tremblingly, and pointed to several well-dressed people who were sitting at a table covered with a red cloth.

"That is she! that is she!"

A slender child, with a blooming complexion and long, unconfined hair, was sitting by the side of a tall gentleman. He was Weidmann's nephew, Dr. Fritz, from America.

Knopf gave the trumpeter next him a sign; the dance ceased, and he came down and held out his hand to Eric and Roland. Tears were filling his eyes behind his large spectacles, and trickled down upon the glasses, so that he was obliged to take them off and look blinkingly at the new-comers.

"You have come at a good time—at the very best. We are keeping the festival of the district."

"Forgive me——" cried Roland.

"That has long been done. You have indeed grown into a fine youth. Come along."

He led them both to the large table, and introduced Eric to Frau Weidmann. Another guest, who was sitting behind the table, held out his hand to Eric and Roland; it was Prince Valerian, who was living there as Weidmann's pupil. Two sons of Weidmann's, Dr. Fritz from America, and his child, were also introduced. Roland and the girl looked at each other as if in a dream.

"Father, that is the prince of the wood whom I have seen," said the girl.

Roland looked surprised at the tone of the voice; if the bells of the lilies of the valley had a voice, it must have sounded like hers. But how quickly had Lilian grown since then!

The meeting in the wood was now related, and

when the call, "Lilian ! come !" was mentioned, Knopf said "Lilian, come ! Lilian, come ! that goes in three crotchet time." Raising his flute like a magician's wand, he cried aloud, "Wonders still happen ! wonders still happen ! Now follow me ; do not speak, not a word. Roland can dance, and you can dance also, Lilian. Quiet !" he called to all assembled. "They will both now dance alone together."

He returned to his position on the platform, and played a waltz on his flute. Roland and Lilian danced, and all the rest looked on. Roland and Lilian had not yet spoken a word, and yet they had so much to say ; but they danced together. Who knows how long Knopf would have gone on playing, had not Dr. Fritz called out : "That's enough, Herr Knopf."

Knopf shrank back, the reminder seemed to wound him in the midst of this fairy tale ; its tone seemed so terribly prosaic.

Roland and Lilian joined the others at the table. They sat silently, looking at each other, and not speaking a word.

Eric begged that his coming might cause no disturbance. But Weidmann declared that he had at any rate intended leaving now ; he had been obliged even to-day to transact business with hundreds of people.

The party accompanied Roland and Eric to the house ; Dr. Fritz led his little daughter by the hand, and now they learned that he was going to return to America on the following day.

Knopf placed his arm in Roland's, Eric walked between Weidmann and his wife ; Prince Valerian had gone towards the fields with a son of Weidmann's, and a second son had joined Dr. Fritz. Weidmann re-

marked to Eric that the trumpeter who blew the cornopean at the dance had been a former culprit, but had now behaved himself well for years.

Frau Weidmann asked Eric whether it was a decided thing that Baron Prancken was going to marry the daughter of the rich Sonnenkamp. Eric could not help answering in the affirmative, and Frau Weidmann looked annoyed.

Lilian let go his father's hand, and going up to Knopf, told him softly that he had never believed her that she had met any one in the wood, and that now he must be convinced that it was all true.

Roland said that Eric also had never believed the story. Knopf kept stroking his hand over his breast, and his eyes sparkled under his spectacles. Yes, in the midst of the chemistry and fodder, engine-whistling, and dividend speculations, in the midst of all this, there was still some romance in the world. It is true it only occurred to Sunday children,\* and Lilian was a Sunday child. He wished that he could have done something to increase the glimmer of romance in this wonderful meeting. But romance is not to be aided, it always comes of itself, unexpected, and full of surprise, and cannot be regulated; one can only stand still and hold one's breath and say nothing, or the charm vanishes. Knopf now did the best thing he could—he went away and left them alone.

They looked at each other, but still they did not speak. A beautiful roan cow, with a bell suspended from its neck, and a wreath between the horns, was led into the farmyard. The girl went up to the cow, and exclaimed as she stroked it: "Good evening, Rothtraut! Are you not proud that you have won the

\* Children born on a Sunday; a common prejudice in Germany.

prize? Will you tell your companions? Will you still be satisfied at home, or do you not even know that you have gained so much honour?"

The cow was led to the stall, and Lilian said to Roland: "Should you not like to know whether the cow has an idea that anything has happened to her?"

As Roland still made no reply, Lilian continued in a more serious tone: "Are you also going to be an agriculturist, and come and learn with my uncle? If I am away, you can have my room. It is so pretty there. Why did you not come and see us sooner?"

"I did not know where you were and who you were," Roland at length managed to say.

"No, indeed!"

And now they again revived the remembrance of how Lilian had been carried away by Uncle Weidmann, and of how Roland had continued his travels to Eric. Then it was spring, now it was autumn.

Roland related how he had sometimes felt on his journey so solitary and forsaken, and sometimes so overhappy; and Lilian listened to him eagerly. His voice grew more and more agitated; he told her of his illness, and how he had always in his delirium heard the words, "This is the German wood!" how in his feverish visions he had asked for lilies of the valley, and that these were the first flowers placed by his bedside when he awoke to consciousness. Lilian wept; large tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Have you kept the flowers that I gave you?" asked Roland.

"No. I do not like dried flowers. Give me something—give me something that does not fade."

"I have nothing," replied Roland; "but I will send

you my photograph, where I am dressed as a page. No, that is nothing. Oh, if I only had my rings still! I should like to give you a ring, but Eric has taken them all away."

"I do not want a ring. Give me that—give me the pebble on which your foot is now standing."

Roland stooped down and picked up the pebble, and then he asked her to give him one also.

She did so, and exclaimed: "Now I shall take a bit of Germany across the sea with me."

Roland was silent, a thrill passed through his heart. The girl went on: "So this is the mad-cap Roland, of whom our good Herr Knopf speaks. You cannot believe how he loves you."

"Perhaps as much as he loves you?"

"Yes, he is fond of me, too, and he has promised me that he will come to us in America."

"I am also from America."

"Oh, yes! Welcome, dear countryman! Come with me into the garden, and help me to gather some flowers for me to take with me to-morrow."

"Where are you going to-morrow?"

"We start for home very early in the morning."

"We have only met then for welcome and farewell," said Roland.

"Come with me into the garden," replied Lilian.

As if in fairyland, they went into the garden, and gathered flowers. They went first into the kitchen garden, where small dwarf trees were planted at regular distances. Lilian explained it all to her guest in a motherly tone, adding: "There is not a rose nor a tree that my aunt has not herself grafted, and she has a terrible hatred of all noxious insects. Just imagine

all that my aunt reckons as noxious insects ! But you must not laugh at her for it."

"What then ?"

"She looks upon birds also as noxious insects. Oh, you laugh just like my brother Hermann. Laugh again ! Yes, he laughs just like that. My brother has, however, been now three years in business. Come, now we will get flowers."

They went to the flower garden, and gathered flowers of various kinds, but Lilian threw a whole nosegay into the stream, and took pleasure in thinking that the flowers would float along into the Rhine, and from the Rhine into the sea, and who knows whether they might not reach New York before she was there herself ?

"I shall come, also, and see you in America," said Roland.

"Give me your hand as a promise."

For the first time they held out their hands to each other.

A gun fired behind them. Roland trembled.

"Be quiet ! Are you so fearful then ?" asked Lilian soothingly. "It is my aunt ; she is frightening away the sparrows, and she always fires when she comes into the fruit garden. There is always a pistol lying on the table yonder."

Roland now saw Frau Weidmann, placing the discharged pistol on the table.

They sat down together on the edge of the brook, and Lilian said softly—"I will keep the mignonette ; it smells so sweetly, even when it is withered."

"Yes," added Roland, "and give me also a piece, and whenever we smell it, we will think of each other.



The gamekeeper told me once, that mignonette produces most honey."

"You are clever!" exclaimed the child, exultingly. "Tell me, do you think that bees smell flowers as we do, and that the flowers are dressed so gaily that the bees and flies may come to them and delight in them? Think, Herr Knopf asserts that. Oh! what tiny wee noses the bees must have! But the humble bee is not clever, I have often seen that; twice and thrice it flies to a flower where it knows quite well that there is nothing to be found. The humble bee is stupid, but bees generally— Are you very fond of bees?"

"No. I like horses and dogs better."

"And just think," continued Lilian, "the bees do me no harm, nor uncle any harm, but my aunt has always to be careful of them. Have you ever taken a swarm?"

"No."

"If you are ever a great landholder, you must get some bees. Bees only thrive, Herr Knopf says, in a house where there is peace. And when we start tomorrow, my father is going to take a beehive with us. We are to have it at our farm. Oh! if we only manage to get it safely into the new world; it would be terrible if all the good bees were to die on the way. But it will be delightful for them to wake up in America and fly out and see quite different trees."

"Is it true that you are really going away tomorrow?"

"Yes, father has said so, and when he has once said a thing you may rely upon it as certainly as that the sun will rise. But tell me, what are you going to be?"

"A soldier."

"Oh! that is delightful; then you will come to us, and help to kill all who have slaves. My father and uncle both say it will soon begin. Oh! if it were but as it used to be in old times, then we would go together into the wild forest, far away, and we should come to a castle, where there were nothing but tiny wee dwarfs, and a hermit, a very good man with a snow-white beard, whom all the beasts of the forest would love . . . and Herr Knopf could be just such a hermit . . . Yes, he shall be our hermit, and his name is Emil Martin. . . From this day we will always call him brother Martin."

Roland asked, "Why must you then go away to-morrow?"

"Why must you remain here?" returned Lilian.

"I must remain with my parents."

"And I with mine. Oh! you have a beard already," exclaimed Lilian suddenly, pulling the down on Roland's chin.

"That hurts; you are pulling out the two or three hairs of which I am proud."

"Really, are you proud of them?"

And she stroked him and uttered a charm, which she had learned from Knopf, for the healing of a wound.

"Where is your dog?" asked Lilian.

"He must have gone with Eric. Where can he be?"

He whistled loudly, and Griffin appeared.

Lilian caressed the dog, kissed it, and said endearing words to it.

"I will give you the dog," said Roland.

"See!" cried Lilian; "it looks at you and at me with astonishment, and knows that it is to be given from one to another like a slave. But, Roland, I may not take the dog with us; I must not say anything of it to my father. Only think of the trouble we should have with the dog till we reached New York; keep him yourself."

Roland seemed lost in thought; presently he said—"Have you seen slaves?"

"No—as soon as they get to us they are so no longer. But I have seen many who have been so; one is a friend of my father's, and my father goes arm-in-arm with him up the street. Come here, Griffin," she interrupted herself suddenly, "here is something for you."

She gave Griffin a piece of sweet biscuit that she had in her pocket, and the dog stood there licking his lips and looking straight before him.

For a time neither spoke; then Lilian asked again: "Have you also a little sister?"

"No, she is a year older than I am."

"And is she also beautiful?"

Lilian did not wait for the answer; she signed to Roland, for just then a little ladybird settled on her hand.

"Look," she said, "now it is working its little wings under its back, and is preparing its hidden wings. Ah, there it goes. How much it will have to tell when it gets home. Ah! it will say, there was a great animal, and it had five trees on its hand. My fingers must seem to it like trees, and when it is eating at night with its companions—— Roland, are not you hungry? I am hungry."

"What are you doing there?" suddenly cried a loud female voice. "Come into the house."

Lilian said softly to Roland: "We shall have something good for supper, pancakes with chopped leeks. Did you not see the chopped leeks which my aunt had in her hand? That is for the pancakes."

They went with Frau Weidmann into the house.

## CHAPTER II.

WHILE Roland and Lilian had been sitting together in the garden, dreaming and conjecturing, the gentlemen had gone into the house. They entered the large wainscoted hall, in which a great many harvest garlands were suspended. Weidmann pointed out to Eric that thirty-two of these wreaths belonged to him, as he had gathered here just so many harvests. The large wreath hanging by itself, was the fiftieth harvest wreath of his father-in-law.

They went into the sitting-room on the ground-floor. The room was large and comfortable, with easy seats in the window recesses, and tables and chairs placed here and there.

"We generally live on the ground-floor in summer," said Weidmann to Eric; "then everything is better looked after. When the leaves fall from the trees we go upstairs for our winter residence."

Prince Valerian inquired what Roland was to be. Before Eric could answer, Dr. Fritz entered accompanied by another man who at once recognised Eric; it was Weidmann's son-in-law, an infantry officer of high rank. Both men begged that the conversation might not be interrupted, and Prince Valerian repeated his question.

Eric replied that Roland wished to enter the military

profession, but that it would be a desirable thing if he would devote himself to agriculture instead.

Weidmann interposed, laughingly, that Eric, having been a soldier himself, was too hard against the profession; for his own part he was convinced, that it was of great importance to a man to have belonged to the military profession. It made a man quick, resolute, and self-confident, and at the same time one of a community. In no other profession was precision learned so thoroughly, and in none was a man better exercised both in command and obedience. Roland, however, ought to be impressed with the fact that military life was only a period of transition, and not a thing that should occupy and employ his whole life.

"Then he will never be a true soldier," interposed Weidmann's son-in-law. "Whoever undertakes a thing which he does not consider a work demanding all the powers of his life, whoever has another calling in view beyond, never enters fully into his present duties."

"It would be important for Roland," said Knopf, "to have a permanent vocation, and not a passing one. It is just you, Herr Weidmann, with the powerful impression which you and your active life must infallibly produce upon Roland—it is just you who would be fitted to give him a decided bias."

"As we have already heard," interposed the son-in-law, "the young man wishes to be a soldier, and I think he ought to be strengthened in his desire. I hope you will not think me prejudiced in favour of my own profession, but I must repeat my father's view of it. Military life gives a comprehensiveness to the mind which nothing else can effect. To be any day equipped with knapsack, and with one's life in one's

hand, that makes a man ready; a standing army becomes to a certain extent a fact in each individual member of it."

"Agreed," said Weidmann. "But still, have we not reason to fear that a man who has been a soldier for the best years of his life, will with difficulty enter upon any other permanent work? He regards himself as always on furlough, and for the rich especially, this is a misfortune, for they are always on furlough, always having holidays."

"The best part is, that Roland will squander away his money, and so it will come among the people," said Weidmann's son laughing, and showing the impertinently white teeth so obnoxious to Francken.

Opinions were divided. Weidmann added, that the greatest difficulty of all remained in the fact that Roland had nothing to wish for, and had no stimulus to exertion, that he lost the happiness of attaining an object, and then at once placing a fresh one before him; for, after all, all progress and all work in life arose from the fact that the attainment of one object at once planted the germ of another to be striven after.

"No one can educate a man to happiness," he added in conclusion. "The youth must experience something that will awaken in him the need of association with others; he must learn to refer everything to others as well as to himself; he must wish to do something. Happiness alone proceeds from work accomplished."

Dr. Fritz had taken no share in the discussion; he sat there full of thought and with contracted brows.

"Why do you not speak?" said Weidmann softly to him, as the conversation was divided among the different groups. In a tone equally soft, Dr. Fritz replied:

"It is difficult to enter on the duties of so wealthy an heir, were his wealth justly obtained; but how much more difficult must it be to enter on the duties of one on whom the stain of guilt rests!"

Weidmann signed to his nephew, and placed his finger on his lips, as if enjoining silence.

Frau Weidmann now entered, and begged them to come to supper.

When they had all gone to rest, Weidmann said softly to Eric that he should like him to stay with him, as he had something to say to him.

Roland walked about with Knopf in the starry night, and Knopf was obliged to promise that he would wake him before Dr. Fritz and his child took their departure. Not till he had promised this would Roland go to rest; and even then it was long before he slept, for all that he had that day experienced, and the rushing of the brook and the noise of the mill kept him awake. But at last youth and weariness conquered, and he fell fast asleep.

Eric followed his host into his study, and Weidmann asked him at once:

"Do you know why you have been sent here?"

"Sent here?"

"Yes."

"Herr Sonnenkamp wishes to enter into friendly relations with you, and I myself have long had the desire——"

"Good. The best spy is often one who knows not that he is to be a spy, who sees innocently and informs innocently."

"I do not understand."

"Believe me, Herr Sonnenkamp never thought for a moment of coming to us, especially as he does not know



when Dr. Fritz starts; the coming for you which he held before you, was quite unintended. Despatch a messenger, and he will send you word with regret that he cannot come himself, and will send the carriage. Herr Sonnenkamp wants in the first place to find out whether my nephew, who knows him, is going to take any steps against him, and whether on our part generally he has anything to dread."

As Eric was silent, Weidmann continued :—

"Ah! young friend, it is no pleasure to trace in a human being the cunning ways of a beast of prey. Yet one question before anything. Do you know how it stands with Herr Sonnenkamp's project of being raised to rank?"

"No."

"Do you know that I have been confidentially applied to for my opinion of Herr Sonnenkamp's merits?"

Eric assented, and Weidmann continued :—

"I told you that the horse boy, who blows the cor-  
nopeon, was a culprit. I have another culprit at a distant farm, for he does harm, not so much from villainy, but from bragging, when he is with other people. You see, therefore, I do not reject men of a criminal past; it is for the most part only good fortune that we, whether from teaching and example and from a sufficient competence, do not ourselves incur crimes of a deep dye. Certainly, a well-devised and continuous work revolting to all humanity—but, as I said before, I place no impediments in Herr Sonnenkamp's way, only it is inconceivable to me that he should be striving for rank, and thus wantonly challenges inquiry as to his past history. As our friend Wolfsgarten tells me, you have a good deal of power over Herr Sonnenkamp;

warn him to relinquish this matter. It is inconceivable that he should thus madly challenge an investigation of his life. For the sake of the children who are compelled to call this man father, he ought not to have ventured to do so."

Eric inquired whether Roland and Manna were not then Sonnenkamp's children. Weidmann was astonished at the question, and said:—

"Roland and Manna are the children of this man, and I rejoice that you are able, as Herr Knopf has told me before, and as I now myself see, to form an atmosphere of noble-mindedness about the house, and to initiate your pupil into all that is good. If this youth ever learns——"

"What is it?—what is it?" Eric ejaculated with difficulty.

"Do you not know, then?" replied Weidmann, holding his head with both hands. "Do you not know, then?" he repeated.

"I know nothing but that Herr Sonnenkamp possessed large plantations and a great many slaves, and that he got tired of American life and therefore returned to Germany."

"Herr Sonnenkamp—Herr Sonnenkamp!" said Weidmann. "It's a fine name! That was good of him, however—it was his mother's name. So you have never heard of a Herr Banfield?"

"No, really. I only heard once that Herr Sonnenkamp was very angry on his return from the baths, when he found this name inserted in the strangers' book."

"This Herr Sonnenkamp, or rather not Herr Sonnenkamp but Herr Banfield, is, to speak briefly, the

most notorious slave dealer known in the Southern States; indeed, still more. My nephew, Dr. Fritz, could tell you what he has done besides. He went so far as to defend slavery in public papers, and was so barefaced as to adduce himself as an instance that all Germans were not effeminated by sentimental humanity, but that he, a representative of Germany, advocated slavery as compatible with justice. He has a ring on his thumb—when he removes the ring you can see the teeth of a slave whom he had seized by the throat, and who bit his thumb.”

A cry of horror burst from Eric, who could only exclaim :—

“Oh, Roland! oh, mother! oh, Manna!”

“I am sorry to be obliged to tell you, but it is better for you to learn it through me. You do not understand how a man with such a past can often do beautiful actions, and enter into discussions on ideas? Yes, this man is a swamp encircled with flowers! The slave trade is murder without shedding of blood, it is the annihilation of free existence for the traders’ own advantage. A murderer from passion and a murderer from rapacity pass over corpses to their enjoyment, as a proof of their pretended justification. The world is war and contest to them; it is annihilation of their fellow-man, to make room for themselves. But a slave dealer—a slave murderer!”

Eric held his hands pressed close together. Who can fathom why one thought works its way out from the confusion of ideas? He remembered that first Sunday when the physician had asked him—can you live with a man whom you do not esteem? So all knew it—all—and he alone not?

Sonnenkamp's caprice, and imperious and violent demeanour had often struck him, and even his friendliness had something alarming in it, but he had always imagined that a man who was a conqueror—and a conqueror Bella had always called him—did Bella also know? did Clodwig know?—a man who had appropriated to himself so much of the world, appeared consistent after his own fashion, even if he did hold himself aloof. But a slave dealer! All had known it, and he alone not. How must he have appeared to them?

Eric had uttered Manna's name with that of Roland and his mother, and now for the first time in his deep grief it dawned upon him fully that he loved Manna. How would she bear it? Did she also know it? Was that the reason of her reserved nature, and of her urgent desire to sacrifice herself and to take the veil? Looking up again, his first words were—

"It is difficult, but it is well that I have been placed in such a position to educate a youth heir to such a destiny and——"

He longed to speak of Manna, but he repressed all mention of her; he looked confusedly around him. Weidmann placed his hand on his shoulder and said—

"Yes, you have the great and difficult vocation of supporting a youth like Roland."

Eric said that it was terrible to him to have brought his mother into such a position.

Weidmann declared that he well knew what horror there was in the feeling of eating the bread of this man, and of dispensing such a man's benefits. He inculcated, however, upon Eric to spare his mother as long as possible, for that she was so necessary as a support to Frau Ceres and Manna. Weidmann spoke

of it as a blessing, that a woman of experience in life, and endowed with so many noble qualities, should have been placed here as a support and helper.

Midnight was long past when Eric left his host.

He went to his room, found Roland sleeping, and a silent vow lay on his lips, as he looked at the beautiful and sleeping youth.

Eric then wandered restlessly through the garden and the fields. Shooting stars fell here and there; far in the distance glittered the waves of the Rhine; a dewy mist lay over the whole earth, but Eric found no rest, and scarcely even the power of reflection.

What should—what could he do?

Morning began to dawn, and he returned to the farm. Here all was busy life.

He met Knopf first of all, who said to him: "Where is Roland? I promised to wake him before Dr. Fritz and his child left."

"Oh let him sleep."

"On your responsibility?"

"On my responsibility."

"All right," returned Knopf, "I really prefer it, for then I need not wake him. Roland will get in consequence a sweet romantic pain. He bid her farewell in the night, or rather did not bid her farewell, and while he slept, she vanished. It is terrible to bid farewell in the morning, shivering and chilly on the steam-boat pier or at the railway; and then the vessel or the train goes away, and one stands there as if one had lost something, and one has to go back again—oh! that is so disagreeable! I always shiver the whole day after a farewell. But now, when Roland wakes and the child is flown away, it will leave behind in the heart a beautiful remembrance and a breath of far-off fragrance."

Herr and Frau Weidmann now came, and then the sons came, and the prince and the banker, and all the household. They all held out their hands to Dr. Fritz and his child again and again, and Lilian cried : " Herr Knopf, give my love to Roland, the lie-abed."

Away rolled the carriage, the household repaired again to bed ; Eric and Knopf alone walked about in the early morning.

At length he asked Knopf whether Dr. Fritz had not told him many things respecting Herr Sonnenkamp.

Knopf confirmed a part of that which Weidmann had communicated, but he seemed not to know the whole story.

" And I call the sacred morning to witness," exclaimed Knopf,—“ you, Herr Dournay, are a strong man—if I had known long ago Herr Sonnenkamp's past history, I could not have educated Roland so carefully ; I should always have had the feeling that I was carrying a loaded pistol about with me, which might have gone off at any moment."

Knopf had seized Eric's hand, and in his overflowing feeling he kissed it before Eric could prevent him.

Eric became calmer, and Knopf told him that he thought both himself and Eric happy to be both co-operating in the hardest and most glorious tasks of the age ; for Eric had Roland to educate, who, when he came to years of discretion, must do something for the negro slaves, and he had the Russian to educate, who had to manage liberated serfs.

He told him that the prince wished that he should go home with him and found a school for the freed peasants. Dr. Fritz, on the other hand, wanted him to

go to America and keep a school for the children of free negroes. If he must be honest, he must confess, he added, that he would rather go to America, in order that he might see Lilian again, and know how her character developed, and what her destiny was; he felt that she was to be a pupil who should enjoy a life of harmony.

When Eric again returned to the farm he expressed his resolution to return at once to Villa Eden. As he mentioned Villa Eden, he felt a sense of fear. Weidmann again alighted, and taking him aside, said: "Dear Dournay, my house is always yours and that of your mother and your aunt."

Eric went to awaken Roland.

"Good morning! are you still there?" said Roland.

"Who?"

"Lilian and her father."

"No, they have gone long ago."

"Why did you not wake me?"

"Because you ought to sleep. In another hour, we also shall be starting homewards."

Roland turned angrily away. Eric spoke to him with affection, and at last he turned his face to him; large tears were standing on his eyelashes.

"What tears would these eyes some day shed?" thought Eric.

The carriage in which Dr. Fritz and his child had gone now returned. The coachman brought a message to Roland from Lilian. The horses were not taken out, but were fed at a manger outside, and Eric and Roland were soon driving homewards.

### CHAPTER III.

**R**OLAND sat beside Eric in the carriage, and closed his eyes, that he might not see anything beyond what lived in his memory; and he pressed his lips together in order not to speak a word.

Why had Eric assigned no reason for leaving at once? Why had Knopf informed him with a triumphant smile that he had intentionally not awoke him? For when it came to the point, Knopf had thrown the responsibility upon himself; it seemed to him better for Roland to be angry with the absent, than with him in whose hands he was to remain.

Occasionally Roland cast a glimpse at Eric, to see if he were not going to begin to explain it all to him, but Eric was silent; he, too, kept his eyes closed.

In the bright day, and travelling through a country full of refreshing views, they both drove along, absorbed in their own dreams.

The horses stopped; they had reached the major's cottage, and at the garden hedge stood Fräulein Milch. Eric bowed to her, and, as if she understood of herself that he was not inquiring for her, Fräulein Milch called out: "The major was fetched to go to the villa an hour ago, and he has sent me word that he is not coming back to dinner."

Eric alighted; Fräulein Milch told him that every



one at the villa was in a state of the most joyful excitement.

Eric allowed Roland to drive home alone ; he felt he must compose himself.

"The whole world is a fool's play," said Fräulein Milch.

Eric, much as he honoured the good old lady, felt himself not in a condition to enter into a general consideration of human nature. He had longed to be able to collect himself here, and to try and see his way, but he now went frightened away. He saw the beautiful villa glittering in the bright sunlight, the dazzling glass of the conservatory and of the dome ; he saw the park, the green cottage where his mother lived—and all this had been built and planted by traffic in human beings . . .

A physical pain, a pang at his heart, almost prevented his breathing. Brightly, and yet gloomily, the thought came before him that he loved Manna . . .

When Roland reached the villa, he was at once summoned to his father.

"My son ! my son ! There you are ! It is all for you ; you are for ever safe and ennobled. My beloved son ! It is all for you ! Never forget this moment ; it is the highest, the happiest of my life, full as it has been of errors and dangers. My son, from this day forth you are Roland von Lichtenburg."

Roland stood trembling, as his father had never seen him before.

"Yes," continued his father, "it agitates you also. Ah child, you will not know till later what has been bestowed on you. I dare not show before the world, nor may you show, how the matter affects me. I shall

act as if I were indifferent—we must do so. You are quickly arrived. Where did my messenger meet you ?”

Roland said that he knew nothing of any messenger. He now heard that his father had sent off a messenger to Mattenheim in the night ; moreover, the privy counsellor’s son, who had become an ensign, was on a visit at his father’s country house with several of his comrades, and had signified his intention of coming to see Roland at noon.

“Where is Herr Dournay ?” inquired Sonnenkamp again.

Roland said that he had remained with Fräulein Milch. Sonnenkamp smiled, and inculcated upon his son that he must always observe a friendly demeanour towards Eric ; that he must always be grateful to him, and that he must resolve in his behaviour generally to be thoroughly unassuming.

“You too must learn to make our elevation appear to the world as indifferent to us. Now go to your mother. No—stay ! You shall have something that will make you strong and proud and assured. Here, stay here, and I will show you how I esteem you.”

He searched hastily in his pocket, brought out a bunch of keys, went to the fire-proof chest fastened against the wall, drew back the bolts, and opened both folding doors.

“Look here,” he said, “all this will one day be yours—yours and your sister’s. Does it not make you giddy to look at ? It must not do so ; you are only to know that there are millions here ; with this you are masters of the world, of everything. You see, down here is gold, coined gold. I like coined gold, and also uncoined ; that lies here. I am mortal, I often now feel

as if giddiness might suddenly seize me, and carry me off. Up here—see here—lies my will. Now go, my son, be proud in yourself, and moderate towards the world; you are more, you have more than all the nobles of this land, perhaps more than the prince himself. So, my child, so—this minute makes me happy—very happy. When I die, you know already—you now know everything. Well, now go. Come, let me kiss you once more. There, now go.”

Roland could not utter a word; he went.

He came to his mother. Frau Ceres was walking, beautifully dressed, up and down the large saloon; she nodded graciously to Roland, and looked at him for some time in silence; at last she said: “How am I to be addressed? Is it right to say merely ‘Good morning, Mamma?’ It must be now, ‘Good morning, Frau Mamma, good morning, Frau Baroness. You are very good, Frau Baroness. I present my respects to you, Frau Baroness. You look charmingly, Frau Baroness.’”

A shudder passed through Roland’s heart, it seemed to him as if his mother had become crazed. Now, however, she stood before a mirror, and said: “Your father was right, very right, we are all to-day newly born, newly come into the world, and we are all beautiful. Kiss your mother, your gracious Frau Mutter.”

She kissed Roland vehemently.

“Where is Manna?” asked Roland.

“She is foolish, she has been quite spoilt in the convent, and she will hear nothing of it all; she has shut herself up in her room, and she allows no one to go to her. Try whether you can speak with her, and make her sensible. We must now all be sensible.

Frau Dournay has always told me that I was sensible, and now I mean to be so; I will show it. That fat Frau von Endlich, and that proud Countess Wolfsgarten—we are also to have the rank of count—will be ready to burst with anger. Go, dear child, go to your sister and bring her here, and we will then rejoice all together, and dress ourselves beautifully, and tomorrow you shall go with your father and Herr von Prancken to the capital.”

Roland went to Manna’s room; he knocked and called; she answered him at length that she would see him in an hour, but that now she must be left alone.

As Roland was going to his room, Prancken met him and embraced him warmly, calling him brother, and accompanying him to his room with many congratulations. Here lay the uniform which had been ordered for Roland. Prancken persuaded him to put it on at once; but Roland would not do so, as he had not yet passed his examination.

“Pah!” laughed Prancken. “Examination! that is a bug-bear for poor bourgeois devils! Young friend, now you are a baron, and in being so, you have passed the best half of the examination; what remains, is only form.”

It required no great persuasion to induce Roland to put on his uniform; Prancken helped him. The uniform became Roland capitally, he looked at once supple and powerful; he had broad shoulders, and the flexibility of his figure was not devoid of the muscular power of the man.

Accompanied by Prancken he went again to Manna’s room, and cried out that she must see him in his uniform. Manna gave no reply. Prancken then accom-

panied him to his father, and both took him to his mother; she was delighted at his appearance. Roland showed himself to the servants, and all congratulated him. Just as he was standing by the steward, who was saluting him military fashion, like an old soldier, Eric passed by. He did not recognize Roland until the latter accosted him. Roland's cheeks were glowing, and he exclaimed aloud: "Oh, if I might only tell you it all, Eric! I feel quite intoxicated, quite transformed."

He went with Eric to his room, and kept wanting to know whether he also had been as happy the first time he had put on his uniform.

Eric could not reply; he remembered how he had felt the first time he had put on uniform, but still more how he had felt when he took it off for the last time.

## CHAPTER IV.

AS if the ground was tottering under him, as if everything was in motion, almost in a dream, Eric crossed the court-yard, and ascended the garden steps. In the ante-room he had tried to compose himself. Now was the decisive moment.

He entered; he scarcely ventured to look at Sonnenkamp; he felt a horror of every word which the man would say to him, for every thought expressed by Sonnenkamp, indeed all that had before touched him in his thoughts, seemed now mingled with impurity. But when he did raise his eye, Sonnenkamp appeared changed, as if his powerful form had been diminished by some magic influence. He looked so modest and humble, and smiled so innocently. In an indifferent tone he informed Eric that the prince had bestowed the rank upon him, and intended giving him the diploma of his new position with his own hand.

Eric still breathed with difficulty, and could scarcely utter a word.

"You are astonished?" asked Sonnenkamp. "I know the Jewish banker has been rejected, and I even think—the gentlemen are very cunning—I even think—yet that is indifferent now—every one acts after his own fashion. I know, too, that a certain Dr. Fritz,

who was staying with the philanthropist, Herr Weidmann, has said a great many slanderous things about a man whom I unfortunately resemble—has he not? I see it by your countenance. I hope that you have not—no, be quiet. My dear worthy friend, rejoice with me and for our Roland.”

Eric looked up more freely. There was certainly an error here, for the man could not have been so confident, had he had anything to dread.

Sonnenkamp continued: “You and yours will remain our friends.”

He held out his hand to him; a thrill passed through Eric. The ring on the thumb, was that also a mistake, a delusion? Sonnenkamp must have felt something; he quickly withdrew the offered hand, as if a wild animal had stretched out its claw after it. With great composure he said: “I know you are an adversary to elevation to rank.”

“No, no—I wanted to say something else, on a very different subject,” interposed Eric; but Sonnenkamp interrupted him with vehemence.

“But if I now do not wish for anything more on any subject—”

With a rapid change in his manner, he continued in a tone of deep feeling to say that there was one thing still for Eric to do, namely, to lead Roland and to strengthen him in the worthy comprehension of his new position and name.

Eric was silent; he had come with warnings and apprehensions, and now the matter was settled, and there was nothing more to do; in fact, by Sonnenkamp’s acknowledgment of his similarity with Herr Banfield, every objection seemed removed.

"Have you already spoken to your mother?" asked Sonnenkamp.

"No."

"She has unfortunately sent me word that she is slightly unwell, and cannot take part in our rejoicing."

Eric hastened to his mother. He had never before seen her ill, and she was now lying wearily on the sofa. She raised herself, and expressed her pleasure that he had returned so quickly in reply to her letter. Eric knew nothing of any letter, and he also now heard that Sonnenkamp had sent a messenger, and that his mother had given him a letter.

His mother was feverish, and said she feared some great illness was coming on, for it always seemed as if the house in which she was living was floating on waves, and was going farther and farther out to sea, and that she was obliged to keep herself forcibly awake, for as soon as she closed her eyes, the idea returned with alarming power.

"So long as you are here, all will be well again. I was so frightened to be here so alone in this crooked world."

Eric saw that it was impossible to intimate to his mother anything of what he had heard from Weidmann.

His mother said: "Ah, I hope it may be different with you. The older I grow, the more mysterious and confused are many things to me. You men are happier, the single fact does not torment you so much, because you see the whole."

She looked sadly at her son, she would gladly have told him the terrible story. But why should she burden him with it, when he could do nothing?



Eric told her of the life at Mattenheim, and the happiness it had afforded him to feel that he had a friend there. The manner in which he depicted the active doings of the house, seemed to bring a fresh current of air into the room, and his mother said: "Yes, one forgets in the hurly-burly that there are still some harmonious lives."

She again returned to her tone of lamentation, and spoke with regret of the struggle which a girl like Manna had to endure. And just as she mentioned her name, a messenger arrived from Manna to beg that Frau Dournay would go to her.

Eric wished to tell the messenger that his mother was unwell, and to ask Fräulein Manna to have the goodness to come here; but his mother raised herself quickly, and said: "No, she needs my help, I must be well and I am well. It is good that my duty rouses me from this morbid indulgence of feeling."

"I will come," she said to the messenger.

She dressed herself quickly and went with her son to the villa.

She uttered her name at Manna's door. Manna opened it; her face was pallid, and she held out her hand wearily.

"I have wrestled with myself alone," she said; "I cannot find a way of escape; I will now tell you everything."

She now related to her how she had grown up in adoring reverence of her father, and had often bitterly complained that her mother was so harsh and invidious towards him; but one day—she had never learned what had passed between them—her mother had told her in her father's presence...

Her voice was choked with tears as she uttered the fearful word.

Frau Dournay sat there, with her hands folded in her lap and her eyes closed. Manna went on to say how at first she could not understand its true meaning, but that gradually it rose before her; everything had grown nauseous to her, every dish, every dress—were comfort, pleasure, and splendour to be procured by such gains? A horror had followed her everywhere, her very existence had become an insufferable burden. One only way of deliverance opened to her. She went into the convent. On her way there, the thought had pursued her of how Iphigenia had been sacrificed as an atonement, and she determined freely to offer herself and to expiate the guilt of her parent.

"I felt at that time," said Manna in conclusion, "as if something had been sundered within me, and as if a vein in my heart had burst."

After a long pause she continued, that she could not understand her father's actions, and for herself—she never would accept the rank and be the noble fiancée of Prancken. She had honoured and esteemed Prancken; he was a man of the world, but at the same time he had deep religious feeling. With a loud burst of sobs she threw herself on Frau Dournay's neck, exclaiming: "I cannot! I cannot be his wife! Oh! I am too weak. They told me I should have to pass through bitter struggles; but I never thought of this, never dreamt of this. No, certainly not!"

"What is it?" asked Frau Dournay.

Manna covered her face with both her hands, then she threw herself on the mother's neck and wept.

The latter urged her to tell her more, but Manna re-

mained silent : at last she uttered the words : " No, I shall take that with me to my grave, that is mine alone."

Frau Dournay tried to give her comfort and repose, and asked whether she had ever confessed to the priest the struggle of which she was now speaking. Manna threw herself at the widow's knee and implored her never to repeat what she had related of her father. But she rose as if suddenly stung by a serpent, when Frau Dournay declared that she had long known it all ; that she had with difficulty endured the knowledge of such a secret, but that it was the duty of those who felt themselves guiltless, not to withdraw from one who was wishing to atone for a guilty past.

A shudder passed across Manna's features.

" Who knows it besides ? Who ? Tell me."

" Why, my child ? Why do you torment yourself by allowing your thoughts to wander from house to house and from man to man, in contrite supplication for forgiveness ?"

" My prayer, my sacrifice is rejected, I am rejected, we are all rejected. It must remain in me alone, in me, in my contrite, broken heart. I am free—free !"

" The way in which you smile, makes me fearful," said Frau Dournay, as she keenly observed the varying expression on Manna's features.

" Ah ! I have only once spoken to my brother about slavery," said Manna, " and it touched me deeply, as if I had been suddenly hurled down a precipice, when he said : ' Beings who have been received into the Church are like ourselves.' He is right. He who enters the vestibule of the knowledge of God, is a free child of God. I shuddered when I thought : how is it possible

that we should pray in church and have near us men who are slaves and separated from us by a fence? Is not every word of prayer, is not the whole act of devotion a lie? How can a priest receive into the church the child of such a man? how could he admit us into the church, when our father was still—”

Manna pointed with her hand to her heart; she pressed it, she could say no more.

Frau Dournay endeavoured to calm her.

“My child,” she said, “cast no stone at those who cannot do everything, and who cannot balance the amount of evil in the world. The shrine is pure, although perversity, sluggishness, and subservience insinuate themselves into it.”

From the depths of her heart, Frau Dournay endeavoured to prevent Manna from losing the support of religion; she spoke with enthusiasm of those who devote their life to God, who labour unceasingly and strive, even though it may not be granted them, to transform the earth into an abode of love and virtue.

Manna looked with astonishment at the woman who spoke to her thus; she longed to ask: are you then not a Protestant? But she restrained the words, for here, at this moment, all differences of religious form seemed effaced; she saw nothing but a gentle, enduring and good heart. She felt herself wholly and entirely devoted to the noble woman; she threw herself into her arms, and with tears in her eyes, she kissed her cheeks and brow, and hands, and begged her to lay her hand on her head and to support her that she might not die of sorrow.

They were both sitting silently clinging to each other, when a knock was heard at the door.

Sonnenkamp called out that he must speak with his daughter.

"You must speak to him," said Frau Dournay.

Manna rose and pulled back the bolt of the door.

Sonnenkamp entered.

"I am glad you are well again," he said in a cheerful tone to Frau Dournay.

He had no idea with what a glance the widow and his child looked at him.

"I thank you," he continued, and then added that he wished to speak with Manna alone.

Manna begged that her father would allow Frau Dournay to be present; she had no secret from her honoured friend.

Sonnenkamp was amazed.

Was it possible? No, it could not be; his own child could not have betrayed him. Or, did she require a witness, a protection?—The child with her father?

Frau Dournay rose as if to go, and Sonnenkamp only begged her in a cordial tone to keep his wife company and to show her attention and care during his absence.

Frau Dournay left.

Manna gazed at her father with a dim staring look.

Sonnenkamp seemed struggling for words. He waited for Manna to speak first; but as she was silent, he said that she had of course long forgotten the malicious expression her mother had invented against him; and that she must now go to her mother, who would confirm his assurance that every word had been said from spite.

Manna nodded silently, and then Sonnenkamp went

on to speak of her engagement with Prancken, and boasted that he had never placed any constraint upon his child. Manna implored him not at present to demand any decision from her.

"Well, then you shall not decide until our return, but promise me to be friendly towards him."

Manna could promise this, and Sonnenkamp smiled to himself; he had still Prancken in his net until all was settled; if anything unavoidably then occurred, it was not to be helped.

"You are now the daughter of a baron," he said, forcing himself to smile; "you shall be free in everything, and leave everything in uncertainty for the present. I cannot be dishonourable."

He had intended saying that he did not care to deceive Prancken, but he added that it would be far more suitable to accept him or to refuse him when they had been for some time in the possession of their new dignity. And so he took leave of his child with many friendly expressions. Sonnenkamp knew that his enterprise had not yet succeeded, but this was not the time for stopping short. He was convinced that Prancken knew all about him, and that if it ever came to light, he would play the part of a deceived man before the world; still he was good enough not to cast off Manna, noble relatives would soon hush up everything, and money was always effective and Roland was safe. And if everything did fail him, then he would leave wife and children behind and go alone back again to America.

Sonnenkamp was in a condition in which he believed himself able to arrange and clear up everything,

and yet he was driven on as if by some demon-like power.

There was great merriment in the villa at noon, for the ensign and several comrades arrived ; they rode out with Roland, and he was received as one of themselves.

At Prancken's wish they started that same evening for the capital.

## CHAPTER V.

**T**HERE was a great gap at the servants' table in the lower premises. The upper seat, occupied usually by Bertram, was empty, and Joseph and Lutz were also missing, having gone with their master to the capital. The men and women at the table kept up a whispered conversation, and at length the head-gardener remarked that the matter was no longer a secret; he maintained that he had seen it all, even as long ago as when the prince and princess were there. He spoke with a kind of condescension, which plainly implied that he regretted having to manifest his superior education before the present members of the household, for they could not possibly appreciate what he had to say; Joseph alone, if he were there, would have awarded it the praise that it deserved. The other servants, however, had an aversion to the superior and assuming head-gardener. No one answered him. The fat cook, who seldom sat down to table, for she asserted that she really ate nothing, now ventured to take Bertram's place, that she might get up at any moment. She said that she had all her life lived only with people of rank, and now it was the case again. The words had now been uttered, a weight seemed removed from the minds of every one, and they ventured to talk over the matter freely. The under-coachman turned up the



buttons of his long waistcoat, and contemplated them with a scrutinizing look.

"We shall be having crests on those buttons," he said at length; "and our carriages will be freshly painted, and the carriage doors will have fine coats of arms."

A groom expressed his delight in the fact that on the horsecloths above the name there would be a seven-spiked coronet to attract every-one's eye.

The linen keeper lamented over the great trouble in store for her in having all the linen embroidered afresh; the silver keeper on the other hand delighted in the idea of the new spoons and forks, for now they would all have to be new moulded and engraved afresh.

"And the dog-collars will also have to be made new," cried a screeching voice.

All laughed at the dog-boy, who looked shame-faced and grinning at having said anything so amusing.

The old Ursula, who always sat on her footstool and held her plate in her lap, called out to the under-cook:

"Now there will soon be a Frau Lutz. The master will now allow marrying."

"Has he given you leave?"

"Thank God, that's no longer necessary. But now he will be always here, and won't go away again. Now you can all marry."

The under-gardener, the so-called Squirrel, declared with much emotion: "I don't wish to say anything, but if I were such a rich man, I would not have allowed myself to be ennobled; no, I would far rather be the richest citizen on either side the Rhine, than a new-

made noble. I shouldn't have done it to please the nobles. When one has money, one is noble enough."

All ridiculed his temerity. The head gardener alone looked at him with a patronizing nod, and his manner said: I should not have given the simple fellow credit for such a thought.

They talked now of various points, what liveries the master would get, and whether he would take a *von* before his old name or receive a new one. At length the conversation turned to Prancken's engagement.

The linen-keeper confided to the fat cook, that the valet, Joseph—she had remarked it throughout the whole winter—had a love-affair with the daughter of the host of the Victoria.

The conversation in the lower premises was interrupted, for a voice came from above with the message that the carriage was to be got ready again, as her ladyship wished to drive out.

"Yes—it's pleasant for him, he travels and diverts himself, and leaves me all alone here! What am I to do?"

Such was Frau Ceres' lamentation to Fräulein Perini, when Sonnenkamp, Prancken and Roland had started. With the hurry and restlessness of a fever patient, she walked up and down the room, asking Fräulein Perini what she was to do. The latter exhorted her to keep herself quiet and to sit down beside her and to fill up the ground at the other end of her embroidery.

"Yes!" cried Frau Ceres, suddenly, "now I know; I will do something that will please him, I will em-

broider sofa-pillows with our arms. And something besides! I have seen in the church footstools embroidered with arms; we will have those also."

Fräulein Perini agreed. "One thing more," she exclaimed.

"Really? Do you know of anything?" cried Frau Ceres.

"Yes, it will well become your pious feeling; you have of course thought of it already, only forgotten it again."

"What? What have I forgotten?"

"You wished, when the honour was obtained, at once to embroider an altar-cloth."

"Yes; we will do that. Did I ever say so? Ah! I forget everything. Ah, dear Madam, always stay with me, always remind me of everything. Have you any coarse canvas? We will begin it now directly."

Fräulein Perini had always everything ready—silk, wool, gold thread and silver thread, canvas and pattern. Frau Ceres made a few stitches, then she said: "I tremble to-day, but I have begun the cloth, and we will always work at it. You will help me; will you not?"

Fräulein Perini assented; she knew that she would have to finish the whole cloth, but Frau Ceres had been at any rate calmed by the suggestion.

"Will you not let the priest be sent for; or shall we not visit him?"

"As you desire."

"No; it is better that we should remain alone. Where can Manna be? She ought to come, she ought to be with her mother."

She ran and sent for Manna; she received for an

answer, that she had already retired to rest, and she begged her mother to excuse her as she was so very weary.

"Where is Frau Dournay all this time? Was it not her duty to come to me and congratulate me?"

"She seems well again; she was with Fräulein Manna, and went home again," replied Fräulein Perini.

"She was in the house, and did not come to me!" cried Frau Ceres. "She shall come at once—this moment. Send to her. I am the mother, and the honour is due to me first, and then to the child. Send to her, she is to come directly."

Fräulein Perini was obliged to accede.

"Be calm, Frau Baroness," she said, exhortingly.

"Frau Baroness! I hope the professor's widow will also address me so."

"Of course: she has a good deal of propriety."

Again Frau Ceres walked rapidly about the room. Occasionally she stood in front of the large mirror and made a low obeisance; she put her left hand to her heart and her right hung languidly down, and she bowed low.

On both sides of the mirror four branched chandeliers were burning, and occasionally Frau Ceres struck the top of her head.

"He has promised me a seven-pointed diadem; it will become me well, will it not?"

She bowed again before the mirror, and smiled sweetly.

Fräulein Perini heard Frau Dournay arrive, and went to her outside and begged her to be very forbearing with Frau Ceres and to treat her with indulgence, and always address her as Frau Baroness.

"Why did you send me word that she was ill, and call me thus in the night?"

"Excuse me, you know there are sick people who do not lie in bed."

Frau Dournay understood.

When she entered, Frau Ceres exclaimed, still keeping her face turned to the glass, "Oh, delightful! It is delightful that you are coming, dear Frau Dournay, very kind, I am very grateful—I will be good to you also."

She now for the first time turned round and held out her hand. Frau Dournay did not congratulate her, and did not call her "Frau Baroness."

Frau Ceres now wanted to know what her husband—she corrected herself, however, quickly, and said, "One ought to say consort, ought one not?"—what her consort had to do in the town, whether he had some knightly test to go through, or whether he was to receive the dub of knighthood in the presence of the assembled people.

Frau Dournay replied that nothing of the kind took place; he was simply presented with a parchment diploma.

"Parchment—parchment?" repeated Frau Ceres to herself. "What is parchment?"

"It is a dressed hide," explained Frau Dournay.

"Oh, a scalp—a scalp. I understand. And on it—Is the diploma written in ink, like anything else?"

She stared vacantly before her; then closing her eyes and again opening them, she begged Frau Dournay to choose one of her prettiest dresses for herself; proudly and fearfully Frau Dournay rose, but she

seated herself again quickly, and said she felt Frau Sonnenkamp's friendliness, but she never again intended to wear such beautiful dresses.

"Frau Sonnenkamp will also wear no more. Frau Sonnenkamp—Frau Sonnenkamp!" repeated Frau Ceres.

She wanted to remind Frau Dournay that she had not called her Frau Baroness.

"Have you ever before known an American raised to rank?" she asked, suddenly.

Frau Dournay answered in the negative.

The fact was presently mentioned that Herr Sonnenkamp was to receive the name of Baron von Lichtenburg, after the castle, which was being rebuilt.

Suddenly Frau Ceres exclaimed: "Ah; that is it! that is it! Now I know. This very evening; now immediately I will visit the castle—our castle! Then I shall sleep well. You must both accompany me."

She rang, and ordered the carriage to be made ready. The two ladies looked at each other with alarm. What was to come of it? Who knows, whether on the way, in this state of excitement, some sudden outburst of frenzy might not take place.

Frau Dournay told Frau Ceres that it would be much more delightful to visit the castle on the following morning by daylight; that if they now did it in the night, it would make a sensation in the whole neighbourhood.

"Why? Is there no legend, perhaps, belonging to our castle?"

There was, indeed, one, but Frau Dournay took care not to mention it now; she was, nevertheless, ready to drive with Frau Ceres for an hour this mild evening

along the road ; she thought that this would quiet her nerves.

And so the three ladies drove along together in the soft night. Frau Dournay had ordered that not only there should be a servant by the side of the coachman, but also another on the seat behind ; she wished to be prepared for anything that might happen. It was, however, not necessary, for when Frau Ceres was seated in the carriage she became quiet, and, indeed, began to talk of her childhood.

She had been early left an orphan ; she was the daughter of a captain commanding one of Sonnenkamp's vessels, which had made distant and dangerous voyages. After her parent's death, Herr Sonnenkamp had taken her entirely under his own protection, and had brought her up solitarily, under the care of an old waiting-maid and a servant.

"He never let me learn anything," she complained again ; "he always said to me, just as you are, you are best. I was not fifteen years old when I married him."

She wept ; then again clasping her hands, she exclaimed :

"Now everything is right—everything is right, isn't it ?" And she held out her hand to Frau Dournay and to Fräulein Perini. "Do you think ?" she said, turning mysteriously to Frau Dournay. "Do you think that our elevation to rank is now quite certain and settled ?"

"Once the decree is drawn up, everything seems certain, but no one can say that a thing is certain before it actually occurs ; accidents happen at the last moment."

"What accidents? What do you mean? Who? What do you know? Tell me everything!"

Frau Dournay felt thoroughly perplexed; but Fräulein Perini helped her, by begging the "Frau Baronin" not to allow herself to be excited. She talked of the palace that Herr Sonnenkamp was going to build at the capital, and Frau Ceres allowed her thoughts to be diverted, especially as Fräulein Perini inserted "Frau Baronin" between every sentence.

Frau Ceres threw herself back in the corner; she fell asleep like a child that has cried itself weary. Fräulein Perini urgently begged that Frau Dournay would address Frau Ceres as Baroness, when she woke again. She ordered the coachman to turn, and they drove back to the villa.

Frau Ceres was scarcely to be awakened; they carried her to bed. She thanked the ladies warmly, and smiled happily when Frau Dournay said: "Now sleep well, Frau Baroness."

Eric, meanwhile, had wandered out into the country; he felt he must go to some friend, to some being on whose breast he could lay his weary head.

He thought of Clodwig and the Doctor, but they could not change the inevitable, and he felt he ought not to leave his mother or the house, he ought not to be thinking of himself.

So he wandered about like a shadow in the night.

At Manna's window, where no light was burning, it seemed to him that Manna was looking out, and that a white hand was stretched out of the window; but it quickly passed away.

He walked silently up and down his room; he was



so unaccustomed not to have Roland to speak to, as had been the case every evening till now.

When he awoke on the following day, his first thought was of Roland. How had he awoke? Did he now long for Eric, as Eric did for him? Not now, now he was in the whirl of life; but times would come when he would turn towards him, and then Eric would be ready.

He heard the church bells ringing, and he left the house; he longed to go to his mother, but he felt he was not composed enough to see her now; the remembrance of all that Weidmann had told him, lived in his mind, as if he were now hearing it for the first time. His cheeks glowed, for he thought—Manna, you shall never know the feelings within me.

His thoughts wandered back to those first days when he had come here during his visit at Wolfsgarten. How would it be possible for him to leave it all again? He sat down by the road-side, on a boundary stone, and suddenly heard a female voice accosting him.

He looked up surprised; Fräulein Milch stood before him with a prayer-book in her hand. He greeted her, and said he had not known she was a Catholic.

"Nor am I one," she replied; "but there are times when I cannot pray alone, and I must go into another house, into one raised to the Most High. I must be with my fellow beings who are, like me, seeking consolation and eternal rest, even though they invoke the Eternal Being differently to myself. I do not pray the same words as the others, but still I pray with them."

She asked how Eric felt now that Roland had left

him, and she was the first person to whom Eric expressed his ardent longing for the youth's return.

"Roland has become to me," he said, "just what my deceased brother was."

Just as he uttered these words, in a voice full of emotion, Manna passed by with Fräulein Perini. She gave them both a silent recognition, and pressed her prayer-book firmly against her heart.

"I would not grudge her being a happy nun," said Fräulein Milch, "but she will never be one."

"Of course she will be Frau von Prancken."

"Frau von Prancken? I don't think so."

"I do not understand."

"Bear in mind, Captain Dournay, that I have said this to you to-day. I understand a little of people. I have not heard another word from Baron Prancken, than, 'Where is the major?' He never speaks to me, myself, and I do not take it amiss; but still I know him."

Eric had no reason for believing the supposition which Fräulein Milch had expressed, and yet he did believe it.

He accompanied Fräulein Milch home.

The major was not there. He had gone to the castle, for there was still much to be done, before the festive inauguration of the castle could take place.

Eric returned home and went to his mother.

## CHAPTER VI.

“**A**RE you also depressed and full of care?” cried the doctor to Eric as he entered. “I find here a colony of anxious people. What is there so depressing in this fact? Herr Sonnenkamp is getting himself a new dress, a new equipage. In old times—I still remember it—a citizen might not drive four-in-hand, and if he would do so, his horses were obliged to have hempen traces. Herr Sonnenkamp is getting his leather traces. Frau Ceres is ill; Manna is ill; Frau Dournay is ill; Captain Dournay looks ill; in all this hospital, Fräulein Perini and Tante Claudine are the only persons still healthy. Carbonic acid powder! Carbonic acid powder! is the watchword for to-day.”

The doctor brought in with him a tone of cheerfulness, like the breeze from the mountain forests that clears the air. Frau Dournay could not say why she felt so nervous, nor could Eric say.

The doctor took Eric with him to the villa, and just as they were entering the court-yard a telegram arrived for Eric. It was from Sonnenkamp, and it contained an order that Frau Ceres should be informed that at that moment the elevation to rank was taking place.

The doctor took upon himself the responsibility of withholding this information from Frau Ceres; she

was just now in a state of excitement bordering on frenzy, and he had prescribed an opiate.

Fräulein Perini, Manna, and Eric appeared at dinner. After the first course, Fräulein Perini was summoned to Frau Ceres; she went and did not return.

Manna and Eric sat alone.

"You were also to-day in church?" asked Manna.

"No. No church bell sounds for me. But I perfectly appreciate the feelings of those in whose hearts this bell awakens a special call."

Manna was silent, and placed the mouthful which she was just raising to her lips back again on the plate. Had she a sense that Eric was forcing himself to lay bare the difference between them, in order thus to make all approximation impossible? For some time they sat in silence opposite each other.

Eric thought that he had stated his opinion too harshly, and he would gladly have interposed some peaceful soothing word, but he could think of none.

Presently Manna began: "You wish to represent yourself more irreligious than you are. Anyone who has devoted himself to his fellow-man with such pure self-sacrifice as you have done..."

She broke off suddenly and continued, blushing deeply: "Ah, it occurs to me, how I wounded you on that first day..." She would have liked to add: "And now I am entering into your thoughts, and yet wished to prevent you from penetrating into mine."

Eric longed to reply that he now scarcely remembered the circumstance, as he had no measure for the period of their acquaintance, but he could not utter a word; he felt that it was not possible for him to say anything without giving vent to the whole torrent of

his love. And again Manna began: "You had a younger brother, whom you have lost? I heard you speaking of him to-day."

"Yes, he was about Roland's age, and this very day I was thinking why I could not have been so much to my own brother, as I have been to our Roland."

"Been? You still are so, and you will remain so to him?"

"Certainly. But what avail our best thoughts when we no longer break the daily bread of life together? I have known that this separation must take place, I have looked upon it as necessary; and yet I feel now for the first time for how long, apart from slight interruptions, I have thought nothing, felt nothing, and experienced nothing, which I have not at once referred to Roland, and which indeed I experienced only for him. This whole direction of mind is now cut off, broken, and changed as regards support and aim. I feel myself so homeless, so void."

"I understand it perfectly," said Manna, as Eric paused. She sipped the wine that stood by her side.

Eric continued: "I have a poetic friend who takes everything most seriously and gravely; he lives with all his heart exclusively in his vocation. He complained to me one day how empty and desolate he seemed to himself when he had finished a work that is to pass from him into all the world, but no longer remains with him. He has devoted his thoughts and feelings day and night to the visions of his imagination, and then they pass from him into another world across the sea, and are no longer his own possession; he cannot withdraw his thoughts from them, and yet he can do no more for them, for their purity of form or for

their perfection. Yes, Fräulein Manna, and these are only visions of the imagination, which make a man feel solitary when they have left him. How entirely different must it be to feel the absence of a living being, who has rooted himself in our affections."

Manna gazed at him; tears glistened on her long eyelashes, and she saw that Eric's eye was also moist; she folded her hands on the table, and looked calmly in his face.

He felt the look, and he said with embarrassment: "Excuse my egotism in only speaking of myself. I do not wish to add to his sister's burdens, though I can give you the consolation which I have found for myself. At such a time we can do nothing but wait silently, and direct our thoughts to the abundance of powers and the wealth of duties and delights which lie within our capabilities. My mother,"—he interrupted himself laughingly,—“my mother tells of an old pastor who thus addressed his congregation: ‘Children, I am not preaching only for you, I am preaching also for myself, for I need it also.’”

A smile passed over Manna's countenance, as he added: "While we are serving the individual, the wandering, perishable mortal, we are serving the Eternal Being, the Spirit resting in all, until he calls us to another post."

"Do you believe in destiny?"

"I think there is a decree and a direction given, a connexion in our life, which we only perceive when it is formed, or unfortunately often not till it is ended. Every hour now of that time is fresh in my memory, when I first looked down on this place on my way to Wolfsgarten. There lives, I thought, a human soul,

unconscious that another is pressing towards it, and that they are mutually to affect each other's destinies. There is a preparation taking place which makes the one man capable of receiving within his heart a fellow-being whose name is unknown to him, and of whose existence he has no idea. In this lies the solution of that primeval sin of egotism; we say: 'Thou art thy brother's keeper.'"

"You are not irreligious...no, you must not say it of yourself. You are not irreligious," exclaimed Manna.

Her cheeks glowed, she unclasped her hands, and stretched one out as if she were holding it towards Eric, but suddenly she seized a bottle, and said: "I make a bad hostess, do I not?"

She filled his glass, and he drank, and while he drank his eye rested on Manna. She knew that he was looking at her, and she cast her eyes down.

"I have a confession to make to you," she said. She paused, and drawing a deep breath, she continued: "When you speak of being so sad because you can do nothing more for Roland, it becomes additionally plain to myself what a happiness and what a belief I have myself lost."

She closed her eyes and drew a deep breath, then looking up again, she said: "I used to think that we could pray for another, for any one absent or distant, wherever and whatever he might be; I had imagined that one could sacrifice oneself for another, and that all could be atoned for; and now...alas! now, I think it no longer."

Eric made no reply. He knew how hardly this confession was wrung from Manna's lips, and the feeling overcame him. He knew now that Manna loved him,

for only to the man whom she loved could she have confided this.

A servant entered and told Eric that his mother was waiting for him, and that he was to go to her.

"I will go with you," said Manna, rising; and she went to fetch her hat.

Eric remained standing in the dining-room, and the plates and dishes and glasses danced before his eyes. Manna came quickly back; her face was brighter than usual, she was again the young girl with the bright tone and fresh movements of youth, and she bowed slightly as she invited Eric to accompany her. She walked silently on with him. On the way she said: "Do you know that I had—a repugnance—an aversion to you, when I came here?"

"Yes, I did know it."

"And why, after that first odious reply, did you do nothing more to convert me?"

Eric was silent, and Manna asked again: "Is it then so indifferent to you how you are thought of?"

"No, but I was a servant in your house, and was proud enough—"

"But pride is not a vice?"

"Certainly it is, when one makes pretensions, which may depreciate the value of another."

"You are too clever for me," said Manna, laughing.

"I do not like to hear that from you, for it is a mere phrase. No man is too clever for another, if each says to himself: 'I too possess something after my own fashion.' You must not use such an expression. I have never heard an empty phrase from you. Whatever you have said, has not always been logical truth, but always truth as regards yourself."



"Thank you," said Manna, quickly, touching his hand with the tips of her fingers; then, as if considering, she added: "I don't know—I feel freed from my depression, and it seems to me as if a year had passed since I felt so depressed."

"We are happy enough," returned Eric, "to understand each other's best thoughts, and there is no measure of time then."

"Oh yes," resumed Manna, "in the midst of all my despondency, the thought has been ever recurring to me that something is going to happen which will give me joy. Now it is come. You were Roland's friend and teacher; take me instead, and be my friend and teacher."

She held out her hand to him, and both looked happily at each other.

"Ah, there is your mother," exclaimed Manna, suddenly. She hastened forward to her, and kissed her passionately.

Frau Dournay looked at her with astonishment. Was this the same girl whose cold and fevered hands she had yesterday warmed, and whose vital energy she had tried to quicken? Youth is for ever an enigma. And so it was. The filial feeling that had been quenched in Manna, now revived, and expanded in the midst of sorrow and misery, danger and conflict.

Manna held her hand before her eyes for a few moments, and then removing it, she said: "It seems to me as if I saw it all to-day for the first time; the Rhine, the hills, the houses, and the people. I am really so sad and sorrowful, and yet something is saying within me: 'Thou art happy, do not resist the feeling.' Oh, it is terribly sinful to feel as I do."

"No, child—for you are still nothing more, and a child, it is said, has laughter and tears in one sack. My own mind feels much lighter since the doctor was here. One can get accustomed to look on the dark side of everything, and it is good when any one comes and says: 'The world is not so bad nor so good as we persuade ourselves, and things have no logical course either for good or bad.'"

Frau Dournay still attempted to calm Manna, but the latter seemed not to have heard what she was saying, for she exclaimed in a tone of raillery: "This very hour we are ennobled, I believe. I don't feel any effects of it in myself, and such a thing ought to produce some effect."

There was an unusually cheerful tone in everything she said, and she continued: "Tell me, how did you feel on the day that you laid aside your rank?"

"I did not feel a trace of sorrow; it only pained me that my friends kept asserting that they should remain the same to me, for in this very assertion there lay the confession that they felt differently, and they were for ever repeating how much they had loved me, just as if I no longer lived. In fact I had died to many, for to many, a fellow-creature who has lost rank, is as if he had passed into the land of shadows."

"Oh, how happy and blessed you were," exclaimed Manna, "to cast from you all the trifles of the world, and freely and strongly to find all you needed in the man of your heart."

Frau Dournay trembled. Was this the same Manna who intended to be a nun? She spoke of the power of the mind, which requires to maintain for itself a world of thought, while wrestling with the exigencies

of life. Manna however looked at her with beaming eyes.

Eric had left his mother and Manna alone ; he was standing by a rosebush watching how the petals fell, so softly, so silently, as if plucked by a spirit's hand. He looked at the leaves on the ground : Roland, Manna, his mother, Sonnenkamp's terrible past—all came confusedly before him ; he felt that he could no longer see the world as it is. If he only had some one who claimed him ! He felt his cheeks glow, as a thought thrilled through his mind.

"Thou lovest, and thou art loved by this girl, by the daughter—What is daughter ? Every one stands for himself alone."

His father's library was on the ground floor, the windows were opened, and he entered. He stood with his back leaning against the open window ; he heard his mother exhorting Manna to hold firmly and truly to her religious convictions, even if there were forms and ideas which she could not herself acknowledge as her own, still they might be regarded as the shrine of that Holy Spirit which alone gives us power to bear sorrow and to receive joy.

He was sitting absorbed in papers when Manna entered the library.

"You here," she said. "I only wanted to see the outsides of the books on which your father's eye has rested. I must now go home."

"May I accompany you ?"

Manna nodded, and they walked slowly together side by side through the meadow towards the villa.

"You are a happy man, thus to possess the thoughts of your father," said Manna, gravely.

Eric could not reply, his voice was oppressed with the feeling, what will become of that poor yet wealthy child when she knows of her father? He had no idea that Manna's words proceeded from this very pain.

"I cannot inherit the thoughts of my father," said he at last. "Every child has to learn experience for itself."

They went on, and yet it seemed to them at every step as if they must stop and grasp each other.

"Roland and my father are already on their way back," said Manna.

"And Herr von Prancken," Eric was about to add, but he restrained himself.

Manna seemed to feel that he had remarked her silence with regard to Prancken's name, and she asked: "Were you not formerly an intimate friend of Baron von Prancken?"

"We were comrades, never friends."

Both were silent again; there was so much that was unexpressed in them, and which was now trying to find a voice, that they seemed not to know of what they should speak first.

The evening bell rang. Manna looked at Eric, but he did not remove his hat. She trembled; everything stood between them, even the church separated them.

Manna secretly wore under her dress a thin hempen cord fastened round her hips; a nun had given her this secret girdle of penance, so that she might always bear in remembrance that she had promised openly to wear the hempen cord. Now it seemed to her as if the thin girdle was pulled tighter, and then again as if it loosened itself. With her left hand she supported her-

self against a tree by the roadside, and breathed heavily.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Eric.

"Oh, I thank you for remaining with us. Look up there—there is a pair of hawks flying over the castle tower. Oh, to be able to soar so high and to forget all that is below! Oh! what has life been to me? Nothing but a working at my own winding-sheet. I wanted to live above the world, I wanted to atone, to pray from the very heaven—for another. I can do so no longer—I cannot!"

She passed her hand over her forehead; she was scarcely conscious of what she had been saying. She went on, and yet seemed ever wanting to stand still.

A girl who was mowing the third crop of grass on the meadow, called to Manna and told her that her sister was well again and would help her on the following morning to bring in the hay.

"I wish I were that mowing girl," said Manna.

"Excuse me," replied Eric, "if I cannot restrain my astonishment that you should express such a wish."

"I? and why not I?"

"You are so clear in your thoughts, that I do not understand from you any expression like that which one hears a thousand times. What do we mean by the phrase, I wish I were another? If you retained the consciousness of what you have been, you would not be another. Such an expression is not only contrary to reason, but from any point of view it is also irreligious."

Manna remained standing, and Eric continued: "We are what we are, not by ourselves, but by an eternal decree, which we call God's; we must endeavour to

accommodate ourselves to what we are, and must try to be happy whether we are poor, or rich, or beautiful, or ugly !”

“I will never again entertain or express such a thought,” rejoined Manna, holding out her hand to Eric. It trembled.

In a soft voice, scarcely venturing to breathe out her words, she spoke of the happiness it must be not only to cast off wealth but all the trifles of the earth, and to spend life in work and peace with oneself, with one’s belongings, and with the world.

Eric shuddered ; dare he venture to tell her that he too was resolved never to call wealth his own, and least of all such wealth ? But he could not bring out the words.

For a time they walked on silently ; it was dark in the shady paths, only here and there yellow lights fell through the branches, and lay like flame on Manna’s dark hair ; neither spoke a word. At length, drawing a deep breath, Manna halted. Would she not enter the villa in Eric’s company ? She had often walked with him before ; the fact of being alone with him had excited no suspicion.

“I will bid you good bye here,” she began softly. “This has been a day. Was it only one day ?”

“And as the sun sets,” interposed Eric, “and rises again and is ever faithful to us in good or evil days, so you have in me a true friend, whose eye will watch over you, so long as life endures.”

“I know !” exclaimed Manna ; “Oh, God, I know !” Her whole frame trembled.

“I pray you, leave me now,” she added.

Eric turned away, but when he looked back, he saw

Manna kneeling under a tall fir-tree ; her face was lighted up with the declining sun, and she was holding up her clasped hands towards heaven ; then she rose again. He hastened to her and she to him ; it was one movement.

"Manna, Manna !" he cried.

"Eric ! Eric !" she answered.

They lay clasped in each other's arms.

"I love you," he whispered.

"I love you too," she cried. "Heaven and earth and everything."

They held each other in close embrace, their lips united in one kiss, as if for ever there was to be but one breath between them.

"You are mine ! mine ! my hope, my world ! Oh ! Eric, leave me never more—never more !"

"I leave you ? You, my Manna ?"

"No, you cannot. Heaven will forgive, nay, it will bless. I cannot do otherwise, neither you nor I. Take me, I cannot do otherwise."

"Look up," replied Eric, "you do not know how I have wrestled for you. Now I have you, you are mine ! Oh, say it once again !"

Stammeringly and in broken tones, each told the other how they had wrestled with themselves and with everything the world possesses ; each recognised anew the truth and purity of the other's mind, and as Manna had once harshly veiled her thoughts from Eric, so now she poured forth to him all the fulness of her heart.

They stood holding each other's hands and looking at each other, and Eric said : "Oh, Manna, my one wish is now that you could have the happiness of seeing yourself."

"And you too. Oh! every one who sees you and knows you, must love you. What then is left for me, who see you and know you as, perhaps, no one else does?"

They kissed each other, and closed their eyes, and the trees rustled overhead in the soft evening air.

On the very seat on which Eric had sat that day with Bella, he and Manna now sat together, and he trembled as he thought of his feelings then, and tried to dispel the remembrance. With the keen eye of love Manna perceived the passing emotion in Eric's mind, and she asked him: "Have you also been obliged to wrestle and struggle until you have confessed and acknowledged and at last said: it must be so."

"Oh! let us be silent! care and trouble and conflict and wrestling will come soon enough. The present moment is the marriage, the marriage of our souls; nothing else must be heard of, nothing else must be thought of. We are happy. I know you are mine, as I am yours. It cannot be otherwise."

And they embraced each other.

And as she now exclaimed: "Oh! Eric! I could bear you on my arms as on wings and carry you over the mountains!" he felt that there was in her a natural power, such as must belong to Sonnenkamp's daughter, a power wild, ungovernable, and strong.

Any one who had seen that very morning the modest, gentle, silent, humble girl, could little have imagined the passionate outburst of that evening. Eric himself felt the presence of a stronger power.

"Yes," she cried, as if she were reading his thoughts, "is it not true, that I am a terribly wild child? You



would never believe how wild I am ! But it shall not be again, certainly not, you may rely upon it."

She sat by his side, stroking his hand, and it was with an expression full of deep humility that she looked at him, and said : " You know so much, you are so full of knowledge, and I....."

Eric, laughing, replied : " My whole knowledge, my best knowledge is that I know I love you ; all that I know besides, another may know also, but this knowledge is my own alone."

" And I will learn much from you," said Manna, stroking and kissing his hands. " Ah, go on talking, say what you like ; it is music to me to listen to you. And do you know that I have heard you sing ? Twice. Once at that great meeting, and another time here on the Rhine."

" And do you know," he rejoined, " that I saw you in the twilight in the convent ?"

" Yes. You looked at me like this." And she tried to imitate his look. " And at that time, when we went to the musical festival, a dozen of the girls were in love with you ; but I was afraid of you, and now I cannot conceive it. Oh, what will they say in the convent ? They will think me a hypocrite on account of you, and—Oh, Eric—and how glad Roland will be !"

" But your parents ?"

" Yes, my parents !" she said, " my parents !"

Her voice dropped, her face became suddenly pale, and, as if shivering, she nestled close to Eric. He held his hand on her head and played with her hair, and she held his other hand pressed to her lips. It was not necessary for them to speak ; they could not, for each longed to say to the other—Do you know every-

"Why do you suddenly tremble so?" asked Manna.

"Oh! I wish that you were not rich."

"I wish it too," she said, closing her eyes, as if weary. "But let us be quiet—let me sleep here only for half a minute. Oh! your heart beats so."

She laid her head against his heart; after a few seconds she raised herself and said:—

"Now I am strong again, and fresh and awake, and now forget everything that I have done and said, except the one thing that I am yours, and that I love you and that as long as I live, and that you are mine."

"You intended to become a nun, and I—I also intended to renounce the world."

"Are you not then a Protestant?"

"I do not mean that, my Manna. I intended to renounce that which is called the world, and devote myself to a life of pure thought."

"And that you cannot do if I am yours!"

"No. Yet what does that matter now? I am no longer alone; I have myself and you."

"And I have myself and you," repeated Manna. "Now I must go to my mother," she said, rising—"but for the present no one must know about us—neither your mother nor my mother—no one."

"Shall I see you this evening in the garden?"

"No, it will be better to-morrow; I cannot; I must first compose myself. It is a denial to myself. To-morrow early."

She unfastened a blue silk handkerchief from her neck and placed it round his. She kissed him and went away. She did not look round again.

For some time Eric still sat on the seat. The night came on; he saw lights in his mother's house, he knew

where she was now sitting with his aunt beside her, and he fancied that he could even hear the sound of the harp, though it could not reach so far. But there was melody within him, and amid the sounds came the recurring questions: how will Manna bear it when she hears the terrible past? and dare you to share gain so gotten? How furious would Sonnenkamp be? What would Prancken do? The world would say that it had all been cunningly planned; while father and lover were absent, he had stolen away the daughter of the house by the help of his mother. Let the world talk! Love conquers everything!

He saw a light in Manna's room, he heard her window closed, and he looked long up at it; then he went into the court-yard and ordered the groom to saddle him a horse.

The horse was brought out; it looked at Eric with its large eyes, distended its nostrils, neighed, and threw back its mane. He mounted, and rode off at a quick trot up the road. He felt himself so secure on the horse, which seemed to delight in its bold rider. He felt himself free, as if a weight had been removed from him, and he could fly into the wide world.

He rode up the hill to the village where the game-keeper lived. All that he had thought and experienced on this very road crowded before his memory.

He rode into the village.

All was silent there; he halted at the gamekeeper's house, he scarcely knew why. The blackbird was singing its old song in the silence of the night: "rejoice in life." It never got further in the melody, and this good old-fashioned song now rang in Eric's ears, and sounded between every footfall of his horse.

He rode quietly down the hill, he could already see the villa and the glass dome of the conservatory, when again he turned his horse. He must tell one man, only one. He rode to the major's house. Like a traveller who has lost his way, and sees a light in the distance, he rejoiced in his heart when he caught sight of the glimmering light in the little house. The major, who had heard the horse's tread, called out of the window—

"Herr Baron von Lichtenburg, are you back again?"

"For the present my name is still Eric Dournay," replied Eric.

He alighted, fastened the horse to the garden hedge, and went up to them both, receiving a hearty welcome.

"What is it? Is everything right?" asked the major.

Eric greeted him, and the major said—

"See, Fräulein Milch—don't be ashamed to wear your spectacles—see, our Herr Eric looks quite differently. You are feverish, your lips are hot."

Eric could not say that his lips burned with kisses.

The major went to a closet, mixed a powder in half a glass of water, came back to Eric, and feeling his forehead, said, "You may drink it now."

Then he shook in a second powder, so that it fizzed up, and Eric was obliged to drink off the hissing draught before he spoke another word. The major informed him with great deliberation, that there was nothing in the world which was a better remedy for excitement than a carbonic acid powder.

Fräulein Milch, who saw that Eric had something to communicate, was about to leave the room, but Eric cried :

"You must hear it too, you and my friend here. I confide it to your true hearts. I am engaged."

"To Manna," said Fräulein Milch.

Eric stared at her, and the major exclaimed :

"Thank God that she lives in our day ! In the dark ages long ago she would have been burned as a witch. No one would believe how she knows everything, and sees far into the distance. As we were sitting here together, she said : 'This very evening Eric and Manna have confessed their affection.' And when I laughed, she said : 'Do not laugh, I will fetch a bottle of wine.' You see, comrade, there it stands, and then she said : 'They will come here together, this evening.' Now, she cannot quite prophesy after all, for you are come alone, comrade. Come here, let me kiss you, brother !"

He kissed him, and continued—

"You have no longer a father ; I—I will go with you to the marriage altar. Give me your hand. And now people say that the days of miracles are over. Miracles are happening every day, just as much as they did in bygone ages, only now-a-days we explain them away ; in old times people did not understand that."

Fräulein Milch had uncorked a bottle, and filled the glasses.

"Knock glasses, my son !" cried the major. "Knock glasses !"

They knocked glasses, and the major emptied his, and kissed Eric again, and said :

"Give Fräulein Milch a kiss too. I will allow it. Fräulein Milch, don't refuse. Come here...there...give her a kiss ; she is a friend, and you have no better one

in the world, except your mother, and she is more than the world knows of; you shall learn it, you deserve to do so."

"Herr Major!" interposed Fräulein Milch, tremblingly.

"Well," said the major, "I won't say anything. But now go and give each other a kiss."

Eric and Fräulein Milch kissed each other, and Fräulein Milch's face grew very red.

They now sat happily together, and the major expressed his delight that Prancken was not going to have the splendid girl, and all those millions; that the convent was duped, was another special source of pleasure to him.

Eric did not return home till late, and he still heard the blackbird singing—"Rejoice in life!"

There was no longer a light in Manna's room, but Manna was standing at the window.

She was at the window looking out into the night; she had laid her hot brow against the cold stone window frame, and was uttering to herself short exclamations of hope, fear, joy, and lamentation. The stars alone looked upon her face, which was agitated with feelings of alternate pain and joy, and the kisses from Manna's lips passed into the empty air. She looked up at the stars; she knew them, and yet every star seemed to her like the glance from Eric's eye, which was resting upon her.

"Why am I again alone? Why a second of life alone?" she asked herself.

A feeling of forlornness came over her, as if she were alone in the world.

And again, it seemed to her as if she were standing

on the giddy edge of a precipice, and were sometimes snatched away, and then borne back again; she looked round, as if she felt Eric's arm raising her from the ground. She passed her hand across his face, and it seemed to her as if it were not her own hand; she turned back into the room, and threw herself on her knees.

"Alas! I love!" she exclaimed. "Now, oh God, I thank Thee that Thou hast imposed this test upon me. This test. No, I cannot now do otherwise. Thou, Thou who art Love, who art named by a thousand tongues, and yet never can be wholly named, forgive and help me, help me, help us all. Let me live in Him, and in all that is great and holy, and beautiful and pure. Heimchen, my little sister, thou wert a part of my soul, and thou hast passed from the earth as a blossom, fallen from the tree . . . I, I must cling to the tree of life amid storm and tempest. Thou to whom I pray, Thou whom he honours, if he does not pray to you also, his thought is prayer, his acts are a prayer, his life is prayer . . ."

She rose up; she went again to the window, and gazed long at the starry heaven. From Manna's window at midnight something floated down into the garden, and caught upon a tree; it was the girdle of penance, which she had unfastened.

In the morning, when Manna woke, she exclaimed: "I am his, his! I wonder if he, too, is awake!"

She opened the window. A young starling which was building a nest now in the autumn, found Manna's hempen cord on a tree in front of her window, seized it in his beak, flew away, and built his nest with it.

Eric was standing in the garden below; concealing

herself from view, Manna called out: "I am coming directly."

And in the early morning they stood together, embracing and kissing each other. Then they encouraged each other, for to-day there were difficulties to endure—to-day came her father and Prancken.

"Ah, Eric! I am so happy, and yet so terribly tortured. My father..."

"I know everything."

"You know, and yet love me?"

She fell on her knees and embraced him. He raised her, seated himself by her side, and they talked over the terrible secret.

"Tell me," said she, "how did you bear it?"

"Ask me, rather, how will Roland bear it?"

"Do you think that he will learn it?"

"Of course. Who knows how soon the world..."

"The world! the world!" exclaimed Manna. "No, no! The world is good, the world is noble. Oh! thanks, thanks to the Inscrutable One, that he has given me my Eric—my world, my whole world!"

Calmly, and wonderfully clearly, Manna confessed everything; but in the midst of her statement she threw herself on Eric's breast, sobbed, and exclaimed: "Ah, why must I know all this, and endure all this, while I am so young?"

Hand in hand they went to the green cottage, and sat down where they had been sitting with the mother the day before. They waited till she awoke. In all the happiness and all the sorrow of a secret love, surrounded by dangers, they tried to conjecture what had been going on in the capital. Little could they divine it.



Eric left Manna alone behind. He had told her that he had been with the major on the previous evening, and he wished again to go to him, to beg him and Fräulein Milch to keep strictly the secret of their love.

Eric was walking along the road, and a carriage approached; he heard his name called, and Bella alighted.

"It delights me to meet you here. Still, I am not coming to-day to you and yours. Clodwig sends you a message, and begs you to come to him at Wolfsgarten; he is solitary, and you are solitary, and it would probably be agreeable to you to spend with us the first few days of the confusion here, until you have become accustomed to the absence of your pupil. You can drive back to Wolfsgarten in our carriage, and I will stay here with my sister-in-law until everything is ready. Where is the dear child?"

Eric accompanied Bella to the villa, but he could not speak a word. Fortunately Fräulein Perini came, and he could leave Bella to her, and he hastened to Manna. He hurriedly informed her that Bella had arrived. Half roguishly, half compassionately, Manna looked at him.

"Is it true that you once loved her?"

"Yes, and no. Are you jealous?"

"No, for I know you have never really loved, never! You can have loved no one, no one but me. Come, Eric! Hand in hand let us stand before her, and acknowledge what we are to each other, and that we are so before the whole world. Do not let us dissemble for a moment, do not let us conceal anything. I have courage to confess everything, and I am happy to be

able to do so. Consideration of the opinion of the world shall not rob us of a minute, in which we cannot look into each other's eyes, and hold out freely our hand to each other, and stand before the world at once."

Eric had difficulty in inducing Manna to be wise and circumspect; as the first token of his right to her, he requested that she would yield to his will.

"Well, I will obey you, but I shall see no one."

He endeavoured to induce Manna to see Bella; but she refused, saying: "Can you, the pure, the good, expose me to evil even for an hour? How shall I stand there, how shall I behave, when she greets me as her sister-in-law?"

Eric told her that Bella would oblige him to go at once to Wolfsgarten, in order to spend the next few unquiet days there with Clodwig. And as he pointed out in what a strange position a dependent was placed, Manna passed her tender hand over his face.

"You good creature, you have been obliged to be dependent; I know now what that is to you, to your great and pure mind, to which all ought to be subject. Oh, you good fellow! what have you not taken upon you? But it is well; otherwise, we should never have belonged to each other. Now, then, I will do it. I must do it."

She went to speak to Bella, and had sufficient composure to do so. Eric soon went away, and Bella saw with surprise the glance which Manna sent after him. Manna spoke a good deal, and was unusually lively, so that Bella was still more puzzled.

Presently the major came to congratulate Manna; when he saw Bella he was silent, as if petrified.

Bella had seen enough. Suddenly it flashed across her: "Manna loves Eric. But no, it could not be!" She tried to embrace Manna and to kiss her, but Manna begged that to-day she would leave her quiet.

Bella drew herself up and cast a look at Manna; it was the Medusa-look, but Manna bore it quietly. Without saying a word, Bella went out of the house and left the villa.

When Bella had gone, Manna stood mutely; and the major went up to her and said: "Child, you have behaved bravely...you have calmly stood fire...you are right! You shall have a helper in me and in Fräulein Milch also; and if they torment you at home, come to us...be calm, you are never forsaken in the world. You have to learn that...do not speak about it—but you have a helper in me...and she told me to come here, and she is gone to Frau Dournay; she always knows the right thing to do. I only hope that when you have been so long together, that you may be as much to one another as we are...you have much yet to learn, you have yet to have your eyes opened. It is well...I have not divulged anything..."

Manna smiled amid her tears at the good major's strange, unintelligible, and yet hearty words.

While Manna and the major were together, Bella was walking through the park.

Hatred, deep hatred filled her mind; her eye seemed seeking for something on which she could vent her anger. What was there here to destroy? What could she do by which to cause annoyance?

She thought of Eric, of Frau Dournay, of Claudine, she sought for some point of assault at which they could be touched and injured. She hated these Dour-

nays beyond everything, for through them a tone had come over the whole neighbourhood, which she had not given it; these people had given it. Who are they? Preaching schoolmasters, who trade in sublime ideas! And you, Bella, the brilliant, the admired one!—a look, a word from whom could once have bestowed happiness—set beside! But they shall go, these toad-eaters! they shall feel who they are, and shall know who works their ruin!

She walked restlessly up and down between the villa and the green cottage, and at last she called upon Frau Dournay. Here she met Fräulein Milch.

"She is the person. She shall be struck, as the hammer to hit the others."

When Bella entered, Fräulein Milch rose, bowed, and was on the point of going.

"Pray stay," said Frau Dournay. "You know Countess Wolfsgarten?"

"I have the honour to do so."

Bella looked at the modest woman whom she had intended to crush, then she said: "Oh yes, I remember; if I do not make a mistake, she is the major's housekeeper."

"Fräulein Milch is my friend," interposed the professor's widow.

"Your friend? I did not know that. You are very kind."

"Fräulein Milch is my friend and helper in works of charity."

"Oh yes, you are the colporteurs of Herr Sonnenkamp's money."

Bella saw that Frau Dournay's countenance trembled. She had found the vulnerable point. This pro-

fessor's widow had inflicted on her a mortification in her son—no, not that, she had personally mortified her by assuming to herself a leading position which did not belong to her.

And Bella continued : “ This dispensing of bounty to the abandoned and to notorious drunkards will now probably cease—”

Frau Dournay begged Fräulein Milch to leave them ; she had never kissed her before, but to-day she embraced her warmly, and gave her a kiss. She wanted to soothe her injured feelings, to give her some compensation, and to show the countess how highly she esteemed one thus severely attacked, who seemed so defenceless, or who did not choose to defend herself.

When Fräulein Milch was gone, Bella said : “ I cannot conceive how you can be so intimate with this person ; you depreciate in consequence all friendly relations to yourself.”

“ I think any one whom I honour, and attach to myself by bonds of friendship, is placed by this very circumstance in an honourable position, and I may expect her to be estimated by all.”

“ Certainly, certainly, so long as you are here. But you are going now soon to leave the neighbourhood ?”

“ Leave the neighbourhood ?”

“ The objects here are fulfilled, and—”

The professor's widow was obliged to sit down. Bella's eyes glared, she had attained what she desired, she had torn off the tinsel from this assuming woman.

In a most courteous tone she said : “ I beg your pardon, I should indeed be sorry if I have informed you prematurely of Herr Sonnenkamp's intended dismissal—”

The power of resistance which Frau Dournay had maintained in all her terrors, now for the first time left her. She had had many experiences in life, but never this ; she had never dreamed such a thing possible as pure malice which desired nothing but to be malicious, both for its own pleasure and for the suffering of others. And in the feeling that she had now experienced this, that she must acknowledge it as true, and hold it in her memory, she lost all power of direct defence.

She looked at Bella with a glance which would have softened Bella, had Bella been capable of softness ; she had required some one on whom to vent her fury, and as she could not get at Eric, his mother had suffered. She still spoke very courteously and very much. Frau Dournay scarcely heard her, and scarcely knew when she at last took her leave.

Bella rustled triumphantly across the meadows to the villa, got into her carriage, which was standing ready in the court-yard, and drove off to Wolfsgarten. Her desire of vengeance was satiated, and she felt free and happy.

## BOOK XII.

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### CHAPTER I.

ON their journey to the capital, Sonnenkamp and Prancken were astonished at Roland's loquaciousness and ready mind ; he alone was free to talk, for Sonnenkamp and Prancken could not overcome a certain sense of fear. They appeared intimate and open towards each other, and yet Sonnenkamp was still always asking himself: "Does he know?" And Prancken, on the other hand, kept questioning with himself, "Does he know what I know?" but they never expressed it. How should they? Prancken intended, whenever it did come to light, to appear as an innocent, deluded man; he was the deceived one, he and the whole world, the prince above all. The prince had even ennobled him—how was Prancken not to trust such a man? Sonnenkamp, on the contrary, was irresolute. He often looked out at the carriage door, and his hand started as if he must suddenly seize the handle, spring out, and escape. What a bold game he was attempting! He was angry with himself, that just on the threshold of the final decision, he should have allowed a fear to take possession of him. He could not help telling Prancken that he felt himself agitated; Prancken thought this very natural, for elevation to rank was no slight matter.

It was late in the evening when they reached the capital. Roland soon retired to rest, and Prancken also took his leave, as he had still a necessary visit to make.

"Don't forget that you are a fiancé!" called Sonnenkamp laughingly after him.

For the first time in his life such a jest pained Prancken; it pained him because it came from Manna's father, and because Prancken had indeed a very serious errand on hand, for he was going to the house of the Dean.

The house lay in the garden behind the cathedral, concealed from all the world, in a spot so quiet that the noisy life of the capital never reached it.

Prancken rang, a servant opened the door, and Prancken was astonished at being at once addressed by name. The servant was a soldier, whom he had had as a servant for a short time. He received the order on the following morning personally to bring the announcement to Prancken in the Victoria Hotel, whether the dean could receive him alone at eleven o'clock.

Prancken turned away and smiled, as, remembering the warning of his father-in-law, he paused before a house. He knew it well, the pretty secret house which he had once himself furnished; the carpeted stairs, the velvet padded balusters, and everything so warm, and all the bells with a single sound, the cool ante-room, with its green plants, the comfortable saloon, the hangings and the furniture of the same silken materials, green ground and yellow garlands. Prancken loved the colours of the country even here. In the corner stood an alabaster angel, holding in its hand daily a fresh nosegay; sometimes, however, the angel



wore a pretty woman's bonnet, and sometimes a man's hat. And then the portières—who was laughing behind them? No, he goes past.

He stood before a shop with large panes of glass—he had always, when he went to that comfortable little house, taken with him some little joke, some surprising little figure—there were many new things there, and he entered, and bought the newest.

The young seller looked at him keenly; Prancken nodded, and said: “You may show me everything.”

Many mysteries were shown him; he took nothing with him, he said he would buy another time, and he went away with his little figure. It was only for a joke, only as a farewell! He only wanted to draw from little Nelly information as to what was said of him. It vexed him that he cared about it, but he nevertheless felt a desire to learn. He did not know that he had rung; he went up the steps, feeling in his pocket for the key, and had quite forgotten that he possessed it no longer.

The door was opened, and the maid looked at him with surprise. No one was at home. A lamp of red crystal glass was burning in the ante-room, the little alabaster figure was smiling. Prancken ordered a lamp to be brought, and said he would wait. He looked round the apartment, he knew the chairs, the causeuses, everything was just as he had arranged it.

There was a strange perfume in the apartments, it was probably the fashion now—one becomes quite rustic in the country.

The cathedral clock struck, the theatre must soon be at an end. Photograph albums were lying on the table; Prancken looked them over, he was searching

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for his picture, it was no longer there, but there were others which he did not know.

It struck again from the cathedral tower, yet still no one came. Prancken at length took out his card, and placed it on the nosegay which the alabaster figure was holding, and went away. "It is better so," he said, "I am brave, I intended to be so—"

He laughed at his own virtue. "Pah! For once one must jest and laugh a little; this everlasting moralizing begins to be tedious. But Manna—"

Prancken felt a pang at his heart, as if he had just wounded Manna. He shook his head at the demure tone into which he had fallen, and yet he was not free from the feeling that at this hour something was happening to Manna; he did not know what, but he fancied he could feel it.

He went quickly further; he returned to the hotel. With self-satisfaction he repaired to rest, without speaking with Sonnenkamp. He intended to read for a short time the little book which was filled with the perfume of fir-wood from the twig found lying in it. The twig was bare, but the needle-like leaves that had fallen from it had been treasured sacredly. But he could not read the book; he seemed to feel an awe of it.

While Prancken had been going about the town, Sonnenkamp had felt a repugnance to be alone. He wanted to see other men, to mix with those who would divert his mind; he sent for the privy counsellor. Fortunately the messenger met him at the very steps. Sonnenkamp felt at his ease with this man, and he asked him whether it indicated anything that the prince had not sent him his diploma, but had wished personally to deliver it to him.

With some duplicity, praising and even admiring his gracious master, and at the same time ironically characterizing him, the privy counsellor declared that no one could fully judge of the measures of a sovereign who liked to rule alone, especially in all matters which were left to his decision without the interference of the constitutional estates, such as the distribution of orders, and admission to rank.

He had two favourite interests, the theatre and the wealth of the capital ; he liked rich people to settle in the capital, for the sake of the gain they brought to it. He had therefore done one great thing ; he had modified the strict laws of the ceremonial ; strangers who were not by position admitted to the court, found a ready entrance, if they had expended much on the town, and were introduced by their ambassadors. The prince did this out of pure good-nature for the welfare of his people, for he called all the inhabitants of the capital "my people," not excepting the inflexible democrats, who were, it is true, impertinent, but still "my people."

The prince, the privy counsellor said, had an increased interest in Sonnenkamp, since he had heard that he was going to build a large palace in the capital for his winter residence, which was to be so situated that it would be an ornament to the royal park, as the front would face an avenue that now required a vista. The prince was delighted that thus also a good deal of gain would be brought amongst his people.

Sonnenkamp's affair, the privy counsellor said, had taken a decided turn, owing to an expression contained in Count Wolfsgarten's vote : apart from the expediency of creating new nobles, Wolfsgarten had said that

it appeared to him doubtful whether the various German sovereigns had a right to do so in such an extensive manner. The prince had been very angry at this remark of the old diplomatist, whom he always regarded as a secret democrat, and thus to a great extent the quick decision of Sonnenkamp's affair had been owing to the desire to thwart Clodwig; for the prince was generally very sparing and tardy in the bestowal of rank.

Sonnenkamp listened to it all with satisfaction, and the privy counsellor inculcated upon him that the prince was very humble and did not merely speak humbly; he took pleasure in saying that his was not a distinguished mind, and then it was difficult to find a suitable reply. The prince felt himself offended, if any one contradicted him and flattered him, and yet, on the other hand, it was impossible to agree with this humble assertion. He recommended Sonnenkamp to speak as little as possible; he might even a little exaggerate the emotion which he would really feel; timidity would be observed at once by his gracious sovereign, and he would secretly delight in having caused it.

Sonnenkamp was quite calm again. When the privy counsellor left, he rang and ordered the newspaper. He read it quite through, even the advertisements; he intended it to lead his thoughts to other subjects. He pictured to himself how to-morrow he should see written among the official notices: "His royal highness has been graciously pleased to raise Herr James Henry Sonnenkamp and his family to the hereditary rank of baron, with the title of Baron von Lichtenburg."

He walked up and down his room for some time, proud and erect. Unexpectedly, however, he again

became fearful, he knew that his thoughts had wandered to a point on which he could not feel himself secure. Here neither money nor power could help.

It occurred to him that the privy counsellor had said that the prince liked certain ceremonies, and that the oath must be taken with an uncovered hand. He looked at his hand. How, if the prince asked respecting the ring on his thumb?

"Your highness, it is the bite of a monkey. No, better—it is a ring to cure rheumatism which I have worn ever since I was thirty," said Sonnenkamp aloud, as if he were standing before the prince.

But again he asked himself, why he should expose himself to the question. It must be possible to remove the ring, and the wound could no longer be visible. With his cheeks glowing, he held his hand in the water, but the ring would not come off. He rang and ordered Lutz to send for some ice for him. He held his hand on the ice, the ring at length grew looser; it passed with difficulty over the joint, but still it did pass. Sonnenkamp looked at the scar which had hitherto been concealed under the ring. Was it still apparent that the wound had been made by teeth? He was angry with himself for having awakened the remembrance at such a time. Why had he done so?

He rang again, he meant to ask Lutz what he should consider the marks on his thumb. But when Lutz appeared he forebore to do so, as it might excite attention; he gave him an order for the next morning and repaired at length to rest. But it was long before he found it, for it always seemed to him as if a cold current of air were passing over his denuded finger. When he clenched his fist it passed away, and so at last he fell asleep with his hand clenched.

## CHAPTER II.

THE sparrows on the roof were twittering together, and the cab-drivers were chattering in front of the Victoria Hotel, when on the following morning Sonnenkamp's beautiful equipage drew up before the colonnade of the hotel.

The little crooked cabman who led the conversation, occupied just now the foremost place, and therefore it was befitting that he should do so. He informed the rest that Sonnenkamp was to be made a count to-day, and that he could be a prince, for he had more money than any prince. Unfortunately the foremost cab was hired by a stranger, and the little deformed coachman expressed his regret not to be able to be present when Herr Sonnenkamp came out. He recommended the others to raise an hurra to the count, as he got into his carriage.

Some time elapsed before Herr Sonnenkamp came down, for in the large saloon upstairs he was walking up and down, dressed in black, with a white necktie and his order on his breast. The privy counsellor was with him, and he remarked that he well understood Herr Sonnenkamp's excitement, but that he would be all the calmer at noon. Sonnenkamp bit his lips and changed colour.

"You are well?" asked the privy counsellor.

Sonnenkamp answered in the affirmative; he could

not say that his bared thumb pained him. When he did not see his hand, he had always the feeling as if his thumb was swelling into a monster, and the pulsations in it were like strokes of a red-hot hammer. He looked at his hand and saw to his comfort that he was deceived.

Lutz came. Sonnenkamp took him aside, and Lutz informed him that Herr Crutius regretted not to be able to pay his respects to Herr Sonnenkamp, but he must prepare the evening paper.

"Have you brought the morning paper?"

"No, it is not issued till eleven o'clock."

"Why did you not wait, it is just eleven?"

"I thought you might require something before starting for the palace."

"Right. Give me my overcoat."

Joseph was standing with it ready; Sonnenkamp took leave of Roland and Francken, reminding them to be back at the hotel punctually at twelve o'clock. For the last time the citizen Sonnenkamp went down the steps to ascend them again as baron. The privy counsellor went with him.

When he reached the carriage, the cabmen, as had been inculcated upon them, were on the point of raising an hurra, but they could not manage it, the deformed little man who gave the key was wanting; they only stared in a group at Sonnenkamp and took off their hats.

Sonnenkamp thanked them courteously. The privy counsellor regretted that he could not drive with him, but he ordered the coachman to go to the large entrance.

Francken left Roland alone as the ensign had

promised to fetch him on his return from parade. With an unusually calm tone and modest manner, Prancken bid Roland good-bye till dinner-time, for Sonnenkamp had ordered a select little dinner of four covers, for himself, his son, son-in-law, and the privy counsellor. Away drove Sonnenkamp through the streets of the city; the foot-passengers stood still; many who knew him bowed to him, and many also who did not know him, for the carriage was such as might have belonged to a foreign prince, to whom reverence was due.

The horses trotted merrily as if they knew the honour to which they were conveying their master; Sonnenkamp leaned back in the carriage and played with the orders on his breast. This badge afforded him rest. Why should he fear the second stage, when he had not feared at the first, and no danger had presented itself?

The carriage drove past a large many-windowed house; Sonnenkamp knew it. It was the office and printing establishment of Professor Crutius. Groups of people were standing before the house, some reading a paper; they looked up as the handsome carriage passed. Sonnenkamp would gladly have stopped to take a paper with him, he had the check-string already in his hand, but he let it go again.

Why was it? Why did he just to-day wish to see this paper? Ah! it is best after all in the solitary wilderness, where one sees no one and where there are no newspapers. So thought Sonnenkamp to himself as he drove through the animated capital to the prince's palace.

A jerk suddenly startled Sonnenkamp; the carriage



stopped. A battalion of soldiers with a band were coming round the corner. The carriage was obliged to wait till the soldiers were past, and there was some difficulty in holding in the horses as the music went by.

They passed on; Sonnenkamp looked at his watch; it would be terrible if he had delayed too long at starting and should have to apologize to the prince. Was he then so fettered? Was he a slave to a minute?

He took pleasure in desiring the coachman to drive round for a little. He scolded himself for having been so unnecessarily excited. He let down the windows, took off his hat, and enjoyed the cool and calming effect of the fresh air.

Bertram proudly reined in his horses at the large entrance. The two sentries stood still and waited to see whether they were to present arms. The carriage door was opened, and the sentries remained quiet as only a man in plain clothes with a single order alighted.

Joseph conducted Sonnenkamp into the large vestibule with its rich stucco-work. At the entrance to the staircase there stood two beautifully chiselled marble wolves; they looked at Sonnenkamp almost with a friendly expression. He signed to Joseph to give what was proper to the lacqueys in attendance; he had for this purpose given him an uncounted handful of gold; he could trust Joseph.

The porter in handsome uniform, with a broad hat and a gold-headed stick, asked whom he should announce.

Sonnenkamp and Joseph looked at each other in perplexity. Joseph was shy enough to leave the an-

swer to his master, and Sonnenkamp knew not whether to say Baron von Lichtenburg or Herr Sonnenkamp.

Pah! Why say the old name to this lacquey. The name seemed repugnant to him, cast off like a worn-out shoe; one can scarcely conceive having borne it so long, and not having been ashamed before the whole world. At last Sonnenkamp replied with evident condescension: "I am commanded here by his highness."

He was sorry to be obliged to say the word "commanded" before Joseph—he Sonnenkamp commanded! but he intended to show the lacquey that he knew the court phrase.

The lacquey pressed a telegraphic bell; a valet dressed in black appeared, and said that the Herr Baron had been expected two minutes ago, and that the greatest haste was necessary. It sounded almost as if a rebuking messenger from heaven was announcing an act of neglect and offence.

Sonnenkamp's knees trembled as he went up the carpeted stairs; he had still to draw on his gloves on the way, but he silently said to himself as he did so: "Keep yourself calm."

On the landing above, there appeared a second white-haired valet, in short black breeches and high black gaiters, and said: "Do not hurry, Herr Sonnenkamp. His royal highness is not yet back from parade."

Sonnenkamp could gladly have hurled the first servant to the ground, for having thus excited his fear.

The white-haired valet told Sonnenkamp that he could sit down.

Sonnenkamp did so ; he drew off the glove from his right hand ; he wished to be able to do so without hindrance, if his bare hand were required for the oath, and he then gave the white-haired servant a few pieces of gold.

The experienced valet drew back and bowed low ; he knew the dread of those who were not accustomed to court ; and he wished to induce Sonnenkamp to be calm.

Sonnenkamp sat still ; but the wild pulses in his thumb again throbbed, and he begged for a glass of water.

The white-haired servant called another, the other a third, and the call for a glass of water was carried widely.

The chime of an old-fashioned clock, standing on the chimney-piece, struck the quarter. Sonnenkamp compared his watch with that ; his own was slow ; he resolved in future to regulate his watch by the palace time.

He was alone, and he never imagined that behind a glass door, through the panes of frosted glass, two eyes were resting upon him, and rolling wildly to and fro.

Just as the glass of water arrived, the announcement came that Herr Sonnenkamp was to enter ; he had scarcely time to moisten his lips. He entered the large saloon. He had no time to reflect, for quickly and inaudibly on the thick carpet, the prince entered through the curtained portière. He was in full uniform, with a broad band over his right shoulder and breast. He held himself very erect, slightly inclined his head to Sonnenkamp, and apologized for having made him wait.

Sonnenkamp bowed low, without uttering a word.

"Have you your son with you?"

"Yes, your highness."

"Is he still resolved to enter the military service?"

"With eagerness."

"I like the handsome youth, and will take care that the ladies do not ruin him. Has he already sent in his name?"

"Not yet, your highness. I wished to enter him with the name that your highness is graciously pleased to bestow on me."

"Quite right," replied the prince. There were two telegraphic knobs on his writing-table, a white one and a black one; he pressed the white one and the old valet entered. The prince said: "I wish no one to be in the ante-room."

The servant left. Sonnenkamp looked inquiringly, and the prince said: "Your elevation to rank is made difficult to me. You have many enemies."

Sonnenkamp's eyes winced, as if a dagger had flashed before them.

"You are a man of noble feeling," began the prince again. "You have made yourself what you are; I respect that. Such men deserve the highest honours. I am glad to be able to bestow them on you."

The prince went on to repeat all the good and great things that Sonnenkamp had done. The latter listened with eyes modestly cast on the ground; it was, however, torturing to hear them just now in his present position; the prince could have enumerated them later on some suitable occasion. Sonnenkamp was of opinion that even the court regarded the whole formality only as a necessary humbug; he was astonished

to find the prince in private so solemn and so serious. Or was this a part of the humbug ?

The prince, however, did everything as became a man of duty ; he considered it suitable to state the motives, in order to exhort the man to still more noble actions. He seemed at this moment like a priest consecrating a novice in a private chapel in the temple ; he was himself agitated. The first valet had not been wrong ; the prince had returned to the castle at the hour appointed, but he had been quietly preparing himself for the transaction that awaited him.

With regard to the elevation to rank of Herr von Endlich, the prince had a standing phrase, which he repeated as if he had learned it by heart : " Yes, yes, monumental works are incompatible with jesting. A witticism and a passing caprice must not be chiselled in stone." He had not done well in making a jest of Herr von Endlich's title, for what could there be more monumental than elevation to rank ? Therefore, on this occasion he had determined to be very solemn.

Patiently enduring the delay, Sonnenkamp bowed. The prince sometimes stretched out one hand, sometimes the other, indeed sometimes both hands, as he spoke of the blessing which men, endowed with power and recognising their higher duty, dispensed around them. Sonnenkamp expected that the prince was going to place both his hands on his head and bless him, and although the prince was younger than he, he would have received the blessing humbly and modestly, for this man had been consecrated from generation to generation to dispense honours.

While he was talking, the prince took up a roll covered with blue velvet, which lay on the table, removed

the cover, and drew out a parchment roll, which crackled and rustled, and a great seal shone on it.

Sonnenkamp prepared to draw off his right glove; the moment was coming for him to take the oath and receive the parchment which was to make a new man of him. He forced himself to feel an inward emotion, and turned his thoughts to the only thing in the world that could soften his feelings. And in the prince's cabinet he saw before him a snowy churchyard in a Polish village, where the grave of his mother was; he did not hear what the prince was saying, though his words were of course very touching.

But now, what was the meaning of this? The prince laid the parchment again on the table, and sitting down, he said: "I am glad to see, from your countenance, how deeply you feel this moment. Sit down."

Sonnenkamp seated himself, and the prince continued: "There are a few points which I should like quietly to discuss. You have had a great many slaves? Have you any still?"

"No, your highness."

"Was it longing for Germany alone, which led you to return to the old world; or was it also because you found the state of things insufferable under the much-extolled republic?"

"The latter, your highness, though the first had also something to do with it. I saw disturbance at hand in the United States, which—I may say it to your highness—can never be settled but by the establishment of monarchical rule in the new world."

"We must enter into that subject more deeply another time. I am very ready to learn, very ready."

It is our duty to allow ourselves to be informed by those who understand a matter thoroughly. What do you think of slavery generally?"

"Your highness, that is a vast subject; I shall have the honour..."

"No, tell me briefly the main substance of it—the principle."

"Your highness, the negro is a lower race; that is physiologically an established fact. It is visionary nonsense—though in many doubtless well intended—but it will decidedly lead to the ruin of the negro, to treat him as a man enjoying the same rights as ourselves."

"And would you—" asked the prince,—"no, I will ask you another question. How would you regard a man who trades in these beings of a lower race?"

Sonnenkamp involuntarily rose from his seat, but he quickly sat down again and said: "Your highness! Creatures who cannot help themselves, are protected by being regarded as objects of possession; so-called nobility of mind without desire of advantage, and without a material regard either for possession or honour, would be a soul without a body. One can imagine such a thing, but it does not exist—at least, not in the world as we see it."

"Very good—very good. I think also that negroes fare better with a master. But how is it, when it comes before one's own eyes that the child is torn from the mother, and every natural bond is violently sundered?"

"Your highness," replied Sonnenkamp with great composure, "that is a case that happens but rarely, indeed almost never, for it would be a material disad-

vantage and would render the slaves incapable of work; but if it does occur, any sentimentality on the subject would be transferring the feelings of a cultivated sphere into a lower one. An animal which has outgrown the nurture of its parents, knows them no longer; and the male and female no longer know each other when the brooding time is over. I do not mean to say—”

“What is it?” interposed the prince suddenly.

The white-haired valet entered.

“Why do you interrupt me?”

“His excellency the Minister begs your highness to open this immediately.”

The prince opened the packet and took out a printed paper; a red stroke ran along the side, like a bloody vein. The prince read, looked from the paper to Sonnenkamp, and read further; the paper crackled and trembled in his hand, he laid it on the table, and said: “Cursed effrontery!”

Sonnenkamp stared at the table, and it seemed to him as if the two telegraphic knobs had suddenly become eyes, and the green table had transformed itself into a monster of fabulous shape, a green monster with a white and a black eye, emerging from the flood, slowly moving and tottering to and fro. He sat there as in the delirium of fever, endeavouring his utmost to compose himself. The prince looked now on the paper, now on Sonnenkamp; he rose, walked towards him, and handing him the paper, said: “There, read that—read that!”

In large letters underlined with red, he saw: “Humble proposition regarding the armorial bearings of the



ennobled slave-dealer and slave-murderer, James Henry Sonnenkamp, formerly Banfield, of Louisiana..."

"Stay here, I will come back again directly," said the prince, as he withdrew.

Sonnenkamp was alone. What was to happen now?

Suddenly a tall, powerful negro appeared before him, rolling his eyes and showing his teeth.

With a cry, more like that of a wild beast than of a man, Sonnenkamp fell back in his chair.

The figure opposite to him screamed, and behind him another screamed also—it was Adams, who had rushed in and had seized Sonnenkamp.

The prince appeared again at the door, and the negro exclaimed: "Prince! Master! This is the man who deceived me, who carried me away as a slave and threw me into the water. Let his finger prove it; there are still the marks of my teeth. Give him to me, prince! give him to me! For one minute, give him to me! Then kill me."

Adams had seized Sonnenkamp's hands from behind, and held them as if he must break them.

Sonnenkamp struggled with all his force to extricate himself from the negro's grasp; he not only struggled, but he saw his struggles in the mirror opposite. There were two men; one was himself—was it he?—the other a demon.

The prince's finger rested tremblingly on the telegraphic bells of his writing-table, and servants in great number obeyed the summons.

The prince exclaimed: "Take Adams away! you are responsible for his remaining quiet; and you others conduct this man out of the palace."

Adams was disengaged by force from Sonnenkamp;

he groaned like a wounded bull, and foam stood on his lips.

"Let me loose! I will go alone," he cried.

The servants loosened their hold.

The prince took the parchment with its red seal from the table, and turned away.

Herr Sonnenkamp rose, and looking at the prince with eyes which seemed starting from their sockets, he cried: "What do you want? Who are you yourself? Your ancestors, or cousins, or somebody or other, sold their subjects to America, and received fixed prices for a wounded arm or for a fortunate slain one. Pah! I have bought my slaves of a prince, and honestly paid for them, but you—what have you done? You have sold your subjects, and those whom they have left behind have been obliged to say 'Amen' in church, when the Lord of lords was invoked for your welfare..."

He was not certain that the prince had heard him; the servants seized Sonnenkamp, but he fell.

The fury which he had so long restrained, now raged within him. He was raised, and conveyed down the stairs.

A remembrance flashed across him of how an escaped slave is captured.

The carriage was waiting below. Sonnenkamp leant on Joseph, and said: "Joseph, sit beside me in the carriage."

He spoke not a word on the way.

When he reached the hotel and alighted, the little cabman had returned to his fellows; and now they had all the courage to shout: "Long live the Baron! Hurra! Hurra!"

Sonnenkamp could not utter a word. Was the world mocking him ?

He knew not how he ascended the stairs. He sat in the large arm-chair, as if paralyzed, with his eyes fixed on the mirror, as if he expected the figure of the negro to meet him even here.

So he sat silently gazing.

Then he laid his hand on his breast, and started, for he felt the order ; and tearing it from him with vehemence, he exclaimed : " Yes ! I am a fighter for two worlds. Cheer up ! the chase is beginning ! I am not going to be weighed down. Either I must despise myself or you ! we will see who is the stronger, and who deserves it most."

It acted upon him almost like a revival, that the world should abhor him.

" It's right ! I do the same ; I abhor you all."

" But the children ! the children !" a voice said within him. At the time that he had ventured the contest in America, the children had known nothing of it. He rang and asked : " Where is Roland ?"

" The young gentleman is not yet back ; he was here at twelve o'clock, and inquired after you, but he rode out again with his companions."

" He ought to have waited," exclaimed Sonnenkamp. " It is better so," he said to himself.

Again he sat down and reflected, and now it was all plain to him. This was what people had been reading at the printing office ; and the poor devils in front of the house had shouted their hurra out of derision.

He rose and looked out of the window. The cabmen were standing in a group, and the deformed little man was reading a newspaper to them. They must have

felt that Sonnenkamp was looking at them, for they cast their eyes suddenly up, and, as if hit by a ball, Sonnenkamp started into the middle of the room; then he sat down, holding his hands with their palms together between his knees. His brain was dizzy, but he composed himself with courage and resolution. He knew that the whole town was now talking of him, from the carpeted drawing-room to the plastered stable, and men were saying: "I would not take millions to be that man." And what would to-morrow's paper say?

For a time he sat silently lost in thought, and then a large heavy letter was brought him. Sonnenkamp opened it; it was a letter from the office of the paper, and it contained several pieces of gold. Crutius sent back with many thanks what he had received on his visit to the villa, adding that he would have returned it before, had he not wished to repay it with interest. Sonnenkamp smiled; he seemed almost pleased that Crutius had behaved so unhandsomely.

He kept balancing the gold that had been returned with such scorn to and fro in his hand. So it was! Everyone must scorn him, and he must be silent. He had a revolver with him; he sprang up, took it up, and held it aloft. The thought occurred to him to fire at the printing office and at this Professor Crutius as at a mad dog. But such an act in this country could not pass unatoned for; and must he then directly shoot himself or be carried to a dungeon, and at length beheaded?

"That won't do! We must do the matter differently," he repeated to himself. He laid the revolver in its case and rang. Joseph came tremblingly. Who knows what the man-eater might not do with him?

Bertram the coachman had already downstairs entered the service of another master. Joseph intended to remain, and he intended to tell his master so, but he could not manage it.

Sonnenkamp ordered that a messenger must be sent for Roland, and that Baron Prancken might also be found.

It was difficult to look for Roland, and impossible to find Prancken, for he was at a place at which no one would have looked for the epicurean baron.

At the same time that Sonnenkamp had arrived at the palace, Prancken had entered the deanery ; he had been detained a few minutes by the troops as they marched past, and had recognized many dust-covered comrades both on horse and foot. He was going to a quarter of the town where no military music entered, everything there was as quiet, as if the whole world were holding their breath ; only in the church the organ was still groaning. He entered and saw the dean, a tall and powerful man, just returning to the sacristy. For a time Prancken sat on one of the church seats, until he could know that the dean had gone home ; then he also left the church. The servant was standing at the open door, and said that his master had begged him to step in here for a short time. He was conducted up the handsome flight of steps belonging to the old chapter house ; at the top a young ecclesiastic who had just come out of the door, closed it after him softly and almost devoutly. The young ecclesiastic descended the left flight of steps, while Prancken went up those to the right.

Prancken was obliged to wait a long while in the large apartment. At length the dean entered ; he

held a book in his hand, between the leaves of which he had inserted his forefinger. He greeted Prancken with the book in his hand, and begged him to sit down ; he made him occupy the sofa, and he placed himself in an easy chair opposite to him.

“What do you bring, Herr Baron ?”

With a humble manner Prancken replied that he had brought nothing, that he wanted rather to fetch something. The ecclesiastic cast one more look at the book, placed it aside, and said : “I am ready.”

Prancken began to explain that he had chosen the dean above all others for confession in a matter which none but a man of noble birth could adequately decide and advise upon. The dean held his chin firmly in his left hand, and replied that after consecration and regeneration, there was no more question of rank ; he had no other power than the son of the poorest day labourer.

Prancken fancied he had touched the wrong chord, he declared therefore that he had always regarded spiritual dignity as the highest of all dignities, but that it was of importance that his venerable friend should be acquainted with the relations of life which he was about to place before him. He informed him briefly of his past history up to the time of his acquaintance with Sonnenkamp. Here he became a little more prolix, and confessed that at first he had thought of Manna the daughter of the millionaire, as his wife, merely as a jest and pastime ; he went on to say how Manna had unexpectedly gone into the convent, and with great warmth he declared that she it was who had awakened him to a higher life ; he dwelt at some length on his idea of becoming a priest, but added that he had given it up, as he did not consider himself

worthy, nevertheless he hoped, in union with Manna, to lead a life devoted to the highest interests.

The dean listened to this statement with calm attention. Prancken now paused, and the ecclesiastic said : "You have introduced the subject. I must now tell you that I know Herr Sonnenkamp and his daughter. I was a short time ago with a brother of my order in the village to the parish of which Villa Eden—that's the name, is it not?—belongs; I saw the girl, and heard it said at that time that she intended becoming a nun. I have seen the park and the house; it is all very magnificent, very alluring. And now, pray continue and tell me without further digression what you wish of me."

Prancken said that with the co-operation of the privy counsellor, he had managed that Sonnenkamp should receive the patent of nobility.

Again there was a pause, but the ecclesiastic put no further questions, and only looked at him inquiringly. With his eye resting on the table cover, Prancken now said that he was aware of Sonnenkamp's past history, that he had hitherto always imagined that he might regard it with indifference, but that now—in fact since yesterday, when Sonnenkamp had been raised to the same rank as himself and his family—it had left him no rest.

"I do not understand you," said the dean. "Do you find yourself burdened in your conscience, because, knowing all the while who the man is, you have co-operated in effecting his elevation to rank?"

"Yes and no," replied Prancken, "I am not quite clear about it. I might say I am innocent, as I have not been required to give a vote for him, and yet—"

•

"Speak on, I think you are on the right path. So, and yet—?"

Prancken declared that it was difficult for him, but with an effort he continued: "Thank heaven that he placed for us in the world living beings to whom we can and must say whatever we do not even acknowledge to ourselves. I confess that my open connection with Herr Sonnenkamp has been perhaps more than any vote I could have given."

"Quite right. You are now come to me to hear at the last hour what you can do."

"Honestly confessed, I have not. I only wish that you would impose something upon me that would rid me of this torture and fear of discovery."

"Strange world!" rejoined the ecclesiastic. "These worldlings want to enjoy themselves and sin, and at the same time receive a propitiatory blessing."

Prancken's thoughts wandered involuntarily to Nelly's adjacent house. He forcibly restrained such thoughts.

For a time both men were silent, then the dean asked: "Is Herr Sonnenkamp aware that you are acquainted with his past history?"

"Oh, no! and he must never know it."

Again there was a still longer pause.

The clock of the neighbouring cathedral struck twelve, the bells rang, the ecclesiastic rose, and murmured a prayer; Prancken also rose, and folded his hands.

Then they both sat down again, still neither spoke a word. A sense of indignation arose in Prancken's mind, he almost repented having come here; it seemed so unavailing after all. With repressed ill-humour he



said at length : " Reverend Sir, I have confessed every thing to you, now pray, counsel me."

" Am I to counsel you to leave Herr Sonnenkamp and your *fiancée* ?"

Prancken stared.

" They are all alike !" continued the ecclesiastic ; " they all want counsel, these children of the world, but only such as imposes on them no renunciation ; they want advice how they may do that which they wish, with a peaceful conscience. They want mustard to help in the digestion of heavy food—"

" Reverend Sir," said Prancken trembling, " command me to forsake Herr Sonnenkamp and Manna, and I promise you it shall be done. Only reflect what is to become of the girl, and is gain thus obtained not to be employed for higher—"

" Stop," interposed the dean ; his brow was contracted, and his lips pressed together. " You think to decoy us with these millions ? You are also one of those who with all your apparent reverence for us think that we desire nothing but money, nothing but power. No, we desire none of your money, none of money so acquired, so obtained by marriage, and so inherited."

The ecclesiastic stood at the window and looked up at the sky where dark clouds were gathering ; he seemed to have quite forgotten that Prancken was there ; until the latter said at length : " Do you wish, reverend sir, that I should leave ?"

The ecclesiastic quickly turned round and said, raising his left hand authoritatively : " Sit down—sit down."

Prancken obeyed.

"I will tell you something. What you have imposed on those of rank—for you have not merely allowed it to happen—is your own affair and that of your fellow nobles; to us your degrees of honour are indifferent. But this I tell you," the priest paused, supported his elbow in the palm of his right hand and held his chin with his left, "you must now be faithful, you must not leave this man and his daughter. You must share everything with them, you must regard yourself as attached to them, and you must be humbly thankful that you can bring forward yourself and your new family as a pure offering."

Prancken rose and kissed the dean's hand, exclaiming: "That I will do, I promise. Keep your eye upon me, you shall see that I will accomplish what you have imposed upon me."

"Go now with God's help, you will have a heavier lot to endure than you now imagine. Go with God's help."

Prancken went. He went down the steps full of humility, and pressed with fraternal warmth the hand of the soldier standing at their foot.

When Prancken was gone, the soldier contemplated his hand, and then looked on the ground; he could not conceive that the rich Herr von Prancken had not given him a piece of gold. No, that would have sounded in falling—he had, of course, given him a note, but there was nothing to be found on the clean pavement.

As if Prancken had guessed the soldier's thoughts, he came back again, and gave him a gold piece and then went on.

He passed Nelly's house, where he yesterday—was

it so indeed?—had waited an hour. He glanced up and fancied that there was some one at the open window whose eye rested on him; but with his eye fixed on the ground, he passed on.

He reached the parade ground, heard the military music, and saw the officers standing in a circle; he walked by them and a smile passed over his features.

"You have played your part well, but you also have been only playing a part," he said as he thought of the dean. "You shall see I will play well, I know my part and I will trick you with the rest."

Pride again revived in him, he could not conceive that he, Otto von Prancken, had evidenced such shamefaced humility.

Half humble, half self-conscious, he reached the hotel Victoria, and now felt a perfect appetite from manœuvring. Goodness produces such emotions of the mind, that it causes appetite.

Prancken looked forward with delight to his mid-day meal with his father-in-law Baron.

As he stood before Sonnenkamp's door, he composed himself anew. He entered.

Sonnenkamp's order lay at the feet of Prancken as he entered; the first thing he did was to stoop down and pick it up. Joseph left the room. Sonnenkamp seemed to wait for Prancken to speak first, and when the latter said, "I congratulate you," he interposed.

"No, no—not. I thank you for having come to me at last. I thank you much. You have intended well by me."

"At last? Intended well? I don't understand."

Sonnenkamp stared at him ; the whole town, the cabmen in the street knew it, and this man not ? Did he mean to deceive him ?

"Have you read the paper ?" asked Sonnenkamp.

"The paper ? No. What do you mean ?"

Sonnenkamp handed him the paper.

"Here," he said, "is my diploma ;" and he turned away as Prancken read. He could not look round, he did not wish to see the man's expression.

There was a noiseless silence in the room for some time, then Sonnenkamp felt a hand on his shoulder.

"Herr Sonnenkamp," said Prancken, "I am a nobleman—"

"I know—I know."

"And I am your friend," continued Prancken calmly. "I cannot justify what you have done in challenging such a disclosure."

"Be brief, I have heard preaching enough for to-day."

"I oppose myself to all public opinion, I am your friend and I love your daughter. It almost rejoices me that by any sacrifice I can show you that my sentiments—"

"Herr von Prancken, you do not know what you are doing. Your friends, your family—"

"I know it all. Pah ! These lovers of virtue shall let alone the stories which they have wished to raise against us. Let any one look and sneer at you, and I will challenge him to meet my blade."

"You have courage—courage for sacrifice—but I cannot accept it."

"Not accept it ? You have no right to refuse me.

I am your son as much as Roland ; I stand to you— Is Roland not yet home ?”

“No.”

“Then he is gone to the entertainment with the ensign. I will fetch him.”

Sonnenkamp looked with astonishment at Prancken as he drove away.

### CHAPTER III.

ROLAND had, as Prancken had rightly supposed, gone with the privy counsellor's son to the military casino where a part of the officers of the garrison had ordered an entertainment after the fatiguing manœuvres of the morning. There was a good deal of laughing and drinking, they had knocked glasses to the health of the young American, and Roland was one of the merriest of the party. Presently a straggler came in and called out in the midst of the noise: "Do you know the news? The slave-dealer has been caught in a paper lasso."

"What is it?" they asked.

The new-comer read in the paper—

"*Humble proposition* regarding the armorial bearings of a newly ennobled peer.

"It might afford us satisfaction to ascertain the unity of feeling existing among the petty feudal nobility of both worlds; to live by the work of others, is their motto; thou art born to do nothing, is the watchword of the nobles in the old as well as in the new world. There can only be nobles where there are slaves, though they may not always be called slaves. We have written to America in order to obtain information respecting a certain Herr Banfield. We have been silent hitherto, and we should still longer have been

silent out of regard and forbearance to the children of this outcast, who do not deserve to endure this heavy guilt. We are no friends of the nobles, we regard the institution itself as a decaying one ; but the nobles are nevertheless our fellow-citizens, they are a part of our people ; we citizens have nothing to utter against a man from the midst of us, we should have let him quietly alone, this man, this pitiless slave-dealer. So let it pass, ye of noble rank, and ennoble him and raise him to your own class. The heraldic designers of our establishment are devising as arms for this Herr Sonnenkamp of Villa Eden....."

"Stay !" cried the ensign, for Roland fell fainting from his seat. He was carried out of the room, and was restored to consciousness. Fortunately at this moment a carriage arrived, and Prancken got out. Roland was lifted into the carriage.

Agitated with feverish excitement, and wrapped in a soldier's mantle, Roland sat in one corner, occasionally opening his eyes and closing them again at once.

Prancken kept persuading him to despise the whole world, but Roland did not answer him.

They reached the hotel. Joseph was standing at the door. The first word that Roland spoke was to beg Prancken to leave him alone. He went with Joseph up-stairs.

"You must go to your father," said Joseph.

Roland nodded, but when he got up-stairs he hurried to his room and locked the door.

Joseph went to Sonnenkamp, and said that Roland had returned.

"Let him come to me," exclaimed Sonnenkamp.

"He has locked himself up."

"Has he his pistols with him?"

"No, I have them."

Sonnenkamp went to Roland's room. He knocked. No answer came. He begged and conjured Roland to answer him; but Roland uttered not a sound.

Sonnenkamp stood trembling before the door.

"Roland," cried Prancken, "will you wound your father still more—will you also forsake him?"

No answer came.

"My son!" groaned Sonnenkamp. "My son! Your father calls to you—answer me! Am I to break in the door? Answer me. Is this the behaviour inculcated by Herr Dournay?"

The bolt went back. Roland stood unmoved, his lips compressed, gazing at his father, who stretched out his arms to him.

"My son!" cried Sonnenkamp, "my only son!—my beloved son!—my child!"

Roland rushed to his father, seized his hand, and wept on it.

"Oh my child! your tears are falling on my hand! See this wound, this scar; the tears of my child will heal them—the tears of my child alone!"

He threw himself on Roland's breast, and cried:

"You, my son—you will not despise your father. I will explain everything to you. If wrong cleaves to the good in me...it is not so, there is none. This honour I desired for your sake...I wished you to have things better than I...I erred in wishing it...for your sake and for your sister's sake..."

His feelings overcame him as he spoke, and for the first time in his life Roland saw his father weep. He hung upon him and wept with him.



Father and son then sat silently together; at last Roland said: "There is one way of deliverance—one only way!"

"I am ready. Speak, my son."

"I know it—I know it! Cast everything from you; let us be poor—poor! Will you?"

Sonnenkamp was relieved when he saw how Roland had relieved his own mind.

"You have a strong heart, a courageous mind. Herr Eric has taught you well...well...bravely! It is noble...it is the right thing...the best thing!"

"Then you agree?"

"My son! I promise you, you shall agree with what I do. But at this moment I can decide upon nothing."

"Not now—at this very moment? It is the best one, it is the only moment! It ought to be done now! After it comes death, night...ruin...misery! I will work for you, for you and for mother, and for Manna. And Eric will stay with us! I don't know what can be done, but it will...only cast everything from you!"

"My son...everything, everything with you, through you, everything that comes from your pure heart, from your unbroken...yes, your friend Eric—our friend Eric—shall also decide; but at this moment, let us decide nothing."

"Let us return home this very day," urged Roland.

Sonnenkamp seemed not to hear what Roland said; he sat there, with his eyes closed and his hands clenched.

"Do you hear me, father?" asked Roland.

At the word father, something made him shudder; he felt now what it was to be obliged to say father.

"What do you want?" asked Sonnenkamp, as if awakening.

"Let us return home this very day," repeated Roland.

"No, not to-day. We must both gather strength first."

Prancken had withdrawn into the adjoining room; he now sent Joseph to say that it was time for dinner. Roland was horrified at having to eat, but he complied for his father's sake. The privy counsellor's place was empty; it showed what in future all pleasures of the table would lack. Prancken signed to Joseph, who understood, and quickly removed the cover.

A choice repast was put on the table, but the three ate as if they were sitting at a funeral entertainment; the honours of the world had become a corpse. Each of the three felt this, though none expressed it; they ate and drank, for the body needs support to endure sorrow of heart.

Father and son slept in the same room; they spoke not a word. Neither wished to disturb the restful sleep of the other.

Early in the morning they drove to the villa.

The air was fresh and frosty. Bertram no longer sat on the box of the carriage; a hackney coachman, whose services had been quickly accepted, was seated beside Lutz. Roland, who knew the horses, wished to take the place of the stranger, but Sonnenkamp said in a hoarse voice: "No, my child! Sit by me; stay by me."

Sonnenkamp slumbered, but in his half-waking dreams the rolling of the carriage seemed to him the clinking chains of fettered slaves.

He suddenly woke, and looked almost insane. Where was he? What had happened? He drew his mantle closer round him, and covered his face.

Francken bent down to Roland, and said in a whisper: "I know how your heart is lacerated, but there is one remedy—one great act."

"What is that?"

"Do not speak so loud, do not wake your father. The only remedy for you—the great and noble deed—is for you to enter the papal army. That is the last, the strongest citadel of defence for you. If it falls, the atheists and communists have gained the day. I myself should be ready if—"

"Yes," interposed Roland, "that shall be it! We will give all our wealth into the hand of the Holy Father, and he shall issue a bull proclaiming the abolition of slavery."

Sonnenkamp could no longer maintain the appearance of sleep.

"Right, my lad!" he exclaimed; "right! The pope ought to do it. But do you think that he will now do for money—were it ten times as much—what he has not done of himself? The idea is great, Herr von Francken, very great and very, very wise."

There lay a touch of bitter roguery in his praise, for he was thinking: "You want the whole inheritance, and think to sacrifice my son as the victim."

"But dear, noble young friend," he said aloud, "say honestly, do you believe that the pope will do as our Roland expects?"

"No."

They drove on again in silence. In the distance they saw the villa; the union flag, with the green and

yellow colours of the country, was waving from the tower.

The paper had on that day reached the major at an unusually early hour. He opened it at once, feeling that there must be something special in it, as he generally did not get it till the burgomaster and schoolmaster and barber had read it; he was then allowed to keep it; and as he had nothing more to do in the world, it was all one to him whether he saw the news of the day a few hours earlier or later. There was a great black mark at one paragraph.

"That is the burgomaster's mark," said the major. "Fräulein Milch, will you read it to me. There must be something special."

Fräulein Milch took the paper, but she drew back alarmed, as she glanced at it. She read Professor Crutius's bitter proposition; she wanted to leave off at the first few lines, but the major urged: "Read on further! read on!"

And she read to the end.

After shaking his head for some time, the major said: "Oh Thou good Master of the worlds! What things has Thou in Thy universe! Oh, good heavens! there is something terrible in such a paper; now all the world know it."

Fräulein Milch was on the point of saying, that what stood here was no news to her; but she had the self-command to repress it. She did so, in order to avoid a long discussion with the major, as to why she had not told him long ago. It was not till he begged her to go to Frau Dournay, who would be deeply agitated with this intelligence, that she said:

"Frau Dournay has long known it, and I also."

In his confusion the major never asked how this had been; he only stared at her, and then said:

"Fräulein Milch, I beg you, don't keep me away. I must go to them! No one can know what is happening, I must help. Pray, Fräulein Milch, raise no objection."

"I have none to raise; on the contrary, I think you ought to go."

Almost before she had said this, a messenger arrived from the villa, begging the major to come at once.

Meanwhile Manna, Eric, and his mother were sitting talking earnestly together; they had communicated the bitter secret to each other, and the paper lay on the table before them. Roland now entered, and exclaimed: "Manna, we are the children of infamy!"

They all ran to him, and embraced and kissed him.

"Be strong, brother!" said Eric, clasping him in his arms.

"I can blow you strong, my brother!" The words of Hiawatha rang through Roland's mind, and he looked confusedly round him. Then he seated himself in silence, and around him sat those who were all so near him in affection, but no one spoke . . . .

Sonnenkamp meanwhile had alighted at the entrance to the park. A telegram was given him. It was from the privy counsellor, who informed him that the prince did not intend to take further notice of his criminal behaviour in the palace. Sonnenkamp laughed. So he was pardoned? And he should have perhaps still to thank him?

His mind was full of conflict, as if he were besieged by a hostile world, and were repulsing with heroic power the assaulting enemies. They should not drive

him out by hunger ; they should not undermine the sources of his self-confidence and power ; he felt himself strong enough. Prancken was right ; one must not yield to oppression, one must defy the world, and it will humbly bow before us, and a year hence—no, much sooner, all would come again, and flatter him.

In a state of great excitement he proceeded up the flight of steps. He placed his arm in Prancken's, and begged his son—for such he now called Prancken—his son, of whom he was proud, to communicate calmly all that had occurred, to Frau Ceres, and to do so in his own light and fascinating manner.

“Do not reply if she raves. Her raving is no longer to be feared.”

In these words there lay one satisfaction that Sonnenkamp felt. It was better, after all, to have the whole world opposed to him, than for ever to be under the power of this malicious, threatening and oppressing woman. Her weapons were gone now ; the dagger which she kept concealed had been blunted before the whole world.

Prancken went to Frau Ceres ; he was obliged to wait for some time in the ante-room ; at length Fräulein Perini came out. Prancken briefly told her that the secret which she had confided to him, and which he had hitherto so faithfully kept, was one no longer.

“So soon ?” said Fräulein Perini, and she went with Prancken into the inner room.

Frau Ceres extended her left hand to be kissed, and asked if Prancken had brought back a design for their arms ; she pointed to an embroidery frame, in which she was at once going to work them ; she pointed also to the altar-cloth, the border of which was already finished.

With great caution Prancken brought out all that occurred.

"And he always said I was stupid! I am cleverer than he," ejaculated Frau Ceres; "I always told him Europe was not for us. He ought to have stayed there. He has it now, hasn't he? He is ashamed of himself, and so he has sent you. He is ashamed of himself, because I, the foolish one, who have learned nothing, understood the matter better than he did."

At the first moment, malicious joy seemed to prevail in Frau Ceres above all other feelings; the man who constantly treated her as a frail play-thing, must now see that her powers of forethought were greater than his own.

For some time she sat in silence. Her face wore a scornful and triumphant expression, as if she were uttering to her husband all the thoughts she was cherishing. Prancken felt himself obliged to add that within a short time the family would recover their old position of respect.

"Do you think that we shall be ennobled then?"

Prancken was embarrassed as to what reply to make: it seemed after all as if the woman did not understand what had occurred. He evaded a straightforward answer, and only said that he should remain faithful to the family and considered himself a son of the house.

The large house afforded opportunity for each to live for himself. He went to the professor's widow, it was difficult to him to meet her and Eric, but it must be; he must arm himself to look all men boldly in the face. Was he then a coward? Had he not defied the world, and was he going to fear this tutor's family? He entered the green cottage. He did not hold out his hand

either to Frau Dournay or to Eric, he only asked where the children were. He received for answer that they had shut themselves up in the library.

With an easy tone, Sonnenkamp said that he had wished now openly to talk with them over his affairs; he would in time explain everything to them.

He walked quietly away; he stood for a time at the library-door and heard Manna and Roland talking within, but he understood nothing.

He knocked twice, but not a sound was heard; and he walked away.

He returned to the villa and mounted his horse; he rode to the villa of the privy counsellor and intended to talk over matters with his wife. As he rode along, it seemed to him as if the groom behind him suddenly stopped, and then again, as if two were riding behind him. Who was his strange companion? He compelled himself not to look round. The horse trembled under the pressure of his legs. He reached the privy counsellor's country house, stopped at the door and asked for the lady.

The gardener came and said that she was no longer there and probably would not come there again.

With a shrill laugh Sonnenkamp listened to the information, that since yesterday the villa had been sold to the American consul at the capital, with all that it contained. He had been circumvented, the people were no longer his neighbours, and there could no longer be any idea of demanding back again property merely nominally paid for. But did not the privy counsellor fear that his bribery would be made public?

The cunning fellow had contrived to purchase silence by putting down the judicial investigation respecting the offence to the prince.



He rode to the castle. The workmen were there, working at a wing of the building: they greeted him evidently with reluctance.

Sonnenkamp smiled; they must greet him nevertheless. He would like to have gathered the whole world together, that he could for once have looked it defiantly in the face.

He rode to the major's house.

Fräulein Milch was standing at the window, and before he asked, she called to him: "The Herr Major is not at home."

He rode homewards.

When he reached the garden-wall, he remarked that there was something written there in large letters; he rode closer and saw that over and over again there was written—"Slave dealer! Slave murderer." An artist of somewhat unpractised talent had even depicted a gallows, and from it was suspended a figure stretching out its tongue, and on the tongue stood written—"Slave dealer!" He ordered the steward to take better care and to shoot down the insolent people who do such things.

The steward replied: "I cannot shoot, and moreover I leave your service at Martinmas."

Sonnenkamp rode back to the green cottage, he wanted to fetch his children and to tell Frau Dournay that he would give no more bounties to the rabble who ventured to write such words on his garden wall. But he turned back again. It was best not to notice it.

Panting with fury he entered his room, and it seemed to him as if the house was no longer his own; all the people of the neighbourhood were entering, some in scorn, others in pity; it seemed like living in the

streets, every one was talking of him and he could not prevent it.

He stamped with his foot.

Thou hast desired that every one should talk of thee; they do it now—but how?

“I despise you all!” he exclaimed.

Roland and Manna meanwhile sat together in the library, holding each other's hands; they were like children, who, struck down by the storm, find shelter in a strange cottage. For a long time they could not speak a word. Manna composed herself, and striking her brother's face with her hand, she endeavoured to calm him in a tone of assumed animation.

“Now I can tell you,” she said, “what I meant that time by saying that I would be Iphigenia; I wanted to sacrifice myself for you all, in order to spare you.”

“Ah! Orestes...Iphigenia. Orestes was happy, he could consult the gods at Delphi. In those days gods could be appeased; they were obliged to give an answer. And, now? We? Where is any that can answer us in the name of the gods? The Greeks had also slaves, and we? They say, love is come into the world and that all men are the children of God!... Children of God as slaves! The priests baptize these children and let them remain slaves! Ah! misery! I shall go crazy...and I have still a long life to endure...I have it all to endure! I have a black spot before my eyes, and it lies upon all that I look on—everything is black...black! When the gamekeeper was in prison...children do not share the crime of their father. Where is justice?...Help me, sister...help me!”

Roland leaned his head back on the arm of the sofa, and murmured to himself: “He has not done it at once, and now he will never do it.”

"What?" inquired Manna.

Roland fixed his gaze on her, but he refrained from telling her that he had exhorted his father to cast aside all his property, and that his father had given him fair hope that he would do so. He closed his eyes and opened them again as if looking at vacancy; everything within him was shattered and crushed.

Manna saw this, she knelt down by the sofa, and said: "Roland, I have something to tell you. Eric and I..."

"What?" exclaimed Roland, raising himself.

"Eric and I are engaged."

"You? He?"

He sprang up and pressed her in his arms.

"Yes, Roland, and he knew everything."

"He knew it all? And he did not scorn you and me."

Roland and Manna held each other long in an embrace. There was a knock at the door, they let go their hold and looked tremblingly at each other. Each knew that it was the father who was knocking, and neither said it to the other. He knocked again, but still they were silent. They heard retreating footsteps; they knew they were those of their father; they felt what it was for their father to knock and for his children not to open to them; and yet each refrained from expressing the feeling to the other.

Roland's thoughts wandered away, for he said presently: "Herr von Prancken advises me to enter the papal army. Oh! if I knew a field of battle where I should find that which makes all men brothers—Oh, if I knew of one, how gladly would I die! But that is not to be won on the field of battle. Oh, sister! I

scarcely know what I am thinking of, what I am talking of—”

“Let us go home!” said Manna, at last.

“Home! home! What is our home? What can we call ours?”

Roland, however, rose, and hand in hand with Manna he walked through the meadows to the villa.

Manna begged him to be calm; and said: “I must go to my father.”

“And I to my mother.”

On the steps they met Pranken, who held out his hand to Manna, and she said: “I am unutterably grateful to you for the great fidelity you have shown to my father.”

“Pray, stay a little.”

“No, I cannot stay—no longer.”

The brother and sister separated, and as Roland entered his mother’s room, she said to him: “Do not trouble about this old world, we will go back to the new world, your real home.”

Roland heard the words as if they came from the distance. A thought emerged from the chaos, but it quickly sank again.

“Wait a moment, it is time to go to dinner,” said his mother.

She threw a shawl over her and went with Roland to the dining-room. Pranken and Fräulein Perini were here also; they were standing talking together.

Eric came, and Roland took the seat beside him.

They had long to wait until Sonnenkamp came, and it was not for some time afterwards that Manna appeared.

Their cheeks were glowing.

They sat at table all so close together, and yet far—far removed were most of them from each other. Once only Eric and Manna looked at each other, and the glance was full of mutual understanding. Roland said to Eric in a whisper: "When the gamekeeper came home from the trial, he had only potatoes for his dinner!"

Eric laid his hand soothingly on Roland's shoulder, he knew all that was passing in the youth's mind in this remembrance. The gamekeeper had been innocent, and here?—

Roland did not touch a morsel.

Prancken used his utmost adroitness, in bringing forward subjects of conversation; the progress of the castle afforded him rich material.

They rose from table and again all dispersed.

## CHAPTER IV.

SONNENKAMP sat alone in his large apartment ; he looked up at the castle which was almost finished. Who would live there ?

He turned away his eyes, and stood for some time in front of Roland's picture.

"One ought to have no child, one ought to know nothing of them," he exclaimed. He started at the sound of his own voice.

He opened his fire-proof closet, he was looking for something ; he gazed at the well-arranged papers, and at the drawers filled with their stores of coined and uncoined gold.

"How can you help me ? and yet—"

There was a knock at the door. Joseph announced Prince Valerian. Sonnenkamp opened the door. Prince Valerian said with a few friendly words that he had come, as he perhaps could afford some assistance ; Herr Weidmann also—

"I need no assistance ! I want no one !" interrupted Sonnenkamp, closing the door and bolting it again.

"I have no sympathy, and wish for no sympathy," he said to himself.

There was another knock.

"Who is it ? Why do you not leave me in quiet ?"

A female voice cried through the keyhole: "It is I, Countess Bella."

Sonnenkamp trembled. Was this an intrigue? Did any one want to speak to him, and assumed this name and this voice?

Well, at any rate the person was cunning who adopted such a mask; he would open and see. He opened the door, and Bella stood before him.

"Give me your hand," she cried. She presented him with a paper. "There, read that! This is his vote, there it stands; he is full of depreciation of the nobility, and yet—"

Sonnenkamp glanced over the paper which Clodwig had sent in to the prince as his vote. He was on the point of telling Bella that it was indifferent to him now, for the frustration of his plan had been accomplished by Crutius and not by Clodwig; but he acknowledged Bella's kindness in having brought him the paper, and he expressed his gratitude.

The paper in his hand, consigned to him by her, formed a basis—but for what? That was to be seen. He knew Bella well enough to be sure that she had only done it for the sake of gaining influence in some great adventure. He saw her emotion; she wished to move, to rule, to influence—to what end? Perhaps she did not even know herself.

With great calmness he told her that he regarded it as a false experiment, in fact almost as an act of disloyalty, that for the sake of his children he had wished to settle here and to obtain elevation to rank. That was over now; he stood again alone at his post. Bella now stated that a great contest was at hand in the new world, and that in the old world it induced an

investigation of the European courts, and an acquisition of resources for the great struggle which was to decide whether there was still to be a free and dominant race.

"It is better so," he said. "My fate is linked with the fate of many, my victory is included in that grand victory, as well as my defeat."

Bella listened to him eagerly, and then said: "All the people round you are puppets! Stuffing for uniforms! Cowardly professors and journalists! They have got the bugbear humanity, and they fear it and crawl before it, as children before a wolf. You alone are a man, you have done what all others would have liked to do—no, not all, but those who have marrow in them. But they do not openly confess this to him who has accomplished acts for which they have neither the courage nor the power. These gentlemen have swords, and wear fancy rapiers, and are afraid of the Spanish cane of the schoolmaster, who pats them on the finger, and says, 'Do you not know that we live in the epoch—or rather age or era—of sacred humanity?' How many of these puppets would have possessed rank, had they been obliged to gain it as you have done? Their excellencies excavate remains of the Roman world; the Romans were strong, and would have scorned him who spoke to them of the right of slaves. Had you come in my youth, I would have gone with you over the wide world. You have a Napoleonic vein in you. Give me your hand."

She held out both hands to him, and pressed his own warmly.

"At the time," she continued, "that you dined with us when Prince Valerian was with us, you said:



‘There is a priestcraft of humanity.’ It is so. They are afraid, these so-called strong minds, of Jean Jacques Rousseau’s foolish humanity, and they dream of a paradise of equality, where black and white, noble and low, genius and stupidity, are to form one mass of equality; the *contrat social* is their bible.”

With an expression of pleasure Sonnenkamp interposed: “A cause is victorious, when great-minded women are enthusiastic on its behalf.”

Bella replied: “Be proud; but be not yielding; rejoice that you have nothing more to deny; now assert yourself, and show that you are the only one who is not afraid of censure. The bold acknowledge and prove by their own acts that which must be in the world.”

Bella had risen; her eye sparkled, her cheeks glowed, a mysteriously fascinating and ensnaring expression lay on her countenance. So must Medusa have looked, so must she have breathed, so must she have trembled. And in the midst of all this excitement, Bella felt that it was a beautiful scene; there were the fine tones which she had at her disposal, this was her majesty, her passion. She suddenly stood still, as in a *tableau vivant*, as she became sensible of the effect she produced, and her eye wandered in search of a looking-glass in which she could see herself. She shook her head and returned to her part, as if she were entering from a side scene.

“You must tell me how you have been so bold—so free—”

Sonnenkamp, strong as he was, trembled inwardly. He had a confession on his lips, but he did not venture to make it; his features wore a demon-like smile, as

Bella said to him : " Only this one thing I ask, do not speak to me of love ; none of the *fable convenue*, that is not for you nor for me. And one thing more, you will now learn, if you have not already learned it, that the greatest tyranny in the world is family. Do not trouble yourself about your family. A hero has no family, and it is only a sentimental tradition that heroes play with their children. You must think only of yourself, then you will be strong. You have only committed one error."

" Only one ?"

" Yes, you ought to have no family, you ought to wish for none. Hold fast, do not let yourself be divided, and so fall to pieces."

Sonnenkamp said he was resolved to carry on the struggle ; he should like to instil other views into all the virtuous people of the country round ; that that was his first task. He had a plan which was not yet quite clear, but would be soon. Bella said that she would speak to no one in the house but to him ; that she was going to return home at once, but that she relied on his remaining strong.

Sonnenkamp opened the door of his seed-room, accompanied Bella through it, and then opened the door which led to the private steps, overhung with glissene. Here he kissed her hand in farewell ; but while she was still on the steps, Bella called after him : " One thing more ! Your first act must be to free yourself from slavery ; you must send off this tutor's family."

Then making a deprecatory movement with her hand, she added : " Let this tutor's family establish their spirit distillery again in the little university town."

Bella went away. When Sonnenkamp returned to his room, it seemed to him as if it had all been a dream, but still he was conscious of the odour of sweet essences which Bella had left in his room, and there was the stool on which she had sat, and here on the table lay Clodwig's vote. He opened the iron safe, and laid the papers in the upper compartment.

Bella however did not leave the villa unseen. In the park she met her brother. She confessed to him openly that she had been with Sonnenkamp, and had exhorted him to take courage; she praised Otto for his persistency, and for his contempt of the whole feeble world. She now warned him to get rid of the tutor's family, especially as Herr Dournay seemed not to be without designs upon Manna. Prancken contradicted this with decision, and his eyes followed his sister's with astonishment.

Prince Valerian, having been so rudely repulsed by Sonnenkamp, sent in his name to Eric. Roland heard him ask as he entered the adjoining room: "Where is Roland?"

"He wishes to be alone," replied Eric, and the prince rejoined that Eric must best understand what Roland could bear; but for his part he should have thought that intercourse with people in whose very eyes he could read their love for him, would have helped him in his unspeakable woe.

Roland raised himself up in the adjoining room. Was this really better than to think alone? The thought passed through his mind, "Oh, the world is not so bad as you wanted to instil into me on that journey. Here is a man whose heart is touched with my fate—"

The prince informed Eric that Herr Weidmann was

very angry at the manner in which Professor Crutius had made this matter public; the intimation that Dr. Fritz had had a share in this malicious publication, was undoubtedly a deception. Dr. Fritz had always said, when he came over for his child, that he wished the affair to remain concealed for the sake of Sonnenkamp's children.

The prince further went on to say that Herr Weidmann had considered whether he should not himself go to Villa Eden and offer his assistance, but he had seen that this was scarcely feasible, and he had therefore advised the prince to carry out his intention.

The doctor entered. "Where is Roland?" he asked after the first greeting.

He, too, received for answer that Roland wished to remain alone, and the doctor said: "I approve of that. He is probably now much excited. Mark, days will come when he will fall into a state of apathy; let him alone. The noblest gift of nature is dulness; it is a kind of sleep for the mind; the silly man and the beast have it always, and thus never attain to that height of excitement which questions everything in life; but nature takes pity also on lively minds, and bestows on them a fit of dulness. It is not till this begins to give way, that you can make Roland understand the state of things. Do you know what has most vexed me in the disclosure of this history?"

"How can I?"

"It annoys me that the satisfied, self-sufficient, and hypocritical members of society should pronounce a *bene* on themselves. Each looks at himself caressingly, and thinks: 'Ah, I am a splendid creature compared with this monster!' And yet the grossness of slave-

dealing is only more evidently notorious than thousands of other vices. The *jeunesse dorée* talk over the monster Sonnenkamp in the Jockey Club, and what are they themselves? There are hundreds of transactions which border close upon crime."

Roland entered; the prince and the doctor embraced him, but spoke not a word. Eric and Roland ordered their horses to be saddled, and accompanied the prince a part of the way home.

## CHAPTER V.

**B**ERTRAM'S seat was unoccupied at the large table in the servants' hall. It was said that the steward had been obliged to scrape off the writing on the wall, but that he had already given his master notice that he should quit his service. The head cook, who when he was angry spoke German tolerably fluently, thundered at the insolence of servants leaving their master, when they had nothing more to care about than that they received their wages regularly. The under coachman, who now hoped to be advanced to Bertram's place, agreed with this opinion.

The squirrel expressed his misgiving that there would be incendiary fires, as the whole neighbourhood was now in uproar, and added to this it was the wild time, when the people were feasting on the new wine. Lutz was not there; no one knew where the master had sent him. The old Ursula bewailed the innocent children, but at the same time she ate with large appetite, and her lamentations were generally uttered with her mouth full. The stammering gardener proposed that they should all remain, but demand one and all higher wages. This was decreed by all, with the exception of Joseph; only no one knew at present how the matter was to be brought forward. The inhabitants of the lower regions were meanwhile loud in

Prancken's praise. He was a nobleman; there was not a second like him.

In these lower regions it was also well known that Sonnenkamp had given the villa to the privy counsellor. The privy counsellor's gardener had now informed them that the villa had been sold to the American consul as a trick upon Sonnenkamp, and that the privy counsellor's family intended to have no further intercourse with Villa Eden.

Sonnenkamp's position was also the subject of conversation in the military casino and in all the beer-houses of the capital. In these, Adams, the prince's Moor, was the chief topic. It was said that five men could scarcely restrain the furious man; that he had tried to strangle Sonnenkamp, and that he had with the greatest difficulty been removed from the capital, and taken to a hunting seat. Some asked, what Sonnenkamp would now do? It was not to be imagined that Prancken would still adhere to him, or that Prancken's family would allow him to do so. In the military casino there was also a kitchen Ursula, who appeared here in the form of a highly pensioned official, who ate with appetite, and was wont while eating to talk with the greatest sympathy of the poor children of the millionaire.

On the Sunday morning the bitter and terrible consequences of the event showed themselves in the green cottage. An hour before mass, the needy inhabitants of the neighbourhood usually came to receive their regular alms. On this day only one woman appeared in careless attire; she was the wife of a drunkard; she was carrying one child in her arms, and another had hold of her apron.

Frau Dournay had only with difficulty consented to afford relief to this woman, but she could not allow the poor forsaken one and her children to starve. The woman asserted on this day that she would not have taken the slave-dealer's money, had she known what to do without it. "And is my son to be rich with this money?" said Frau Dournay sadly to herself. She sat for some time in silence, and at length Eric came and said: "Oh, mother, he was in church with Prancken!"

"Well?"

"When he came out of church, all the people stood in a long row and looked at him. He went up to a poor man and handed him a piece of money; and the man stretched out his hand, and throwing the money from him, exclaimed: 'I wish for nothing from you!' And they all cried: 'We wish for nothing more from you! Get out of the country!' And Sonnenkamp walked away with the money still lying on the ground, and no one would pick it up."

"Were you, then, also in church?"

"No, Manna and Roland told me about it; they are sitting crying in the garden there. I hastened to you; you alone can help us. Console her, cheer her."

"I can do no more," said the mother; "I am too weak, and I fear I shall be ill."

Eric called his aunt to remain with his mother, and he returned to Roland and Manna. The doctor had to be sent for in the afternoon; Frau Dournay was ill. Some had begun to overcome the confusion and agitation by youthful power, others by defiance or indifference; Frau Dournay alone felt a constant pain at her heart, day and night.

It had struck Eric days ago, but he had explained it



as caused by agitation, that when he had stood hand-in-hand with Manna before his mother, she had received the good news with warmth and kindness, it is true, but in a depressed manner. It was, indeed, almost with a forced sympathy that she saw and heard how heartily Eric and Manna loved each other.

Thus she lived almost estranged from herself; she hoped to be able to overcome it all in herself. But now when the needy refused the gifts at her hand, the unutterable sorrow that she had so long restrained burst forth. It appeared to her inconceivable that her child should have associated himself with this family.

The doctor found Frau Dournay in a state of feverish excitement, and prescribed calming remedies. The mother complained that she had never known that people could be so at variance in themselves and with others. The doctor replied with a smile that it was not every one who possessed such a fine organization as she did, and alluding to Sonnenkamp, he said that there was a temperature of mind which produced totally different feelings, but these no less required their natural conditions than our own daily habits did.

Eric, Manna, and Roland surrounded the widow with constant care, and found a relief to themselves in this devotion to another. Fräulein Milch would not allow Manna wholly to devote herself to Frau Dournay, for she was herself her best nurse.

The major went about as if deserted. Perhaps of all, not even excepting the children, he was the most heavily touched by the tidings of the past life of Sonnenkamp.

"The world is right, that is, Fräulein Milch is right," he kept saying; "she has always told me I am no discernor of men."

Frau Dournay gradually recovered her strength, though she was still weary, and needed rest. One Sunday evening a throng of men were to be seen pouring along the broad road on either side of the river and among the vineyards; all seemed to have the same end in view.

Wrapped in his cloak, Sonnenkamp was sitting on the flat roof of his house, looking over the country. Was he to suffer himself to be expelled from here? No, he would defy the world; it would bow before his courage.

Night had come on; presently there arose a howling and shouting and whizzing and rattling and clashing, as if hell had been let loose. Sonnenkamp got up. By the torchlight he saw strange figures with black faces. What was it? Was it imagination? Were they coming, these creatures of human form, from the distant world?

"Out of the country with him!" cried voices from below.

"Let him go to his negroes!"

"We will have him, and paint him black!"

"And fasten him to his horse, and carry him through the country, exclaiming, 'This is he!'"

Again there was whizzing and shouting and crashing and rattling, and discordant striking of pots and pans—it was an infernal noise. Before Sonnenkamp's memory rose the vision of a man, accused of having taught the slaves to read, led through the streets naked, tarred, and covered with feathers, while rotten apples and cabbages were thrown at him.

A shot fired, and Prancken's voice was heard: "Shoot the dogs down, I will take the responsibility."

Again a shot was fired; the noise and the fury increased, the gateway crashed, and in rushed a wild troop, all with blackened faces, and screaming aloud: "Where is he?"

"Give him out, or we will dash all to pieces!"

Sonnenkamp hastened down from the roof through the house; he stood on the open balcony; he heard Eric's voice appealing to the multitude below.

"Are you men? Are you Germans? Who has made you judges? Speak, I will answer you. You are bringing yourselves into misery: you have blackened your faces, but you will still be recognized. Tomorrow the appointed judge will come, we are in a well-ordered state, and you all subject yourselves to punishment."

"Let nothing happen to the captain," cried a voice from the multitude.

Eric continued: "If there is one among you who can say what you want, let him come forward."

A man with a blackened face, whom Eric did not immediately recognize, came forward and said: "Captain, it is I, the gamekeeper, let me speak. The new wine has got among the people there. I am sober," he said, speaking imperfectly.

"What do the men want?"

"They want Herr Sonnenkamp, or whatever his name is, to leave the country, and go back to the place he came from."

"He shall go!"

"And he shall give me back my meadows!"

"And me my vineyard!"

"And me my house!"

Some said one thing and some another amid the

multitude. The gamekeeper quickly joined Eric on the garden steps, and called out to the assembled people: "If you call out so madly and stupidly all together, I will be the first to strangle any one who enters."

"He shall go!"

"Away, away!" they all cried.

Just as the last cry was uttered, Sonnenkamp appeared on the garden steps. There was a fresh burst of howling and shouting, and stones flew through the large panes, and increased the clatter. The gamekeeper hastened up the steps, and placing himself in front of Sonnenkamp, he said: "Be quiet, I will cover you."

Then he cried in a hoarse voice: "If another word is shouted, if each does not hold his neighbour, so that he cannot move an arm, then I will be the first to fire upon you, and guilty and innocent will suffer."

"Men, what have I done to you?" cried Sonnenkamp.

"Man-eater!"

"Man-seller!"

"Slave-dealer!" rose from various voices. "Away with him!"

"Away! away!"

"Herr Sonnenkamp and Herr Captain," said the gamekeeper to them both, "I have only joined the wild troop because they were no longer to be restrained, but I have got them by the halter. Leave it all to me, and we will make a carnival jest of the whole affair. Speak to them, captain; I beg you, Herr Sonnenkamp, not to say a word."

"Then," began Eric, "has not each one of you done something that—"

"We have not sold our fellow-men! Man-eater!" was shouted from below.

Eric could not get on. At this moment Manna appeared; she held in her hand a branched candlestick, with two lights burning. A burst of astonishment passed from the multitude. For a second all was hushed, for every eye was directed to the girl, who stood there, pale as death, with her eyes sparkling.

Roland placed himself by Eric's side, and with a voice which sounded far into the distance, he called out: "Come, we are defenceless!"

"Let nothing happen to the children."

"But the slave-dealer must go!"

"Yes, away with him!"

"Away!"

And again the tumult rose; the multitude below surged to and fro, and the rear seemed inciting the foremost to go forward. Even those standing on the garden steps gave way. Frau Dournay appeared at the doorway below the steps. The noise was again hushed, and the crowd looked up with astonishment; those assembled on the steps turned round and saw who had come. She walked calmly forward to the balusters. Not a sound was audible as she spoke; her voice was heard in the distance.

"Do not ruin yourselves. Stop, that you may not to-morrow have to weep over to-day!"

Her voice grew stronger, and she exclaimed: "Conquer yourselves."

She laid her hand on Sonnenkamp's shoulder, and in a powerful voice she said: "This man here, who has done you good, will do something so great, that you will all be reconciled, I promise it you. Do you believe me?"

"Yes, we believe Frau Dournay."

"Long live Frau Dournay! Hurra! hurra!"

"Come away! Home—it is enough!"

A man who had a drum with him began to beat a march, and just as the wild multitude were preparing to depart, a rattling sound was heard approaching; helmets glittered; it was the fire brigade, and a jet of water suddenly hissed down upon the mob. On the other side also there came a shower of rain, for Joseph had hastened to the head-gardener, and the machine for watering the garden was now also placed in requisition. The stream of water sprinkled them on both sides, and screaming, laughing, and uttering imprecations, they marched away.

"Mother, is that you—you, from your sick bed?" said Eric.

"I am no longer ill."

"They are covering him with feathers! they are covering him with feathers!" cried Frau Ceres, suddenly, from the window.

Manna hastened to her, and quieted her.

Sonnenkamp took off his cloak and laid it over the window. They led the old lady to the large saloon; there she sat down, her eyes were strangely bright, and all were assiduous in their care of her. Roland knelt down before her, seized her hands, and wept bitter tears on them.

"Now to rest," said Frau Dournay, "I beg you. I am calm, do not excite me further. Herr Sonnenkamp, give me your hand. You must do something to appease these angry feelings—I know not what."

"I will do something. I will institute a court of justice such as has never been in operation here before. You yourself, honoured lady, must co-operate."

It was not till late that they separated. Sonnenkamp would not hear of anything else, but that Frau Dournay should pass the night at the villa, and Eric sat by his mother's bed-side till she fell asleep.

On the banks of the Rhine the multitude halted and washed their blackened faces, and the intoxication of the new wine subsided. A black wave passed by the villa in the night, and rushed away into the sea.

If only the black deed, also, could have been effaced likewise!

## BOOK XIII.

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### CHAPTER I.

**T**HE gardeners raked over the footpaths, tied up the trampled shrubs, and removed the injured ones ; even the stable men helped on this day to work in the garden, and the glaziers were occupied in the house in putting in fresh panes of glass. When the family awoke, there was as little as possible to be observed of the tumult of the night.

Ever since Prancken's return from the capital, he had felt more and more provoked with Eric. At the visit of Prince Valerian, he had felt thoroughly indignant that every one should at once proceed to Eric's room, as if Eric were the central point of the house. This must not remain so, he said to himself ; the tutor must be taught who he is. But the tumult had now raised the tutor's family to fresh importance ; the miserable *canaille* had, in fact, allowed themselves to be appeased by an old woman.

Prancken had gone angrily through the park ; he hoped to meet Manna ; he wanted a decisive answer. But Manna did not come. He saw Fräulein Perini ; she was alone, and he greeted her, and they spoke together of the tumult. Fräulein Perini said that for



the first time she was puzzled at Baron Prancken's behaviour; she did not understand why he still delayed, and allowed himself to be put off; Manna was being ensnared by these Dournays, and he ought to liberate her from their mesh. She praised him, however, for adhering so firmly to Sonnenkamp, and said he ought to use his influence in inducing Sonnenkamp to give up his property.

It was a roguish look that she cast on Prancken, and she asked him now plainly whether he had bound himself, if he should come into possession of Manna and all her wealth, to dedicate the villa as a convent. Prancken shrugged his shoulders. She stung and provoked Prancken, for she saw that he esteemed her but little, and she wished to retaliate. He was obliged to give her a promise that if the matter was irrefutable, he would challenge this Herr Dournay and shoot him.

Fräulein Perini had a more fixed and certain plan, which she was working at in secret after the change of circumstances. Herr von Prancken was, after all, not the man whom she and her party must have desired, and at the same time it seemed indubitable that Manna was inclined to Eric. Fräulein Perini was not so foolish as to think she could prevent this by remonstrance; she was too wise not to know that she should perhaps by such a course simply strengthen the inclination. If Manna were to fall into sin, were to become faithless, then the matter would be easier. If Prancken were to shoot Dournay, or Dournay were to shoot Prancken, both would be good; for in either case Manna would then be forsaken, her only refuge would be the convent, and at last all would be obtained.

Fräulein Perini feigned great friendliness towards

Prancken, though in her heart she scorned him. He looked at her with surprise. And again an old remembrance revived ; that first time that he had driven with Eric to Wolfsgarten, that very time he had seen it all beforehand. Was it now really to occur ? He evaded, he refused her scheme ; in fact, he said that the adoption of it must make him forfeit Manna. If he himself fell, of course it was all over ; and if he killed Eric, Manna would never become the wife of a man who had killed another for her sake.

Fräulein Perini looked down to conceal her roguish smile. It was really just that which she desired. They had talked so long that the service was over, and the priest was leaving the church. Fräulein Perini joined him, and Prancken returned to the villa. He met the doctor and Eric walking together, and engaged in eager conversation.

He went with Eric to the villa, and they were not a little astonished to find Frau Dournay and Manna already on the terrace. The doctor had some merry jest about the genius of accident, which could do more than that of science ; and he declared Frau Dournay perfectly recovered. He asked whether Countess Bella had not been there ; he had heard that she had spoken with Herr Sonnenkamp, and with no one else at the villa.

"I shall be much mistaken," continued the doctor, "if Countess Bella does not evince from this time a special sympathy for the bold Herr Sonnenkamp ; it would be in accordance with her nature, which is inclined to defy the world, and to be attracted by anything strange."

Frau Dournay, who had been deeply wounded by

Bella, endeavoured nevertheless to rectify the doctor's opinion of her. Eric was silent ; he was astonished at the persistency with which the doctor pursued and explained the peculiar nature of the countess.

Prancken, who still adhered faithfully to Sonnenkamp, was often full of uneasiness, but he never expressed what was passing in his mind.

Sonnenkamp knew through Lutz that Prancken had frequently received letters with large seals, one with the seal of the knight marshal's office, and another with that of the minister for war. He looked at Prancken enquiringly, but he maintained his reserve ; indeed, Sonnenkamp urged him once plainly not to disdain his assistance, for that in many things he was wise, though he had just now acted so unwisely.

Prancken replied that there were things which he must settle by himself alone ; that he hoped to carry them out successfully. He intimated that the world of the little capital consisted of various parties ; but he begged urgently that no more definite information should be required of him.

Sonnenkamp extorted from him a promise that he would enter into no duel, without previously communicating with him. Prancken, with some reluctance, gave the promise and departed. While Eric was still with his mother, Sonnenkamp came and said that he had some very important matters to discuss with them. Eric and his mother trembled. Did Sonnenkamp know ? He sat down, however, calmly and began : "Noble lady, you have done me a great service, and now I am going to place my fate and that of my family in your hands."

He paused, and then continued : "That very Sunday

when I went to church, when the beggar treated me with such ignominy, in spite of my unbelief I had intended to confess to a priest. I must acknowledge that Herr Francken had had something to do with this intention, but still it arose also from my own desire. The institution of confession is a great thing: faults which no secular judge can atone for, are absorbed and obliterated by a man of reflection, feeling, and sanctity, who has no knowledge of the penitent, who does not see him, and yet who hears his trembling breath of confession, who is far from him, and yet so near."

Frau Dournay looked down. Could a man with such a past speak in this way?

Sonnenkamp felt her thoughts, and exclaimed: "Noble lady, you interrupted my intention."

"I?"

"Yes, you, for I had thought to myself: In your open countenance I would confess everything, and you would have the power to absolve and obliterate—but you have it not."

Frau Dournay drew a deep breath.

Sonnenkamp continued: "You have thrown out the idea...and I have found what I can do. In the New World, in the plantations, a jury of neighbours is convened. I will now convene a court of free men, I will stand openly before them, they shall judge me, and I will combine a jury and confession. I owe some atonement to the European world. Do you understand what I mean?"

"You mean to submit yourself to the verdict of an assembly of free men?"

"Yes. I see you understand me perfectly," said Sonnenkamp calmly, "and now advise me. Whom do

you propose for this, if we may so call it, moral and expiatory trial? Beforehand I must decline Herr von Prancken, he is my son and cannot be my judge."

"I know of no one at once, and—I am still too weak, this reflection and investigation into worldly matters gives me physical pain."

"Then calm yourself. Herr Dournay, you have heard everything; you have I hope?" he repeated as he saw Eric's absent look.

"Yes, yes...everything."

"And now, whom would you propose?"

"In the first place Herr Weidmann."

"Weidmann? He is the uncle of my worst foe."

"But he would be just for that very reason."

"He is not without a share in that article of Crutius."

"He is perfectly free of that, he expressly commissioned Prince Valerian to tell you that he disapproves of Herr Crutius' proceeding."

"And if Herr Weidmann were your enemy," interposed Frau Dournay, "you must endeavour to make your enemies——"

Frau Dournay was hesitating for a word, but Sonnenkamp interrupted her: "You are right, you shall see how serious I am in the matter. So, Herr Weidmann. And now, who next?"

"Count Wolfsgarten."

"Without contradiction, accepted. Again!"

"The sheriff."

"Also accepted, and I will at once add the doctor; these gentlemen shall themselves choose the others. That will be best. Now, Herr Dournay, set out quickly, the matter must be at once made known...I mean, put into operation."

When Sonnenkamp went away Eric and his mother looked at each other enquiringly. What did the man mean by this tribunal? They could not discover.

If Sonnenkamp had been himself asked, he could not have exactly said. In the first place, he wished to keep people breathless by something new, he wished to gain time, to occupy public opinion and, perhaps, to quiet it. He was himself curious to hear what sort of verdict they would pass. Whether he submitted to it was to be seen. He wished to do something on account of his children, especially on account of Roland; he had promised him that he would do something that the enthusiastic youth had required of him to throw away all his property. And who knows, he thought, whether by the time that the court of justice is convened, great historical events may not have occurred... He wished to win over public opinion, it must be quieted and deceived. He had come to Europe to procure an honourable position for himself, his wife and his children; perhaps it was yet possible to do so. He would for a time act the penitent, why not? It was penitence of a new kind, as he had hitherto concealed everything. And then these honourable stay-at-home men would see that they were no better than he; they had only not the courage that he had. Now that there was open war between him and society, he would take revenge on these proud followers of virtue, whose virtue consisted after all only in weakness. Various thoughts agitated his mind; none in particular asserted itself, but the contest allured him. He wished again to see himself what he was.

Sonnenkamp repeatedly took up the vote that Bella had given him. Was this gift only a token of variance

with her husband, or was it a further token for himself? He read the neat writing; many sharp touches in it diverted him. So even this refined man could hurl such blows! Without being exactly applied to Sonnenkamp, the word "brutality" frequently occurred. The count, he thought to himself, shall also receive a vote, with blows of another sort. This end also would be attained by the so-called tribunal of honour.

The question whether, until the meeting of the tribunal, he should conceal himself from the world or boldly challenge it, tormented him somewhat, and he found himself worried with those weak considerations which have to be observed in Europe, by those who are treading the path of honour.

He wanted to send Lutz to Wolfsgarten, and reflected for some time what message the man ought to take as a pretext. At last he decided that it would be best for Lutz to make his own excuse, only he must show himself to the countess, and she would then give him a verbal or written message. He gave him money for the countess' maid, if this were necessary. Finally, however, he resolved to ride himself to Wolfsgarten. Should he expose himself to the chance of not being received by Count Clodwig? Well, all the better, he would then speak to Bella alone.

He rode to Wolfsgarten, and what he had expected, happened. Clodwig excused himself, he was not able to see him. He went to Bella; she seemed astonished that he had come; he first gave her the vote back again; she thanked him for his precaution, but she was herself strangely constrained; and she became excited when Sonnenkamp told her of his plan of a tribunal of honour.

Sonnenkamp rode back to Villa Eden in a cheerful mood. During his absence Manna had received a letter from Professor Einsiedel. The good man had told her at Karlsbad, that he was not going to give any lectures in the following winter ; and she had now begged him, as Eric had so many claims on his attention, to come to Roland at Villa Eden ; and that he would be a welcome support to all there. The Professor had replied that he would come.

Manna told Eric that she must first of all return to the convent ; she considered it her duty to confess her change of mind to the Lady Superior, and she would not postpone so difficult a task, but would at once carry it out.

"Remember," said Eric, "that you are no longer justified in imposing on yourself mortifications and tortures, or in allowing them to be imposed upon you ; you must not torment my Manna, nor allow her to be tormented."

Manna looked at him with a beaming face, as she said : "I only hope that the hearts of those in the convent may not be burdened by my secession, which they will call a backsliding."

She wished Tante Claudine to accompany her, but Eric thought it more suitable that she should go with Roland. Manna went to her father and told him she desired to go to the convent.

Sonnenkamp started, but he was quieted when Manna added, that she was only going there to bid farewell for ever, as she had finally resolved not to enter the convent. In the midst of all his trouble, a look of triumphant cheerfulness lightened up Sonnenkamp's features.



Manna would gladly have confessed everything at once to her father, but she did not venture at present.

The day was cloudy and cold when the brother and sister accompanied by Fräulein Perini journeyed down the Rhine.

Towards noon the sun penetrated through the clouds, the mist dispersed and the day brightened. The vessel glided towards the valley and shot quickly over the clear stream between the sunny hills, on which here and there the vintage was still going on. The travellers stood and walked about the deck and looked cheerfully into the distance, but Manna lay below in the cabin with her eyes closed. In vain Fräulein Perini exhorted her to refresh herself with the prospect and fresh air on deck; Manna begged that they would leave her alone. And so she lay and thought half dreaming of all that happened to her family and to herself.

The difference of religion between her and Eric again occurred to her. But what remained to her? To be untrue to the pious sisters, or to Eric—no, that was no longer possible. She hoped that the large mind of the Lady Superior would afford her comfort, and so she lay in a sort of half slumber during the whole journey.

Roland stood by the helmsman and interested himself in the management of the vessel.

Fräulein Perini was now glad that Manna had remained away, for the conversation among the travellers frequently turned to Sonnenkamp. It was reported that the Moor had lifted up Sonnenkamp in his arms and had carried him down stairs, and that then the servants had rescued him and conveyed him to the carriage.

An agent who knew Fräulein Perini, spoke of the probable purchaser of the villa; for it seemed a settled matter that the man would not remain there.

Lutz, who had established himself in the fore-cabin, was obliged to listen to the traders who had purchased fruit from Sonnenkamp's head gardener for sale in the Lower Rhine, and who had declared to each other that they should not like to have their mouth full of the fruit which this man had cultivated.

At the last station before reaching the island convent two nuns got in. Fräulein Perini knew one of them, it was the French girl who was always so shy. She went with the nuns into the cabin where Manna was sleeping. They sat opposite to her, and taking out their prayer-books, prayed for the poor soul who was lying there in the slumber of pain.

Manna opened her eyes, and looked surprised, she did not know where she was. Sister Seraphine whispered a welcome in French, and said consolingly that she must endure patiently whatever she was called upon to bear.

Manna raised herself up. Then had the tidings penetrated even into the convent! She went with Roland and the three ladies on deck; the island convent was in view. Everything looked clear and brilliant. Manna felt as if she had suddenly returned to the earth, and that everything was looking at her inquiringly, and saying: "Where have you been so long?"

They got into the boat and rowed to the island. Manna looked sadly at the large round seat near the landing-place, the so-called bird's nest, where she had so often sat with Heimchen; wet and withered leaves were now lying on the seat.

She sent in her name at once to the Lady Superior ; she received for answer that she was to remain an hour in the church first, and then to go to her.

Manna understood what this meant. Did the Lady Superior then already know of her desertion ? She went to the church, but she remained standing at the door, she did not go in, for she was afraid on account of the picture ; she knew she could not do otherwise than look up at it, and yet that must not be. She turned back and went out towards the park. She heard the children at their play, she heard them singing, she knew how they were all sitting, she knew every corner, every seat. She reached the fir-tree where she had so often sat, but the seat under the fir-tree was no longer there, and on the low stool where the little Heimchen had sat, there lay faded leaves. Something said within her—Go to Heimchen's grave ! She turned round and went past the convent, and it seemed to her like revolt and wickedness that she had not obeyed the command of the Lady Superior. She reached the cemetery. On Heimchen's grave there stood a cross with the inscription in gold letters : "The child is not dead, but sleepeth." St. Mark, viii. 39.

How ? thought Manna. Why are these words here ? They are said in the Holy Scriptures of a child, who on its death-bed was awakened to life, but they are not said of one already buried.

She sank down on the grave and her thoughts grew confused ; she knew not how long she lay there ; at length she composed herself and returned to the convent.

She was ushered into the parlour ; she had to wait there some time alone, and the pictures on the wall

seemed to recede into the distance when she raised her eyes to them.

At length the Lady Superior came.

Manna hastened towards her, and was about to throw herself on her neck, but the Lady Superior stood stiffly erect, twisting the two ends of her hempen girdle round the fore-finger of her right and left hand, so as to draw it tighter.

Manna sank down at her feet.

"Rise," said the Lady Superior sternly. "We suffer no ebullition of passion here. That, it is to be hoped, you still remember... Were you in the church?"

"No," said Manna, rising.

For some time the Lady Superior did not speak, she expected that Manna would explain her conduct; but Manna could with difficulty utter a word.

"I have come here," she began at length, "that you, Reverend Mother, may entertain no anger in your heart on account of my ingratitude. You have treated me nobly, you have—"

"Do not speak of me. Speak of yourself."

"I do not wish the remembrance of me to grieve you. I have come to beg you..."

"Why do you delay so long? Speak out, what do you wish?"

"I beg you to believe in the conflict I have endured. I could not do otherwise. I returned into the world to test myself...I have not withstood the testing...I cannot renounce life...My life is no longer my own..."

"I do not reproach you. It is better for you to be the wife of Herr von Prancken."

Manna covered her face with her hands.

"What are you doing? What is the matter?" asked the Lady Superior. "You are not doubly faithless? Speak! Have I still a right to ask you? Is it still your duty to answer me? Speak, what does it mean?"

There was a struggle in Manna's heart. Dare she deny Eric? No. And if all the torments of hell were called down upon her, she would acknowledge him.

"Eric Dournay," she said softly.

"How? Have I rightly understood? Is Herr von Præncken dead?"

Freely and openly Manna confessed all that had happened; she stood erect and her voice was firm. When she had finished, the Lady Superior asked: "And so you have come to do penance?"

"No."

"Wherefore then?"

Manna put her hand to her forehead, and said: "Have I not plainly acknowledged that I do not feel myself wrong? I have come to thank you, to thank you warmly for the kindness you have done me, and to make my memory not a sorrow to you. You yourself once said to me that a bitter struggle would come, which I should have to fight with my life; I have not overcome, or rather...I beg you only to give me a peaceful resting-place in your thoughts."

"You ask it now? Yes, they are all alike, these children of the world! The suicide demands a consecrated grave. You have killed yourself and you can receive from us no resting-place in consecrated ground. You hold out your hand in reconciliation—Your hand will not be grasped."

A sister entered and brought a request from Fräulein Perini, that she might join the Lady Superior and Manna.

"Have you anything to say?" said the Lady Superior, turning to Fräulein Perini.

"Yes. Here stands Fräulein Manna, and I remind her, before you, reverend mother, of a sacred promise which Fräulein Manna imposed on me."

"A promise? on you?"

"Yes; you made me promise, Fräulein Manna, that I would hold you firm with penances and trammels, if ever a thought of apostasy found its way into your heart. Manna, I have avoided appealing to you in the confusion of your home, but I must do so here. I know your heart, which, without falsity itself, cannot believe in the snares placed for it. The present moment is decisive, recall your pure heart to itself. You must not become a nun, but you will never endure being a recreant from the church, and this now when everything ought to lead you back to the one fold, this for ever. Manna, I lie on my knees before you. I have led you, taught you, I have borne you in my heart. Manna! you will kill me, you will kill yourself, you will kill the Holy One!"

"I beg you," said Manna, "do not importune me. You can scarcely imagine what pain it gives me to offend you also. I intended to dedicate myself to the church, I believed that I should find consolation there; I can do so no longer. I see—I do not like to say it—that the sacrifice is not possible. I will not desecrate by hypocrisy whatever is holy in me, whatever was holy in me. It is not passion, it is not levity..."

"Enough, enough!" interposed the Lady Superior;  
"have you confessed to the priest?"

"No."

The Lady Superior had turned away, and with her face to the wall, she said: "We compel, we do not bind; we could do so, but we will not. Go!—go! I do not wish to see your face again. Go! Alas! what a hell you carry within you! The trace of your footsteps here shall be effaced—No, I will say no more. Go!—Is she gone? She is not to answer me. Dear Perini, answer me. Is she gone?"

"She is going," answered Fräulein Perini.

"Where is my sister?" was suddenly heard from Roland's loud voice.

The door was thrown open with violence; Roland saw immediately what had happened, and exclaimed: "You have humbled yourself enough, come with me!"

He seized Manna's hand, and left the convent with her.

Roland then told her that he could endure his fears no longer, that he had been afraid Manna would allow herself to be ill-treated and would bear it as a penance.

"And you must not do that, even if you could, you must not for Eric's sake."

How Manna's eye sparkled as she looked at Roland's glowing countenance.

"It is over!" she said, "a world seems sinking behind me. It is over."

Fräulein Perini remained for some time with the Lady Superior, and then rejoined Manna. She sat with her in the boat; and in a peculiar and whispering voice, she said, "I was obliged to say it, I could not do otherwise."

Manna held out her hand to her, saying, "You did your duty, I am not angry with you. Forgive me."

Manna scarcely knew how she had left the convent, it was not till she embraced Roland that she could weep. On her voyage back, she did not go again into the cabin, but sat beside Roland, and her large, dark eyes were fixed upon the scenery round her.

Eric had meanwhile started for Wolfsgarten, and had met the major on his way. Eric explained to him that he also must belong to this court of honour. The major was ready at once without further persuasion.

"The poor man! the poor man!" he kept saying; "he was not open to me—but then she was not so either. I do not take it amiss of him, for she was not so either; it was the first time in her life. You—" this was of course Fräulein Milch, "you knew that I could not have endured it. I can bear a good deal, comrade—yes, you can scarcely believe what I can bear; but one thing I cannot, and that is hypocrisy; to have intercourse with a man whom I neither esteem nor love, that I can't do. That the man kept slaves, I knew, and have always said, he who mixes with poodles, can't escape fleas. One would scarcely have believed that the man would have so many good-natured words! To you, comrade, he really spoke like a philosopher or a saint. I with my stupid judgment can't make it out, and Herr Weidmann can't help me either, why the good children must suffer all this. But now, take my word for it, now I understand it. It came to me as I was walking along. I have not learned much, I have been a drummer—I will tell you the story some day."

"Well, and what have you discovered?"



"You're right; you always remind me when I get confused. Well, you see, the child of man is brought forth, as the Bible says, in sorrow, and the mind of man is also brought forth in sorrow, misery, and need. This we poor people know, and therefore the rich and the noble are not in their right place in the world. I think—you know already what I mean—our Roland is also born anew, and he is now a true noble. The prince can make his name noble, but not his soul. Do you understand? So it is. Our Roland is now a true noble. To suffer evil and to do good, that is the motto he has now obtained; the motto stands on no knightly shield, but you see it stands written on the heart, and there it will stand. He ought to be brave, and he is so, and now for the first time truly, in defiance of all the world, and of the nobility especially. Now the roll is beaten. Now up and forward! He is being exercised, he must now make something of himself, and he will do so!"

The major pointed to his heart, and his hand trembled. The timid man, awkward as he was in speech, brought out all this with great interruptions, it is true, but with power.

When Eric at last was about to leave the major, the latter held him firmly and said, "Take this one word more from me. I have been a drummer—I will tell you the story some day; I have been an officer, and my comrades never imagined what honour they were doing me, when they secretly—they fancied I did not hear it—called me Captain Drummer; yes, they honoured me with this Captain Drummer, for from that time it all became plain to me. I couldn't explain it to myself, but she made it distinct to me, she can do

everything. Yes, so it is. He whom good fortune has made what he is, is only half alive; trouble, that is, the Holy Spirit, that says to a man, rise up and walk. Do you understand me?"

"Yes," said Eric, and he pressed the old man's hand, and rode off towards Wolfsgarten.

The parrot screamed from the open window, as if to announce to the whole house that a strange guest was now riding in, for Eric had not been there for a long while. He fancied that, in the room next to that where the parrot was hanging in the open window, he caught sight of Bella's figure, but she did not appear again.

He went into Clodwig's room. He found him for the first time depressed; he seemed also physically fatigued, for he did not rise, as his wont was, and greet his young friend in his hearty, though formal manner.

"I knew that you would come to me," said Clodwig, breathing with difficulty, and in a gentle voice. "If there is a mental affinity between those at a distance, you and your mother especially must have felt in these last few days how much I have been with you. Herr Sonnenkamp was here. I could not receive him. Has he told you of it?"

Eric answered in the negative, and it struck him as strange that Sonnenkamp should be sending him to the neighbours, while he himself was seeking an interview.

"And now," continued Clodwig, "I am somewhat fatigued; let us talk very quietly. We are contaminated by intercourse with this man, but we must not think of ourselves, but of him. You see,"—he took up a small bottle,—“you see, I have a childish pleasure

in this new chemical substance; it looks like pure water, and yet it can efface writing without scratching the paper. Now I am thinking, ought we not morally to find something of the kind? The boundary line between the ancient and modern world lies in this, that we believe in a forgiveness of sins, or, as we call it, an atonement."

This was the point to which Eric found himself at once led, and he stated the plan of the tribunal, and asked Clodwig to take his part in it. Clodwig refused, as Herr Sonnenkamp, or whatever his name was, ought to have a jury of his peers, of men of the same position, or rather of the same vocation as himself; and he himself was no peer of Herr Sonnenkamp's.

He stated that during the last few days he had taken a good deal of trouble, for some hotheads at the court had wished to bring him to justice for offence against the sovereign. This was contrary to the prince's wish; he had written a letter in his own hand to Clodwig, in which he had thanked him for having advised against the elevation to rank. Clodwig had written to the prince in reply, that he should forbear any further persecution of the man, who had been provoked and had been led into behaviour which was not befitting.

Again Eric expressed his wish that Clodwig would take part in the tribunal.

Clodwig replied: "I will inform the prince that Sonnenkamp has voluntarily demanded a trial; it will have a good effect, and for your sake"—his languid manner grew eager, and he passed his hand over his face, as if to efface the sorrowful expression—"yes, for your sake, because in this way some explanation

may be offered of your connexion with the family—I will not withdraw from the summons.”

Steps were heard approaching. Clodwig rose quickly, and hastily taking Eric’s hand, he said softly but decidedly: “I will comply. The man wishes an honourable trial—he shall have it.”

Clodwig had uttered this hastily, for Bella now entered. There was a look of over-wakefulness and violent excitement in her countenance. She greeted Eric with a few Latin words, and it was strange to perceive the exuberant mirth which had little in harmony with the state of things, or above all, with Clodwig’s evident depression.

“Tell me,” asked Bella, “was there ever a time when you admired a powerful man such as Ezzelin da Romano? There is something grand in such violent natures, especially when compared with the prying after pots and pans, and the petty prettinesses—”

Eric did not understand what this meant; he could not have imagined that Bella, under cover of a stranger’s presence, was shooting arrows which did not miss their aim. Clodwig closed his eyes and nodded his head, then he opened his eyes again.

“Ah, yes!” continued Bella in a cheerful tone, “it is well that I have thought of it; I wanted to ask you a question. Tell me, what would Cicero, what would Socrates have said, had he read Lord Byron’s *Cain*?”

Eric looked perplexed. This question was so strange, that he did not know whether it was scorn or frenzy; but Bella continued: “Has Roland read Byron’s *Cain*?”

“I think not.”

“Give him the book now. It will have its effect.

He is also a son, and has a right to rebel, that his father should be driven out of Eden. How it suits! Are we not really all the children of Cain? Abel was childless, so consequently we are all descended from Cain. A grand pedigree! and one thing more, Herr Doctor. Have not scholars divined the form and colour of the mark which God the Father set on the brow of the elder son, Cain?"

"I do not understand you," replied Eric.

"I do not understand myself," said Bella, laughing.

It was an unearthly laugh. Then she continued: "I have begun to read Cicero on Friendship, of course with the help of a translation; I have not got far, for I took up Byron's Cain; that is really the most beautiful thing that the modern world possesses."

Still Eric had not a word to reply; he looked at Bella, then at Clodwig. What was going on? And again Bella began: "Is it not true that the female slaves who waited on the Roman ladies were obliged to puff out their cheeks when a noble matron wished to give them a box on the ear? The Roman ladies were not sentimental boarding-school plants, like our men and women of the present day. How is Fräulein Sonnenkamp?"

"She is gone to the convent," replied Eric, looking down.

He felt the air oppressive, as he was compelled to answer Bella's enquiry for Manna.

"That is very practical," continued Bella. "I had another supposition, but I have been mistaken. Yes, such a convent is a protection; the sensitive child will best rest there till the storm is past. What will Roland do now? What are you thinking of doing, and

your mother?" asked Bella so superficially, so strangely, and so loquaciously, that Eric could reply with a certain kind of cheerfulness.

"For a time we shall make shift with that great work, which is so universal."

"With a great work?"

"Yes; we shall for a time do nothing."

While talking with Bella, Eric's thoughts were with Manna in the convent. Manna was standing at this very moment face to face with people who had once been so intimate with her; how did they behave now as foes and adversaries? They would certainly not assume the cold indifferent tone that Bella did. It seemed to him as if he must stretch out his hand protectingly over Manna, who might now be hearing crushing words, and perhaps might be compelled to submit to penance. So he confusedly took his leave, saying that he must ride on to Weidmann.

Again he rode through the wood, through which he had ridden that first day on Clodwig's horse to Villa Eden. How different was it to-day! And at Wolfsgarten—he felt—something was going on which he could not fathom. How happy had Bella and Clodwig seemed to him together then, and what were they now? These curious allusions of Bella's, this mixture of the most different subjects—she must spend hours restlessly refining her thoughts, while Clodwig was suffering from a despondency and oppression which seemed to rob him of all free power of mind.

It was already night when Eric reached Mattenheim. The Weidmann family had, as they called it, repaired to their winter residence, a suite of beautiful bright rooms in the upper storey of the house, with

choice pictures on the walls, and tasteful fireplaces, in which open fires were blazing.

Frau Weidmann was sitting with her daughter-in-law at the table, while her son was reading. Herr Weidmann was in his study. Eric went to him; he found him among his alembics and retorts in his chemical laboratory.

"I cannot give you a hand," said Weidmann, in a cheerful voice. "We are trying to make out a new discovery. It is better for you to wait in the ante-room; you will find papers there which will interest you much. I will soon come."

Eric went to the room. Some American papers were lying on the table. Each sheet testified to the violent and excited struggle going on between the republicans and democrats; the latter name had been adopted by those who desired to carry to the utmost consequences the right of the separate states to decide for themselves, the acknowledgment of such a right being incompatible with state unity. The true aim was first and foremost the preservation of slavery. On the republican side, on the other hand, all were united in the spirit and name of Abraham Lincoln. The great cause in the new world was actually then being decided. How must Sonnenkamp wait the issue of this contest! thought Eric to himself.

Weidmann entered. When Eric laid before him the idea of the trial of honour, Weidmann declared his readiness at once; he saw indeed no fixed result to arise from it, but still one might arise, at any rate a closer insight into the affair would be gained, and perhaps the position of the children decided.

Scarcely had Eric and Weidmann begun to consider

the matter quietly, than the doctor appeared. He had been to visit a sick person in the neighbourhood. When he heard of the trial, and that his participation in it was desired, he exclaimed: "Do you really believe that he will submit to our verdict? He only wishes to compromise others; he is playing with you all, and you, dear Dournay, have exposed yourself enough to this man. I advise you, let the matter rest. You want to wash a Moor white—or rather a Moor-dealer."

The doctor had his merry laugh as he said this, and when you heard him laugh, it was difficult not to help laughing also.

There was still a light burning in Sonnenkamp's room when Eric returned. Eric was summoned, and he informed him that all was ready. Sonnenkamp enquired with concern after Clodwig's health, but he did not mention Bella.

Eric went to his room, and stood for a long time at the window, looking out on the scene around him. The powers of nature endure amid all the confusion of human life, and well is it for the eye that can forget itself in the contemplation of the things of nature. It was a dull night; a black cloud hung over the hills, and a bright line of light was passing across the hill-top, and dividing the range from the dark clouds above. The clouds grew lighter, the moon came up, the black cloud enveloped it, and now the light shone on both sides of the cloud, above and below, but the cloud was still darker than before, and on the right and left there floated fragments of a leaden-grey colour. Eric closed his eyes and thought.

Into what confusion had he fallen! How should he rescue Manna and himself? Was Sonnenkamp only



playing a new game? When he looked out again, the moon had risen above the dark cloud, and the landscape was bright in the moonlight, which flickered on the river. And again after a time the moon was entirely covered with a black cloud. Eric stood in a reverie for some time, and when he looked up the cloud had vanished, the sky was as smooth as undimmed steel, and high above the mild, white globe was shining calmly.

Fortified in itself, nature works on in accordance with eternal laws. Ought not this also to be the case with human life?

Eric thought of Manna, and the thought of her spread a bright light over everything, just as the moon high above in the sky filled the earth with glory.

## CHAPTER II.

**P**PRANCKEN came back ; he looked weary ; Sonnenkamp urged him to tell him what had happened. Prancken placed a letter before him, in which the Court of Marshalsea informed him, in a confidential manner, that it was not feasible for him, as gentleman-in-waiting to the prince, to remain attached to a man who had not only lost his honour, but had so offended the prince, that negotiations were still going on as to whether he should not be tried for offence against the sovereign. Sonnenkamp uttered a peculiar laugh.

“The privy counsellor will probably not allow that,” he murmured. He gave the letter back, and asked what were the contents of the other letter.

Prancken told him that this was of a still more decided nature, and he handed him a letter from the military court of honour, in which he was required, under penalty of dismissal, to give up all intercourse with Sonnenkamp.

“What will you do ?” asked Sonnenkamp. “I declare you free.”

“I will adhere to you !” replied Prancken.

Sonnenkamp embraced him.

“I defy them all !” exclaimed Prancken. “Here, however, is a letter for you. Excuse me for not having given it first of all.”

It was a letter from the privy counsellor. The letter, couched in very polite terms, contained the advice that Herr Sonnenkamp should travel for some time, until opportunity had been found to put down the party who advocated his being brought to trial for offence against the sovereign.

"Do you know the contents of the letter?" asked Sonnenkamp.

"Certainly. The privy counsellor wished to give it to me open."

"What do you advise?"

"I agree with his wish."

An expression of alarm passed over Sonnenkamp's features, but he repressed it.

"So you are also of the same opinion?"

"Yes. But before you travel for some time, allow me to suggest a means by which you might obtain new honour both for yourself and me."

"Is there any such means?"

"Yes. I have told you already that there is still a strong party which may become ours, and we—or rather you—have the means of gaining them."

Prancken now explained that he had promised in the next few days to attend a meeting held in the palace of the prince of the church by the nobles of the archiepiscopal province, which extended even further than the boundaries of the province. The meeting was a private one, and was convened for the discussion of ways and means for assisting the Pope by military power.

"You do not intend to enter the Papal army?" asked Sonnenkamp.

"I would do so," replied Prancken, "if I were not

obliged to stand at my post, to which I am bound by the duty of honour and by that of love."

"Good—good! But why do you tell this to me? I am no noble—I do not belong to this assembly."

"You belong to it, and are to occupy a distinguished position at it."

"I belong to it? I am to occupy a distinguished position at it?"

"Yes. Without further preamble: You can give the money to form a regiment, and I pledge myself that you shall not only be unattacked, but that you shall stand there with honour."

Sonnenkamp went on smoking slowly, and puffing light nothings, which dissolved immediately; then he said—"So, if I give the money, I can remain here in all honour?"

"It would be better if you travelled for some time."

An expression of exultation passed over Sonnenkamp's face. "Excellent!"

"Then you agree?" asked Prancken.

"Excellent!" repeated Sonnenkamp. "Masterly! One sells black people, buys white instead; the white become snow-white—and, in fact, saints!"

"I do not understand you."

"That may be. I am only glad that the world is so excellently arranged. Young friend! Do you not see that everything aims at show and deception? You think you are one of the initiated there, do you not? And they are trifling with you also."

"Perhaps where I should least expect it," interposed Prancken.

Sonnenkamp laid his hand on his shoulder, and said—"That was not spoken by my friend Prancken.

But I forgive him : one is sensitive when one is deceived. We will work out a criminal system, and set up a professional chair at the university for the purpose. Thousands of hearers will flock to us. They must appoint me the professor of worldly wisdom. It is time that the moral gloss should be torn off for once. But what would your friends do, dear Herr von Prancken, if we made the secret public ? I know at present only one being whom I could admit into the faculty, and that is, unfortunately, a woman ; but we must rise above this prejudice."

"You have never yet told me if you enter into my plan."

"Have I not ? Young man of confidence ! You cannot yet be a professor. I should like to found a new Rome, just as the old one was founded, of nothing but vagabonds—of a people gathered from houses of correction ; those are the best sort of people—they are thoroughly able men."

"I do not understand."

"You are right. You wish to be brave, modest, moral, and tender. Young friend, I will try to help myself in other ways ; the mousetrap of your dean is far too primitive in our days of complicated machinery. So know, once for all, I am not going to bite the bait cooked in ecclesiastical unguents. It is my peculiarity. I have also my peculiarities. Is it not true you allow me some peculiarity ?"

Prancken knew not what it all meant ; but he felt that the man was behaving arrogantly to him. He drew himself proudly up, and said—"Honoured father, I beg you not to jest now."

"Jest ?"

"Yes. I have adhered to you with a fidelity . . . . Yet, I did not mean to say that now. I must only beg you not to withdraw from my plan. We have duties—great duties . . ."

"Good—very good," replied Sonnenkamp. "Have you already considered what uniform we shall choose? Shall we form a horse or foot regiment? What would you think if I were to enlist the whole regiment in America?"

"That would be all the better."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Sonnenkamp. "A morning dream! Young friend, they say morning dreams are the sweetest . . . . Past! Fled!"

Prancken did not understand why Sonnenkamp rejected his proposal with such scorn. Sonnenkamp seemed to guess what was passing in Prancken's mind, for he went up to him and said—

"I have no objection that you should be religious, and that you should act religiously—it is all one to me; but, young friend, none of my money shall be thrown away upon cows. Manna wished to establish a convent, you wish to enlist a regiment, and I am . . . Let us not talk any more about it. Be discreet; deceive the whole set of your pious kindred, who imagine you are the most discreet of all. Young friend, you will have other opinions in time."

Sonnenkamp and Prancken sat long together; they were mutually confidential, and yet each had the feeling of being a stranger to the other. For this is a fact: there is unity alone in pure endeavour; and that is love which binds everything together and forms that mysterious combination of power. Where that does not exist, ruin and dissolution may at any moment

occur; and the dissolution of all ties was at hand even here. At present all stood firm, like the trees in the soil, and like the house in its foundation; but dissolution, ruin, and decay were silently approaching.

In obedience to the law of truth, Manna had confessed in the convent her love for Eric, and she had returned home to her father's house resolved openly to acquaint her father also with the fact. She enquired for Eric, but he was not there. And with quick resolve she requested an interview with her father.

At her entrance Prancken came forward to meet her; her heart beat, she was not prepared to confess her love at once to him and to her father.

"The journey has done you good, my child, you look animated," said Sonnenkamp.

Manna breathed more freely, but she could not bring out a word.

"How was it in the convent?" asked Sonnenkamp.

"I have said farewell for ever there."

"Thank you, my child, thank you! You do me good; this is doubly good to me now."

"Herr von Prancken," began Manna, "I wished to make a communication to my father..."

"And so you wish to be alone with him?"

"No, no...it is better now that you are here."

"Certainly," said Sonnenkamp. "You can have nothing to say to me which our friend may not hear. Sit down."

Manna did not sit down, she held the arm of the chair convulsively and said: "Herr von Prancken, I have wished to express my gratitude to you for having so faithfully..."

"That you will, that you can," interposed Sonnen-

kamp. "It is good, we need joy and cheerfulness; refreshment is now doubly sweet, you are my strong girl ...give your hand to our friend."

"I give it to him in farewell."

"In farewell?" exclaimed Sonnenkamp.

"Hear me," interposed Manna. "Herr von Prancken, you are a man whom I honour and highly esteem; you have shown yourself faithful to my father. So long as I live I shall value you and be grateful to you, but..."

"Well? But?" enquired Sonnenkamp.

Manna did not answer him, but continued, turning to Prancken: "I owe you truth. I cannot be your wife. I love Eric Dournay, and he loves me. We are united, and no power in heaven or earth can separate us."

"You, united with the tutor, the Protestant, the wisdom-retailer, the deceiver?"

"Father," replied Manna, drawing herself up, while an heroic courage beamed in her eyes, making them appear larger than ever, "Father, Eric is a tutor and a Protestant, the rest is only uttered by your anger."

"My anger will not talk any more, you do not know me yet. I stake my life upon this..."

"That you will not do, father."

Sonnenkamp turned to Prancken and said: "Leave us, Herr von Prancken; leave me alone with my daughter."

"No," replied Prancken, "I will not leave you alone; I have loved her...I have a right..."

"Do you hear, Manna? do you hear," said Sonnenkamp; "and you will reject such a noble man? See how perverted your mind is, think of this man...this man rejected! Manna, you are a wise and good child,



and you have a large heart, I know...Hold out your hand to him, I will gladly die, I will do anything, anything the world demands, but grant me this my one only wish!"

"I cannot, father."

"You can and will."

"Believe me, father..."

"Believe you? You, who said a short time ago so certainly: 'I will be a nun;' one cannot believe those who change their intentions. You must not trust yourself any longer, you must allow yourself to be guided to your good, to your best friend, to this our friend."

"Father, it pains me unutterably that I must thus grieve you and Herr von Prancken."

"And just for this am I to have gone through all this trouble and distress, and to have fought my way through the old world and the new world...and to be expelled from both?...I will not suffer it."

Prancken laid his hand on his shoulder; the three stood opposite each other, but no one spoke a word. Manna calmly endured her father's look, and yet she had little idea what lay behind it.

With great self-command Sonnenkamp said:

"Manna, I do not compel you; but I demand that you should renounce this tutor."

Manna listened; steps were approaching, there was a knock; and without waiting for an answer, Eric entered.

"It is well that you have come," exclaimed Sonnenkamp. "You know what you have done to this child, to me, to this man...No, I will be calm...You have entered my house...you will leave the house."

"I will leave the house?"

"I will go too!" cried Manna.

"No, Manna, remain with your father."

"You!...Manna!"...shrieked Sonnenkamp, and he would have rushed upon Eric, but Prancken fell into his arms and said: "Herr Sonnenkamp, if any one has an account to require of Herr Dournay, it is I. Herr Dournay," he continued, turning to Eric, "I brought you to this house, I expressly told you in what relation I stood to the daughter of this house. Hitherto I have had a degree of esteem for you..."

Eric stood erect.

"You insult me in a presence, which I, as you know, will not violate."

"Not so," rejoined Prancken; "you wish to wrest my arms from me. A divine shield covers *you*, your life rests under the defence of Fräulein Manna, and this makes you invulnerable. This is the last word I will speak to you, so long as these lips have life."

With trembling hands Prancken felt about, and then drawing out a small book from his pocket, he held it to Manna; his voice was agitated, as he said: "Fräulein Manna, you gave me this once, take it again; the twig still lies in it, but it is bare. Like this twig, sundered from its tree, and never more to grow on it, I am sundered from everything here." He handed her the book and said: "There now we are for ever parted."

He quietly drew on his gloves and buttoned them, then he took his hat, bowed, and walked away.

Manna grasped Eric's hand; they both stood before Sonnenkamp, who looked at them with a glassy eye, and then exclaimed: "Are you still waiting for my

blessing? a blessing from me? Go! go! or am I no longer considered, that you stand there so inflexibly?"

"Herr Sonnenkamp!" began Eric, "I have struggled long and bitterly, before I yielded to this affection. I declare to you now, that I never will call any of your property my own; I have energy to support myself and Manna."

"Good, good; I know the sermons—enough! I had believed in you, I held you capable of no breach of confidence. It is well, it shall be my last delusion."

"I beg the father of Roland and of Manna..."

"You have nothing to beg, and I nothing to grant. Leave the house. This is still my house!"

"Father!" cried Manna.

"Do not name me so!" exclaimed Sonnenkamp.

"Go! go! I will not hear a word from you...go!"

"Father! father!"

"Go!...go!" commanded Sonnenkamp.

Hand in hand Eric and Manna left the room.

Sonnenkamp sat alone; he was almost glad that there was something fresh to torment him, and in the midst of his torment he was conscious of a certain feeling of pride in the courageous manner in which his child had stood before him; it was his daughter, his bold, inflexible child. And still further wandered his thoughts. The child will leave you, she will follow her own will. It might be good—when that which he had in his mind came to light—it might be. Since Francken could not be his son, she was still safe in the protection of such a man as Eric. Settled! But Roland? He, too, might remain behind? But Frau Ceres? Pah! If she were fed with fine clothes and ornament, and given a fairy tale, she was sure to be lulled asleep.

He went into the garden and into the conservatory where the black mould was placed. He drew on his grey, sack-like dress, raked up the earth, and smelt it, but to-day he seemed to have lost the sense. He tore off the garden dress. "Never more!" he cried. "Childishness! It is all over." He went into the fruit-garden, and helped, with great care, in gathering the fruit. He thought of the days when these fruits had been ripening—of the spring, when Roland had been recovering, when the prince had come; he thought of his journey to the baths, of the sunny days till now, and the dewy nights; silently he asked himself, when fresh fruit comes again, where will you be? where? Perhaps under ground. Then you will no longer be raking the black garden mould—then—

It is a mockery that we must die, and a double one that we know of death.

He stared as if lost in thought; at this place, just where this thought now passed through his mind, he had expressed a similar one on the day of Eric's first arrival. What did that concern him now? While he was thus lost in reverie, Roland approached.

"Father!" he cried, "if Eric leaves the house I shall go too."

"Well, then, I shall go too," said Sonnenkamp, without looking up. "Why do you remain standing there? Go! I do not keep you!"

"Father!" said Roland, with a trembling voice, "you are not—"

"What am I? will you also patronize me, and direct me? Ah! I have good children—splendid children—they care for me, they support me, they help me. See, Roland, I can still go alone, without support; go, go

with Eric! Go with Manna. Leave me, all of you!"

"Father! you do not wish it, we do not wish it! I have only one request."

"Really; you have yet a request to make?"

"Pray, father, you have promised me to do some great act. I hear that you have called together a court of justice, and I thank you. But father, do not reject Eric—come with me—go with me to him—tell him that he may remain, and that you gladly call him son!"

Sonnenkamp smiled.

"You see, father, I know you are glad to call him son; he must be far dearer to you than Prancken. Who can be compared with Eric? Come, father! he cannot ask you that he may remain—come to him. Be great, you can be great!"

Thoughts of the most different kind passed through Sonnenkamp's mind. In the midst of this complication the heart of his son had opened to him; his son would never forget this moment, and the mighty game which he had still to play would appear as pliability and goodness.

Was this idealist wrestling with him for the possession of his house and children, and would he be the victor? Is the power of mind and of morality still greater than that of gold and violence, and indeed of natural ties? He triumphed over his fate, for in the midst of despair and perplexity it made hypocrisy a duty. He granted his son his request, which in secret was his own desire. He could not and would not send Eric away now, for the sake of his family and the whole neighbourhood. And when his plans were matured, plans which at present he did not fully confess

to himself, his house would, without Eric, be left without support; he seized Roland's hand, and went with him to the house. Eric met them; Sonnenkamp told him briefly that everything was to be forgotten and obliterated.

While he was still standing by Eric, Joseph announced the notary. Sonnenkamp went back with him. Roland hastened to Manna, who was with Frau Dournay in the green cottage, and was full of happiness that everything was once more settled and adjusted.

### CHAPTER III.

THE days at Villa Eden were dull and oppressive ; they lived together, but all connection seemed already at an end. Frau Ceres complained that Prancken never came now. When they told her that Manna was Eric's *fiancée*, she only said, " He is much handsomer than Herr von Prancken ! "

She ordered some large chests to be packed, but in secret, for Sonnenkamp had told her that they would soon be travelling, first to Italy, and then perhaps afterwards to America.

Between Sonnenkamp and Eric a formal demeanour had established itself ; they rarely spoke of anything but the arrangement of the tribunal, in which twelve men of reputation, among others Prince Valerian, Weidmann's son-in-law, and the American consul, had declared themselves ready to take part. It was a refreshment to Manna and Roland when Professor Einsiedel arrived and stayed at the green cottage. Einsiedel and Eric's mother were now repaired to by all for diversion and comfort.

Sonnenkamp had drawn up his will with the notary, and had had it signed by the notary's two clerks as witnesses ; he sent off several letters, and read the newspapers all day long.

The day of the tribunal came. In consequence of

an invitation from Weidmann, Frau Dournay drove to Mattenheim, and Roland and Manna accompanied her.

The twelve men arrived. First came Weidmann, with Prince Valerian and Knopf, then Clodwig and the banker, then the doctor and the sheriff. Professor Einsiedel was standing by the kennels, conversing occasionally with the gamekeeper; he took pleasure in the acute observations which the man made in the training of dogs. The major came in full uniform, decorated with all his orders, and when he saw that Clodwig had come in a simple citizen's dress, without any mark of distinction, he thought angrily in his own mind, "She was right again after all, but I imagined that at a court of honour—well, it does no harm in either case."

Sonnenkamp sent word that he would greet no one previously, that he would see them all first when he appeared before them on his defence; he saw, however, notwithstanding, one of those who arrived; Lutz was the confidant, and he conveyed Bella up the glissene-covered steps, through the seed-room, to Sonnenkamp. "Only a few words," said Sonnenkamp to her. "It is because there is a being like you living on this earth with me, that I still wish to live, and that I wish to show what a man is. I will speak here in this room." He accompanied her back again through the seed-room; she knew that the door was left open.

Bella walked uneasily about the villa; she saw Lina, who had come with her father to keep Manna company on this terrible day, but who now knew not what to do, as she heard how every one was scattered. She begged Bella to go with her to the green cottage,



where Claudine had remained alone. Bella, however, refused.

Lina went to Claudine, and was a real comfort to her—in fact, even a pleasure.

Sonnenkamp went to his wife; he felt obliged to tell her what was going on. She reminded him scornfully of his promise to return to America; she was not going to be dependent on the decision of strangers.

He let Frau Ceres talk, for everything she said was perfectly indifferent to him; he repaired to his own room where the chairs had been already arranged, he placed his chair with a table by the door leading into the seed-room, and then withdrew.

The men were assembled; Eric knocked, according to agreement, at the door, which was thrown back, and Sonnenkamp entered, with a countenance deadly pale; he walked to the small table, on which lay his knife and two pieces of wood for carving; he supported his hand on the table, and began, "Honoured neighbours!"

He paused, then he continued: "You have come at my appeal to give me a portion of your life, some hours of your thoughts and feelings. I acknowledge the gift. In the prairie, in the solitary log house, if we wish to decide by the judgment of a court upon any man from whom we have experienced an injury, we summon the neighbours for miles from the farms around, to give a verdict and to carry out the sentence. I have done the same here, and so have you. You are to pass judgment and to decide what atonement is to be made for an act which cannot be thrown into the balance of a legal trial. I will openly state to you my past history. It gives me a sense of freedom that you already know the worst of me. You shall see what I

have been from childhood, and then you shall give your verdict. I have never felt pity in my life, so I beg you now not for pity, but for justice."

Sonnenkamp had begun in a weary tone, with his eyes cast down, but his voice soon became more animated, his manner eager, and his eyes sparkling.

"I declare, therefore, that I will submit to the atonement you impose upon me. Only one thing I request. Let each of you write his opinion, or whatever you may call it, within seven days, and consign it to the hands of Captain Doctor Dournay, who will break the seals in the presence of two others. I will now retire for a moment, so that you may settle among yourselves whether you will fulfil your office in this manner and will elect a foreman."

He bowed; there was something theatrical and yet seriously composed in the way in which he spoke and in which he now retired into the adjoining room.

The assembled party looked at each other, no one spoke a word, but all eyes were turned to Clodwig, as if expecting that he would address them first. Quietly and in a low voice he said: "Herr Weidmann will have the goodness to undertake the office of foreman. We require this above everything in our preliminary arrangements."

Without further ceremony Weidmann accepted the office and declared that he agreed with the idea of a written verdict. The others were also ready to agree, except Professor Einsiedel, who, beginning shyly but growing more confident as he continued, remarked that by this written verdict a general discussion for the establishment and assistance of individual opinion was not to be excluded; as if it were so, all participa-

tion of opinion would be lost, and it would be superfluous to have assembled together: for one would decide this and another that, and no one would be able to define what the result was to be.

This decision was also accepted.

The sheriff declared that he had only come, for the sake, perhaps, of helping to effect a moral explanation, for no other could be given. Herr Sonnenkamp was the accuser, the accused, and the defendant in his own person; he would depict a state of things which had occurred in remote countries, and the veracity of which they would have to rely on, as there was no one to confront with him. The Prince's negro was perhaps the only one that could be confronted with him here, but after all they had no power to carry out a verdict.

They all acknowledged the sheriff's scruples, and united in agreeing that nothing but a moral explanation could take place. The American consul stated that he, of course, knew the circumstances, but that they could arrive at nothing more than a moral verdict.

Eric was commissioned to call Sonnenkamp back into the room. As Eric entered the seed-room, he fancied he heard the rustling as of a silk dress. Weidmann communicated the resolution to Sonnenkamp, with Professor Einsiedel's addition. Sonnenkamp nodded in agreement.

"Before I begin," said Sonnenkamp, and with a smile he took up one of the wooden sticks, "I must request to be allowed a habit which unfortunately I cannot leave off. I am accustomed whenever I am thinking alone—and I shall speak to you as if I were alone—to smoke or to carve, frequently both at once. I can collect myself better when I do so."

He sat down, made a deep cut in the four corners of the stick, and began:—"When I speak to you of my youth, I do not wish to impute what I have done to circumstances or to destiny. I beg that any one will interrupt me with questions, if I am at all indistinct, or contrary to my will appear to conceal anything. To begin therefore—

"I am the son of one of the richest men in Warsaw. My father had the largest continental trade in wood and grain. He moved to the large German city when I was six years old, for one day when he was clearing a forest, my elder brother was killed by the fall of a tree. My mother died soon after, she lies next my brother in the village nearest to the wood. I heard that I was to have a step-mother, but it did not take place. My father—I speak openly of him as of myself—my father was a most popular man, but he liked no one and nothing. He gave both his hands to any one who accosted him, he was gracious, hearty, and enthusiastic; but scarcely had the man turned his back, than he spoke contemptibly of him and of everyone. He was a hypocrite for amusement, and he was one even towards beggars.

"My father's table was full of the highest officers of the state, artists, and scholars, they liked good fare, and in return they decorated our table with their orders and titles. We gave large parties, and yet had no intercourse. At the great banquets at home, at which sat men covered with orders, and women with bare necks, I was brought in to dessert, and handed from lap to lap, I was hugged and flattered; and received ice and cakes. There must be a picture of me to be seen in some rag shop; I was depicted life size, with

crisp curls and in a velvet coat. The court painter painted the picture, but it was subsequently sold with all our furniture. I had no relations. I had a private tutor, my father did not choose to send me to a public school. I grew up and was my father's idol; he kissed me heartily whenever he sent for me. My teacher instilled into me the idea that I was to regard myself as the central point of everything, and concern myself but little about my dear fellow-men. This has helped me more than he could have imagined."

"I should like to ask," said Prince Valerian, rising, "Was your father a Pole?"

"No, a German, a German like my mother."

Sonnenkamp paused for a moment, contemplated the company and his carving, and continued in another tone: "The best thing is to deaden so-called conscience; all men do it, only some more bunglingly than others. The world is nothing but a combination of selfishness. At sixteen years of age, I was already in the hands of usurers. I was heir to a million, and that was at that time more than seven millions at the present day. My father's attorney settled with them, and no sooner was it done, than I renewed their bill; it pleased me to have so much credit. I was frivolous and remained so. I had no affection, in fact I had no esteem for my father, who—it must be owned—was the most perfect hypocrite who ever wore the white neck-tie of respectability. My father was, however, an honest hypocrite; others deceive themselves, and gloss themselves over with ideality, and persuade themselves that anything which is not money or enjoyment, is really serious and true to them. My father was also a philosopher, he constantly said—'My son! the world

belongs to him who conquers it either by power or cunning; he who looks on sentimentally, retains only a view of it. The two great powers of the world are stupidity and baseness. Reckon on these and you will never miss your aim. Occasionally stupidity and baseness are combined; then they incur penalty. Will you pass through the world well, never show yourself clever with the stupid, nor allow the base to imagine, that you like to be good or believe that you can be so.' "

Sonnenkamp worked violently at the stick which he had in his hand; nothing was heard but the scraping of the knife as it rounded the point of the stick.

"Now that I have said that," he began again, "I can go on quietly. At seventeen I was a dissolute fellow, initiated into every vice. I was good for nothing, but I was noble and rich and therefore very popular; and, moreover, nature and fate had endowed me with fearful extravagance. My father paid my gaming debts and others also. He went with me to the ballet and lent me his black opera glasses, that I might look at the sylph-like Cortini, whom he knew was no stranger to me. Yes, we led a merry life! My father impressed upon me ever the one doctrine—do not adhere to one alone. Every Sunday I was obliged to act the hypocrite and say I was going to church; but my father knew and had secret pleasure in the knowledge that I went elsewhere. Our carriage stood every Sunday in front of the church, where the most pious and noblest clergy officiated, and every second Sunday we did not drive but we walked; for our coachman then was also to go to church. Our livery must show itself to be religious. My father was a Protestant, and I, for my mother's sake, was Catholic. I know all creeds. I

leave it to others to decide in which form of religion hypocrisy is best developed.

"The question now occurred to me, what was I to do? I had no desire to work at a counting-house. I had a wish to be a soldier, but I was not of noble birth, and I did not care to be merely tolerated and patronized at the Jockey Club. I went to Paris. All that the world can afford of wild enjoyments, I have enjoyed in abundance. Men boast of their virtue, which for the most part is nothing but weakness of constitution; they make a virtue of necessity. When I had rioted enough, my father fetched me away. I lived at home, and all that I saw before me of so-called virtue was nothing but cowardice, and the fear of being little esteemed. To be virtuous is tedious, to appear virtuous is at once amusing and useful. All that one can do without being seen or discovered is allowed; the main matter is to belong to society. I frequently went from brilliant parties to miserable dens: low vice seemed to me worthy of honour. We were proud of being thoroughly infamous fellows. There was an air of poetry about it; one has only to meet with such a poet as Byron, who depicts vice with extraordinary and brilliant power, and everything which is vice in lower spheres, becomes fashionable adventure. I saw it, the whole world is but masked vice, and in truth it is not vice, it is only called so; we write *Poison* on the bottle, so that the common people may not drink it.

"I know not whether it was chance, or whether it was skilfully so arranged, but I became acquainted with a beautiful girl, fresh as a rose. At twenty-one years of age I was to be a steady married man. Every

one congratulated me at leaving off my wild life, and becoming a respectable husband. My bride seemed an enthusiastic child, and to this day I do not understand how she could have jested with me over my past life; probably her mother instructed her to do so. Why I married the child I know not. When I went to the church, when I returned, when I made my wedding tour, all of it seemed as if it belonged to another. We returned home, and—the whole thing is so long ago—I only know now that I discovered a former affection of the sweet child's. It annoyed me that I had been duped. I left her, and during the pending separation she died, and with her a second life. I was now free again—free! that means only free to be in Paris. I longed to ruin myself in enjoyment; I wished to squander away my life, and every morning a new one began afresh; I despised life, and still did not cast it from me. What does life afford? fame or wealth? The first I could not desire, the second stood open to me. My father tried to keep me short; I played at the exchange, gained important sums of money, and lost them again; I had however still enough to keep me comfortably in my game of hazard.

“I was in Marseilles in the midst of merry company, when I heard of my father's death. The greatest part of his wealth had been seized by creditors, and desiring no home remembrances, I wrote to the lawyer, telling him to sell everything. Malicious remarks were made after my father's death. People said: ‘One good thing can be said of him, he was better than his son.’

“They say that God and the devil wrestle with each other for mastery in the world. I have only heard of these two great powers, they have never presented them-



selves; but I know two things that struggle with each other, namely work and ennui. One stupefies oneself in work, as in enjoyment; one becomes benumbed in the carnival masquerade of so-called morality. 'All is vanity,' said the wise king; he must have meant, 'all is tedious, barren, empty, and endless yawning, that only ceases with the death rattle.' I have passed through the whole desert of ennui; nothing helps me over it but opium, hazard playing, and adventure."

Again Sonnenkamp paused, and carefully continued his carving; at length he said: "You look at me with astonishment that I should utter wisdom. It is just as insipid as honour, music, friendship, and fame—all is empty. The gods of the present day, the religious gods as well as the worldly, say: 'We know that you only act the hypocrite to us, but that you must act the hypocrite to us, is a token of our authority.' And the so-called delight in nature, in mountain and valley, in water and wood, in sunshine, moonlight, and twinkling stars—what is it? Pure illusion, a curtain to conceal the mould of the grave. What is a man to do then in the world? To know that millions have lived before him, and to look up at the stars? To be proud that every one is tired out with playing, like the barrel-organ player with his waltz, the same to-day, yesterday, to-morrow? You see I had made Byron thoroughly my own. Unfortunately I was neither a poet nor an interesting corsair. The world had become distasteful to me; I would not kill myself; I resolved to live and to despise every one. With a frenzy, as if in derision of myself, I lost everything at play, and now came the merry part. It was a wet cold night, but it was agreeable to walk thus

perfectly placid along the streets. I went into the ant-heap of the great city; I had played away my money, my lover had been false to me, and it was a cunning and refined man who showed me that night over a bottle of canary that I possessed a capital which I did not know how to discount; I was a born diplomatist. I understood the melody of the decoy bird at the first whistle. If I was to be a diplomatist, I played my part even there. New horses, new servants, new lovers, new mansions were again mine; I was an attaché—in plain English, I was a spy. I do not mince the matter, and life was merry. At last I had found it, at length hypocrisy had its object. The praise that the ambassador bestowed on me, I deserved more than he knew. You know the institution of re-insurance. I secretly gave the ambassador the most fruitful information, and at the same time I was carrying on a subordinate business with the minister of police, whom I secretly informed of all that I knew of the machinations of the ambassador. The ambassador gave me false information—we knew it—but from the false information, we could gather what was taking place in reality. And this ambassador—he could draw up well-written votes and memorials—assumed to be a philosopher, a higher nature, and allowed his breast to be covered with orders resulting from my espionage, from my bribes, and from my despatch thefts. Might one not perhaps—I know not whether I express myself diplomatically—might one not call this approximating to brutality?”

He paused, fixed his eye on Clodwig, and waited till he looked up, then he continued: “Fie upon a man who holds a human being as a slave, who makes a man

a slave ! But honour, title, honour on you who make a man a spy, a thief, and a traitor ! Oh, the world is beautiful indeed !”

Sonnenkamp made a pause ; he looked at the assembled party, and seemed awaiting an appeal. But as none came, he continued in a calm tone : “ There came a day when I was obliged to escape.”

The sheriff rose and asked : “ Will you not tell us why you were obliged to escape ?”

“ Simply on account of a duel. I had the choice of travelling with five passports of different names. I wished at first to remain concealed, and one is best concealed by mixing with so-called respectable people. I was a gardener at Nice. All my senses were blunted ; I seemed to myself dead, as if with my thoughts alone I were the companion of my body ; then I became a gardener. The smell of the damp mould was the first thing that had done me good for a long while, and had made me feel that I lived. It strengthened me. The masquerade pleased me. I had good sleep, good appetite. The daughter of the gardener wished to marry me. I had again reason to run away ; I had laid aside a good bit of money, and now I dug it out. I began a new merry life in Naples ; I confess I was proud of assuming various transformations ; I was again afloat, with health and good humour. I had a light heart and social talent ; the world was mine. Wherever I came, I had friends—how long were they my friends ? So long as I had money. That was indifferent to me. I desired no fidelity, I gave none ; I had a frame of steel, a heart of marble, and unshaken nerves, I knew no sickness and no sympathy. I have felt many a charm in life—”

He made a pause ; it was the only time during his

whole speech that he smiled. Then he continued: "One strange touch of sentimentality however did not leave me. It was in Naples. We were going on the water, a gay and merry party, and I was the merriest of all. Who can say what is passing in a man's mind? There, under the bright, Italian sky, with laughing, singing, jesting friends, a thought passed through my mind. What do you possess on the continent? Nothing. Yes—one thing—the grave of your mother; and forth from the laughing, merry Italy, I travelled without resting; I saw nothing of the countries I passed through; I went on and on to sad and dirty Poland; I reached the village which I had not seen since my sixth year. And such is man—no, such am I. I would not impose on myself the grief of seeing my mother's grave; I looked over the hedge of the churchyard, but I did not go in, and I travelled back without having seen the grave. Such am I, so good or so bad; I think I am both together. I travelled through Greece, through Egypt, I was in Algiers; I did all I could to destroy my vigour, but it did not succeed. I have an iron, indestructible nature. I was in England, in the land of respectability. It may be that I have a peculiar eye, but I saw everywhere nothing but masks, hypocrisy, and expediency. From thence I took ship to America.

"You will laugh when I tell you that I was on the point of joining the Mormons, and yet so it is. These people have courage and honesty, polygamy is a law with them, while throughout the rest of the world it exists under the mask of falsehood. But I was not fit for their society. I was soon again in New York, and there I found the college and the Olympus of gamblers;

the epicureans of Paris and London are bunglers compared with the Yankees.

"It was at that time the fashion to inveigh against the southern nobles, but I have found among them truly heroic natures, of the same substance as that of which conquering Rome was built. Only he who has been in America, knows in reality the being who is called man; everything there is unfettered, unrestrained—in religion alone they are hypocrites, that belongs to respectability."

Professor Einsiedel rose; Sonnenkamp turned to him and asked if he had any question to put. The professor answered in the negative, and Sonnenkamp continued: "My five passports were still of use; I called myself here Count Gronau. The Americans delight in intercourse with nobles. After a wild night, I shot a man in the open street who had offended me; I fled and lived for some time among the horse-stealers of the Arkansas. It was a merry life, wilder than any other. Man becomes a beast of prey, and my body endured the most enormous fatigues. I left this society also, and became a sailor on board a vessel bound for the whale fishery. I had shot lions and leopards in Algiers, now I was on the chase after the king of the sea. The world only exists after all, to be caught and overcome.

"I soon gained dexterity enough to demand the post of steersman. The last thing was still wanting, namely, the chase after human beings. It was at first a hunting adventure, new, exciting, and attractive. We caught men and purchased men; cunning and courage were in activity, and the trade pleased me. Much danger and much money.

"The main emporium for our black goods was at Cuba. We laid sacks full of doubloons before the door of the secretary-general; that was the signal that a freight of negroes was landing on the coast. We had our creeks where we landed, and we were obliged to drive the negroes miles out into the land, in order to get them again. We imported chiefly boys, and no older men. Yes, I have been a slave-dealer; they called me the sea-eagle, for the sea-eagle has the finest scent. It was a bold and excellent joke. I seized the chief who was selling his subjects to me. These black and speaking animals have one thing in common with their so-called fellow men, which, perhaps—I say perhaps—places them on an equality; they can play the hypocrite, like the white men. After the first burst of fury was over, the chief seemed to be resigned; but one day I was pursued with my freight by an English vessel. I fancied that we should have been taken. But it was not the case. But in my fear lest we should be caught, I threw our whole freight into the sea. It was food for the sharks. You expect, perhaps, a palliation, a justification of my mode of action? It was simply my right."

There was a movement among the listeners; Sonnenkamp paid no attention to it, and continued in a strong voice: "Here is the finger which the chief tried to bite off; you know how he has recently appeared. From that time I went no more by sea, I had the business carried on by others, and at length I gave it up completely. I had large plantations, and the child of the steersman who had died on the whale fishery, I had brought up and married. I delighted in such a half-slumbering being, childishly indistinct as she was

in all thought, or, perhaps, really without thought. I did not know at that time that there were great, heroic, and conquering female natures."

These last words Sonnenkamp uttered very loud. He made a short pause and then continued: "I was living quietly when the frantic party in the north boasted that they would abolish slavery. Above all, my German countrymen pressed forward as generous friends of humanity. Then I stepped out in public print and confessed myself a German, in order to say that they were not all such clamourers for humanity. I showed the madness of the desire to liberate slaves. Human men wished to help with charity, but the misery of the world is not to be cured with charity. Works of mercy, such as they are, are vain quackery; the only permanent and actual benefit to the lower orders is slavery. To wish to be nothing else than what they are, to be cared for by their master, this is the best thing...certainly for the blacks, and perhaps no less for the whites. Herr Weidmann knows that it was his nephew more than all, who was my bitterest foe.

"I was in the southern states, and those with me were nobles; we are the privileged classes; there are privileged races and privileged natures in these races. The only honourable men after my own sort, whom I have known, are the barons of the southern states; there was nothing but hypocrisy everywhere else; it displeased me, it is true, that even they should wish to cover their acts under the cloak of religion, but still it was amusing that the clergy should be ready to undertake the office. I soon learned, however, to despise also these southern squires, they kept slaves and

yet looked depreciatingly at those who purchased slaves and traded in them. It was a remnant after all of the old hypocrisy of virtue. Why deny natural, open, unmerciful rule? Why not acknowledge openly what was done in secret? Because the English lord idolaters place slave-dealers on the list of pirates?

"The free men of the South are themselves slaves of custom. The feeling came over me. As I had a son, a longing was awakened in me, which I could not conquer. I have told you that in my early youth it had often passed through my mind, that were I a noble, I would have entered the military service with all my courage and power, that I should have, perhaps, become a so-called honourable man, for a time probably frivolous, but afterwards managing my estate and attending to the honour of my family. It is a contradiction, I know, that I should despise the world and yet strive after honour. This has arisen from the impressions of my youth. The only certainty that the world bestows on us is afforded by genius and rank, otherwise no one rises beyond moderation and tolerance.

"I see a contest at hand in the new world; courage and power are on our side; there will be a slaughter without its equal, but we shall conquer. The Southern States want independence and I have laboured for our cause in Europe. We have lived in England, in Italy, and in Switzerland. For a time I thought to become a so-called free citizen of Switzerland. But I hated Switzerland; it allows foreigners to be free; but if a man wishes to become a citizen of the State, he may no longer be a free man, he must take part in all its petty machinery. He who does not gain money, and does not wish to be religious, both, however, may be very



well combined—is fit for nothing in Switzerland ; there is no court, no nobility, no free society, they have only three things—church, schools, and hospitals, and all three are indifferent to me. I do not like, moreover, to have always unattainable heights before my eyes, it is depressing ; that is why here on the Rhine it is so comfortable and home-like.

“ For free men, Germany is the only land. There, each pays his tax, and that is all. I returned to Germany, because I wished to obtain a life of social splendour for myself and my son. The esteem of those around me, of my fellow-men, is a great luxury, perhaps the greatest ; I wished to have it. And like a melody, it seemed for ever ringing in my ears—a country house on the Rhine. It had been the idea of my childhood, and of my manhood, that is the sentimental trait in my life, and it will ruin me.

“ When I surveyed the whole world and asked myself where is the happiest place to live, I was obliged to confess, that the greatest pleasure must be to be a rich Baron in a small German province, where life was full of enjoyment without duty ; a man had the honours and the pleasures of a small circle. I have drank and fought with Red Indians, and have more than once had my scalp in danger of becoming an ornament of an Indian chief ; I wished now to try my fortune with the red collars and their leader. I did not wish to pass from the world until I had seen court life also. I had conceived my idyll, and it was not without intention that I named my house Villa Eden. I wished to live here quietly, sufficient for myself, with my plants and like my plants ; but thoughts for my children drew me out to the world again. You know, in fact, that I wished

to be raised to rank. I am now really at the end. But—”

He paused and looked at what he had carved ; it was a negro's head with the tongue hanging from the mouth. With a sharp cut, Sonnenkamp suddenly removed the tongue and mouth, so that they fell into his lap, then holding up the mutilated figure, he continued : “ I have placed myself and my family under the protection of civilization, I have not fled into the wilderness, but into so-called culture. Honestly confessed, I do not repent it. I am not a weakling. My feelings have been steeled in the fire. I have not concealed my past history, because I thought it bad. What is there bad in the world ? I have concealed myself from want of judgment and weakness. Thousands repent without improving ; I have not repented, and I have also not wished to improve. If I had been a soldier in a successful war, I should perhaps be a hero. I am a man without superstition, I have not even the superstition of so-called humanity. I live and die in the conviction that so-called equality of right is a fable ; to free the negro will never do good, the whole race will be destroyed if it ever happens that a negro sits in the White House at Washington. The world is full of hypocrisy, my only pride is now that I am no longer a hypocrite.

“ But now, has any one anything to ask on any point that is indistinct to him ? I am ready to answer.”

He paused.

No one answered.

“ Well, then,” he assumed, “ I have ended, I have not changed my views of life, nor shall I change them ; I have openly declared what I think. I am not different

to many others, only I openly acknowledge what I am. For my children's sake I am ready to pacify public opinion and what you call humanity. I wish to lead an honourable life, it is for you to find out what it shall be. I have been refused rank, I would have shown how I conformed to it—I say conform, for I will not change.

“One word more. I can prove that not the half of my property comes from the negro, our so-called fellow-man. And now, my neighbours, consider and decide. You rejoice in a spotless well-regulated course of life, fulfil your duty and your love to an unregulated and far from spotless man. I shall await your verdict on the day fixed.”

He withdrew and left the gentlemen alone.

Who can conceive the countenances of the judges and the change of expression, while Sonnenkamp was relating his story!

Now, when he had withdrawn, all sat in silence.

What did the man wish? Was it all mockery and derision, or did he really expect a means of atoning for his conduct?

Weidmann's expression was clear and firm, his blue eye was calm, he seemed surprised at nothing.

The major struggled with himself, he thought of his neglected youth and frequently beat his clenched hand against his heart, and whispered to himself: “Yes, who knows, whether you might not yourself have been just the same.”

And from emotion at the thought, and from pain for the man who had spoken so daringly, his feelings overpowered him. He wished to restrain the tears, but he could not. He wiped the perspiration from his fore-

head, and helped away his tears at the same time. Had he dared to follow his own desire, he would have hurried after the man, and would have embraced him and called to him: Brother, brother, you have been a very bad brother. No, no, you are a boaster, a bragger of baseness; but you are not bad, and if you were, you have still a good heart and will be good, I—I will answer for you.

But he did not venture to follow the impulse of his heart. He looked round to see if anyone was going to speak; Professor Einsiedel gave him a true-hearted look, and the major nodded, as if to say: Yes, in all your books you have never found anything like this. It is terrible, all that the man can think and do; but, believe me, he is not at all so base as he likes to make himself...

The doctor was the first to venture to say aloud to Clodwig: "We have allowed ourselves to be mis-used for a comedy. One can, perhaps, convert a passionate criminal, but never a cunning and hardened one."

"And with all that is detestable," replied Clodwig, "such power in laying bare the hypocrisy of the world."

The palate of his mouth seemed dried up.

"We Germans," exclaimed the doctor, merrily, "are for ever a nation of schoolmasters. This hardened miscreant wishes to instil into us that his wickedness is vain wisdom and logic, and he scornfully dresses up his cynicism with ideas."

"Exile," began Professor Einsiedel, "would be the only sentence that we, like the ancients, would pass upon one who has desecrated and outraged all the blessings of the civilized world; but there is no longer

any country to which we can send the banished man, where, divested of all that civilization offers, he might atone for his life."

"Any punishment that we inflict upon him," said Prince Valerian, "is a punishment to his children."

"This Herr Sonnenkamp," said Clodwig, and his lip trembled, "is with all his infamy unfortunately a production of the present age. The human race of this day has an evil conscience, it is at variance with itself and does not acknowledge its convictions in truth."

There was again a long pause.

"I think," said Weidmann, "that in seven days from to-day we had better meet here again for the purpose of opening the opinions given, and then we will publicly pass our decision."

With a stammering voice the major begged his friends not to separate at present, as nothing had been rightly settled, and he would not know what to do by himself. He would really like to have asked whether Fräulein Milch might be called into council, for he knew she would help him; but in a tribunal of honour he felt that each ought to decide for himself.

The major's heavy head nodded to and fro.

Those assembled seemed desirous of getting away from their position of torture, and Weidmann called out—"I declare the meeting concluded."

All rose, as if they had been freed from an imprisonment, or from some infected atmosphere; they would gladly have gone out into the open air, but it rained continuously, and there were little rivulets and puddles even in the garden paths. So they went into the large saloon.

Clodwig begged the doctor to accompany him to Volfsgarten as he felt unwell; but just as the doctor

was going to get into the carriage with him, he was summoned to Frau Ceres.

Joseph soon came back again, bringing the intelligence that the doctor could not leave his patient; he was obliged to remain with Frau Ceres, as in a fit of madness she had killed the parrot and had dashed to pieces everything in the room. He had opened a vein, and the blood was flowing darkly, but she was quieter.

Although Sonnenkamp had been at once informed of his wife's illness, he never left his room.

The doctor sent word to Clodwig again, that he had better remain here, as the rain continued to come down so heavily; but Clodwig persisted in returning home. He begged the banker to drive with him to Wolfsgarten, and this was at once settled, he only wished to go first to the town and send off a telegram home, telling them not to expect him till they heard again. Bella had meanwhile repaired to the green cottage, and was very affectionate there to Claudine and Lina, though she gave vent to her sharp remarks, and said that Frau Dournay and Manna had selfishly withdrawn while an issue of such importance was pending at home.

When a servant came and announced that Clodwig was going to return at once, she exclaimed, stamping her foot violently, "I will not!" Then she added, "he must bring the carriage here for me!"

The carriage drove up; Clodwig did not alight, and Bella got in, and seated herself by his side: he sat shivering in one corner. "Why do you not ask how I am?" he said, in a soft trembling voice. Bella did not answer; there was a struggle within her, and suddenly she burst forth—

"Shame on you all! What are you compared with this man? There is for once something powerful in

this lint-making, humanity-preaching society. You are all cowards and dunces!"

"Wife, you are carrying on a bad game with this wicked man. Do not ruin yourself still more!"

"Ruin myself? I am driving home with you—home—you have ordered it—what more do you want? Speak not a word—not a word, or I will care nothing for this pouring rain. I will spring out of the carriage and run about the world, I know not whither; only I will be no more fettered and no more bound to your miserable, fair-spoken world with its gloss of humanity!"

"Wife! what are you saying? Are good and bad then—"

"Pah, bad and good are the crutches on which you support yourselves, because you have no stability in yourselves! A man ought to be strong and firm! anything but weakness, anything but sentimentality, anything but the garb of your tearful humanity. And a Jew and an atheist like Herr Dournay are sitting in judgment on such a man."

"I do not understand you," interposed Clodwig; but without answering, Bella went on—

"He did you too much honour in wishing to belong to you. Some day it will be seen whether the world is to be drowned in a flood of equality or whether there are still to be differences of rank. You ought to cross the sea, for the last decisive conflict is at hand; but you are nothing but dressed up nobles. The southern states are rising, and if they fall then there will be no more aristocracy; then you will all be shorn by the shears of equality. Why do not your saints of humanity cross the sea and free our black brothers? Call in the coachman, your human brother! do not let

him sit in the rain—let him come to us in the carriage—or shall I call him for you ?”

She seized the cord ; the coachman pulled up ; she let Clodwig wait in painful suspense, then she exclaimed, “ Drive on, it is nothing.” She turned her head restlessly to either side, her eye rolled wildly, and gnashing her teeth, she cried aloud, “ I know no longer what I am doing—a curse upon—”

She suddenly stopped. At that moment something cracked in her mouth, and she raised her hand to it. What was it ? She took it out. In her fury she had broken a front tooth, which for some time had been very thin and required caution. She convulsively squeezed the hand in which she held the tooth, and pressed her lips together. That this should have happened to her ! It flashed across her mind that she could now never more launch forth against people who had false teeth. Nevertheless, no one would believe that she, Bella, had a false tooth.

They found the banker waiting in the town.

Bella got out, holding a handkerchief before her mouth, and her voice sounded hollow through it as she begged the banker to accompany her husband, and as she desired a servant to remain with her. She hastened to the railroad ; at the station she felt embarrassed, and did not move the handkerchief from her mouth, but she told the servant to take tickets to the garrison town. Then she sat silently in a corner of the waiting-room, with her veil doubled over her face. She travelled to the garrison town. No one was to know that she was having a false tooth put in—no one was to have seen her with the gap.

Clodwig drove homewards, often wiping his eyes on



the way, as if he were removing a veil that was for ever spreading over them : his pride had been offended—he, Clodwig, had been derided, and by whom ? By his wife. She had never loved him for a moment ; he felt this as a pang at his heart, and this pang never relaxed, for the pain suffered mentally at once expressed itself physically. Who can measure the reciprocal effect ?

The rain had ceased, but to Clodwig everything appeared misty and gloomy. He reached Wolfsgarten, all the rooms seemed to him full of smoke and mist. He sat down in his chair. "I am alone—alone," he said to himself. The banker spoke some gentle words of encouragement, but Clodwig shook his head. Bella's words had pierced his heart, and had fatally wounded it. They assisted him to take off his coat ; he looked at it for a long time, and nodded, smiling sorrowfully.

Had he any idea that he would never more put it on again ?

When Bella returned on the following morning, and went to Clodwig's bedside, he looked at her with a ghastly countenance.

"Medusa ! Medusa !" he cried. He was unconscious that he had said it, and fell back on the pillow.

They brought him back to consciousness ; hours of great pain passed till the doctor came. He said that Clodwig was very ill, that the whole affair had been too much for him, the drive home in the rain, and "perhaps something else," he added, turning towards Bella, who stared at him with an unmoved countenance.

Clodwig had asked for Eric, as soon as he had recovered consciousness. A messenger was despatched

for him. Bella sent for her brother; no one knew exactly where he was. "I am alone!" she also said.

She was frightened when she had said it, for she felt that indeed she would be soon alone.

It was difficult to find Prancken.

Never was a man more outwardly unmoved and inwardly broken down than Prancken, when he left Villa Eden. It was more than good manners, it was habit that supported him. Prancken would have found it heavy to bear, but he would have reconciled himself to it had Manna rejected him for the sake of the convent. But to be rejected for the sake of another, he, Otto von Prancken! he was thoroughly indignant.

He had been scorned where he actually loved. Can Otto von Prancken give love and it is not responded to? If the girl had taken the veil, and had rejected the world, she would have rejected him with it, because he was in the world; but to be scorned and rejected for the sake of another!

He felt at the first nothing but his offended dignity, and his disdained love, for he loved Manna; united with her, and of course also with her money, he would be good and only still take delight in his beautiful horses. So this is the reward of virtue? he said to himself. This is the way in which Heaven rewards good intentions?

He laughed aloud, as he remembered that in expectation of the millions that were to be his he had incurred heavy debts. What was he to do? Involuntarily he turned back and gave one more look at the Villa. It needed but one line, one short meeting, and if he rode back and placed this before Sonnenkamp,

he should probably return with hundreds of thousands. But no, he dared not.

He rode further, and came to the villa of Herr von Endlich. There dwelt the young widow—should he go to her? He knew his proposal of love would not be rejected there. No, not now. And yet he paused and alighted from his horse. He asked after her, and heard that she had gone to Italy with her brother.

He thought of going to Bella and Clodwig. No, he would not do that. He had not drawn them into his counsels, when he had adhered to Sonnenkamp in opposition to the whole world; and could he now bear to be pitied by Sonnenkamp, and fed with words of wisdom? He turned his horse, and rode up the river, and at last passed by Villa Eden; his horse wanted to go in at the gate, and he had to spur and whip it to make it pass by.

He rode to the rectory, and sent for Fräulein Perini. He asked her first whether she was going to remain longer in the house. Fräulein Perini stared at him, and said she hoped she was not mistaken in him, but that he was not surely going to resign everything into Dournay's hands; her father had fallen in a duel for a far smaller prize.

The priest interposed: "Noble young friend! No, do not think of that. What is the good of this little duel in the corner of a wood, and of your killing a man according to the laws of single combat? You sons of nobles must venture the great duel of the revolution under the banner of the Pope."

Prancken smiled to himself, but he did not say how strange the priest's advice appeared to him; before it had been known whence the money came from, they

had intended to devote it to sacred objects, but now no longer.

Prancken looked at the priest, and smiled. Had not the priest also known before of the origin of the money? He had it on his lips to say to him, "It is very wise and friendly, now that it is no longer to be had, to behave as if one had refused it."

But why should he embitter the only party that still adhered to him? He determined not to be less wise, and said he had separated himself from Sonnenkamp because the latter refused to devote, according to his request, the main part of his property to some pious institution. He could say this with good reason, for he had desired it. It was this which he had determined to cling to; it concealed the reason for Manna's rejection of him, and his own unrelenting adherence to Sonnenkamp received a certain air of sanctity.

The priest reminded Prancken that this was the day of the meeting; he was expected there. Prancken took his leave.

He rode on. He passed the villa which had belonged to the privy counsellor. Ah, they were cunning, he thought to himself—they had secured their share of the booty before the decision! Why had he been so simple, tender, and trusting?

He put up his horse at the railway station, and went by train to the Episcopal city; he was, of course, expected. But how was he to enter among his companions? He fortunately arrived just as the meeting was at an end. He was honourably welcomed at the palace of the Prince of the Church, and with quick resolve he here decided on his plans.

Here also came the message from Bella. He went to Wolfsgarten. The first who met him was the banker. Prancken looked at the man haughtily, but he had good manners enough to be courteous in his demeanour to him.

He went to Bella, who briefly informed him of Clodwig's illness. Prancken listened in silence. This was not the time to tell her of his resolve, or of what had occurred. Even when Bella asked him why he looked so disturbed, he did not like to answer.

"Why were you not at the meeting? Do you come from Villa Eden? How are things looking there?" asked Bella.

"I do not know," replied Prancken at last.

Yes, how were things looking at Villa Eden?

## CHAPTER IV.

**S**ONNENKAMP was sitting alone. He had not spoken again to the assembled gentlemen, as he had sent them word previous to the meeting. At first he sat there with a certain feeling of self-reliance—in fact, with a sense of victory, as if he were a hero, who after a glorious battle had laid aside his arms, and was resting in his tent.

Presently another feeling took possession of him. He fancied he heard in his solitude something like a crackling, a light and scarcely audible gnawing, like the tongues of a flame among the beams, eating away and increasing as it found fresh substance to devour. He felt it was only in imagination, and yet he knew that there was such a spark burning on unceasingly, catching the floor of his room, licking the walls, burning the chairs, and closets, and pictures, distorting the painted faces on the canvas, and at last bursting into a flame, and he knew the flame would spread, and would penetrate into every room, and would at last seize the roof, and the whole house, and would blaze up to heaven.

There was a knock at the door. It was Bella, of course, coming to explain why she had fled when he entered the seed-room. He opened the door quickly, but it was not Bella, but Weidmann, who entered.

"Have you any question to ask in private?" said Sonnenkamp.

"I have only a request to make."

"A request? You?"

"Yes. Will you allow your son——"

"My son?"

"Will you be so good as to let me finish my sentence? Give me your son into my house for days, weeks, months—so long as you like; only let the youth be for some time removed into another sphere, where he can thrive again. He requires just now energetic and absorbing work. He has the desire to look on others, and not on himself. This will help him, and I should like to help him still further. As your son is not to be a soldier, it might be good for him, perhaps, to learn farming."

"Is this a plan which you have concerted with Herr Dournay?"

"Yes, it is his wish, and I think it suitable."

"Indeed?" said Sonnenkamp. "Perhaps Roland also knew of this wish and its suitability, when he went away with Frau Dournay?"

"No; if you refuse, no one will know of it but you, Herr Dournay, and me."

"Have I said I am going to refuse? You wish to have a proof of how far I trust you; I have made you an executor of my will."

"I am much older than you."

Sonnenkamp did not answer, and Weidmann continued—

"What conclusion have you come to regarding my request for your son?"

"If he wishes to remain with you, he has my consent."

The carriage, containing Roland, Frau Dournay, and Manna, drove presently into the courtyard. Weidmann greeted Frau Dournay with heartiness; he had known her long ago, and her once blooming beauty he now saw for the first time as a matron. As they were sitting together in the green cottage, the messenger on horseback arrived from Clodwig, bringing a summons for Eric.

Weidmann now renewed his proposal that Roland should come over to Mattenheim; Roland was advised by all to accept the offer, and he declared that he required no persuasion to do so. He assented, and so he drove off with Weidmann, Prince Valerian, and Knopf.

A whirlwind was blowing through the park; it tore off the last few leaves, raised the fallen ones from the ground, carried them hither and thither, and made the house totter, and a whirlwind within Villa Eden seemed to have scattered its inmates. Roland was gone, Francken appeared no more, Manna lived with Frau Dournay in the green cottage, and Eric had ridden off. Sonnenkamp and Frau Ceres were alone at the Villa. Fräulein Perini came and told Sonnenkamp that his wife wished to speak to him immediately—that she was in a condition which she no longer knew how to overcome.

Sonnenkamp hastened to the apartment of Frau Ceres; she was not there. The maid said that as soon as Fräulein Perini had gone out, her mistress had hurried through the house into the park. They searched for her, and called to her, and at length she was found sitting on the river-side, in the storm, with her diadem on her head, massive pearl necklaces round her bare neck, large bracelets on her arm, and a girdle



of green stones round her waist, which glittered and sparkled. She looked at Sonnenkamp with a strange smile, and then said: "You have dressed me beautifully, and adorned me richly."

She seemed taller than usual. She rose, and threw back her black hair.

"See, here is the dagger; I was going to kill myself with it, but I hurl it from me."

The jewelled hilt glittered as it passed through the air, fell into the river, and sank.

"What are you doing? What is that?"

"Return with me," she cried, "or I will throw myself here into the river, and take some of your wealth with me, these ornaments!"

"You are a deceived child!" exclaimed Sonnenkamp scornfully. "You think that these are real jewels? I have always only given you, silly child as you are, the imitation ones. The real ones, in the same device, and in the same setting, are in my thief-proof safe."

"Indeed? You are cunning!" replied Frau Ceres.

"And you, my wild child, are not crazy."

"No, I am not, if I do not become so. I will remain with you, I will not leave you for a minute again. Oh, I know you—oh, I know you—you mean to leave me."

Sonnenkamp shuddered. How was it? how had that simple creature aroused a thought that was only slumbering in his mind? how had she read it in his heart? He spoke kindly words to her, brought her back to the house, kissed her, and she became quieter. The resolve was firm within him, he would free himself. There was but one thing to gain, and then he would be off into the wide world. He would first go

to the capital and shoot Professor Crutius. He struggled and wrestled with the thought, and finally gave it up. But that other thing, that must happen. And as a confirmation of his sacred resolve, a messenger came from Eric, announcing that he must remain still longer at Wolfsgarten, as Count Clodwig was dying.

## CHAPTER V.

ERIC rode to Wolfsgarten. What had not happened to him, what had not happened to others, since the day that he had ridden from Wolfsgarten to Villa Eden? The whole interval passed through his mind, and he drew a deep breath of silent satisfaction as he thought what might have happened to him, had he not, with all his strength, given a right direction to his connection with Bella. How would it have been, had he been now riding there with feelings distracting his heart? he must have stood at the bed of the dying man as the basest of hypocrites! How must two people feel, who base their happiness on the death of another, and who are not criminals, but cultivated and reasonable beings?

He felt like one that had been rescued; he rode through the wood. Everything was still around him. The yoke elm, which had been the first to be in foliage, was now the first to drop its yellow leaves. There was a gentle sound of rippling and crackling in the falling leaves, and the hawk alone was screeching among the trees.

Eric reached the mansion, and entered the courtyard. He went to Bella, who looked pale and suffering. Eric was frightened at meeting Francken here. The two men needed the utmost self-command to be able to stand here face to face with each other.

"He is sleeping now," said Bella; "he speaks constantly of you. Be composed, you will scarcely know him. Yield to him in everything, for he is easily excited."

Bella's voice was hoarse; she covered her eyes with her handkerchief, and asked: "You were at your father's death-bed?"

Eric answered in the affirmative. Bella went to tell Clodwig of Eric's arrival. Pranken and Eric were alone. For some time they spoke not a word; at last Eric began; "It pains me that I must bear upon myself the appearance of having acted unjustly to you. I must do so, because the higher right of Manna's love—"

"Enough!" interrupted Pranken. "I had never believed that I should speak with Herr Dournay again; but we are now met at a sick bed, and for the sake of the sick—"

Bella came back and said: "He is still sleeping. Ah, Herr Dournay, Clodwig loves you far more than anyone else in the world."

She held out her hand to Eric; it was cold as ice. For a long time not a word was spoken; at length Eric asked: "Is there no hope?"

"The doctor says that his life is only to be reckoned by hours. Do you hear nothing? The doctor promised to come—immediately to come again. Ah! if I could only induce Clodwig to have another opinion. Pray urge him to do so. I have no confidence in Dr. Richard."

Eric made no answer.

"Oh God!" exclaimed Bella, "how forsaken we are in our hour of need. You will remain with us, will you not? You will not leave us?"

Eric promised. It was in a strange tone, a remembrance of the old courtesy, when Bella now apologized for not having before inquired for Eric's mother, Frau Ceres, and Manna, and with a peculiar manner of utterance, she added: "And what is Herr Sonnenkamp doing?"

A servant came with the announcement that the count was awake, and had immediately asked for Captain Dournay.

"Go to him," said Bella, laying her hand on Eric's shoulder. "Pray mention it as your own and not as my wish, that he should see another doctor."

Eric went, and Bella said in a low voice to Prancken: "Otto, get me that Jew away politely. What does he want here?"

Prancken went to the banker. Bella was alone; she felt a restlessness that she could not master. She drew up in fancy the announcement of the death, in fact she even wrote down the words:

"I inform all relatives and friends of the sad tidings that my beloved husband, Clodwig, Count of Wolfsgarten, formerly ambassador at Rome, knight of high orders, died at Wolfsgarten after a short illness, at sixty-five years of age. I request your silent sympathy. Bella, Countess of Wolfsgarten, née von Prancken."

A demon dictated the words to her; she saw the announcement with its broad black border, while Clodwig was still alive. Why was it? What compelled her to put it into words, and to see it before her? She could not get rid of the idea. She took the paper, tore it into fragments, and scattered the pieces out of the window in the tempest.

had meanwhile gone to the sick room.

"You are there at last?" cried Clodwig; his voice was weary, and the child-like hand which he held out as Eric entered, seemed more refined than ever. "Sit down," he said. "Do not be so agitated; you are young and strong, and have a quiet conscience. Give me your hand. It is a happiness that I am dying in full consciousness. I have often wished to die from a sudden stroke. It is better so. Tell me, how is your mother?"

Eric could scarcely bring out a word, and Clodwig continued: "Tell me, how is Roland? Would he not have come with you? I see him, handsome boy, always before me. You have done well, Eric."

Before Eric could answer, the sick man fell back on his pillow. He seemed to have fallen into a slumber. Nothing was heard but the ticking of the clock. A carriage drove into the yard, and the wheels rattled over the gravel. Clodwig awoke.

"That is the doctor," he said aloud.

He begged the nurse, a sister of mercy, to tell the doctor that he should like to speak a short time with Eric alone. Quickly raising himself in bed, Clodwig said: "Close the door, I want to talk with you alone."

Eric sat by the bed-side, and Clodwig began: "You ask for my opinion of Sonnenkamp. I have freely expressed it. His path is confused, his aim terrible. Who is the judge? Hypocrisy is great in the world. It is a confusion of caricatures and masks. He had the courage, the insolence to acknowledge the hypocrisy in himself. If I look over my past life, what is it? I have filled a uniform. What are we? Wastes, with sentry boxes painted with the colours of the country. When the relief guard comes, we act mysteriously and

whisper—it is all an empty farce. Hypocrisy is the life of most men, it is mine also, long and honourable as it has been. We have no courage to confess what we are; we encumber ourselves with forms and indulgences, with courtesies and pliability, and where is our true innermost being? We never tell each other what we are, and what we know ourselves to be. I have no crime or error to confess; I have been all my life like thousands, like millions beside me. I have only not done what I ought to have done, I have not from hour to hour presented myself before the Almighty and said: ‘Such I am, and such I ought to be.’ I have killed myself with false philosophy, I have persuaded myself that all will come of itself, that we stand under the law of development, that we have nothing to do with it. Yes, truly. Everything advances of itself. Death comes of itself, and takes away life that was no life, no openness, no true self. I have led a useless life.”

“You are too hard upon yourself,” Eric was at length able to reply. “It is much to have cultivated and exhibited the good and the beautiful in yourself. Few men are called to other duties, to outward acts.”

Clodwig laid his hand on Eric’s, and looking at him with affection, said smilingly: “Your father once said just the same, and it may be a consolation. I had no country that could give me more to do than diplomatic farces. My life has been inactive business. I have spent the greater part of it in the livery of an employment, which I did not esteem and scarcely cared for. There is this slave-dealer. How despicably he is regarded by the world of rank—and there have been negotiators in these circles, who have been highly

honoured and have been worse than slave-dealers, and there are men who are not in prison merely because it was not necessary for them to steal and because their immorality was purchased with money. Will you give me some drink, my mouth is so dry?"

Eric gave Clodwig some drink, but they were both so awkward that they nearly spilt it all over.

Clodwig remarked with a smile, that so it was in the world, little was really drunk, most was spilt over and wasted.

Clodwig now requested that the doctor might be admitted.

Eric went into the garden.

The November storm was raging without, and the rain was driving. Eric wrapped himself up in his mantle, and went through park and wood, the very same way that he had gone that morning when on the evening before he had depicted his own life to his new friend Clodwig. Now his step was no longer one of joy, he did not feel as if a strange power were bearing him along; he had to struggle with the storm, and the topmast branches rustled overhead. As at that time he stood at the open vestibule, but in the distant landscape there was nothing to be seen but rainclouds chasing each other.

As he entered the room, Clodwig bent forward from his bed and smelling Eric's clothes, said; "Why do the scenes from the Bible now occur to me? The patriarch Isaac says to his son when he goes into his sick room: 'My son, thy breath is as the breath of the field.' Yes, Eric, you are bringing the fresh air of the field into my sick room. When I am no more, think you have done me good."



Eric wept.

"Weep, it is good, it will not harm you, that I have made your heart heavy; you will be glad and active on that earth, the clods of which are soon to rest on me. Only I beg you, stay with me, when I die. Stay with me, Eric. I do not wish to think of petty things, I do not wish to leave the world in anger and hatred; no, not in hatred, not in anger with anyone. Help me to fix my thoughts on the great, the infinite; so I have lived, so I will die."

He laid himself back on the pillows. Eric bent over him, the rich man breathed quietly, and a mild smile lay on his face. What thoughts were now passing through his mind?

Clodwig slept for many hours. Eric sat with the banker and felt refreshed by his sympathizing and unselfish nature; he lacked, indeed, many of the ordinary habits of society, but his demeanour was full of tact, and in the midst of all his agitated feelings, Eric thought that after all unselfishness has true tact, that want of tact is egotism, for egotism thinks only of itself and acts only for itself.

Eric now first learned to know the banker. In Karlsbad, the man had assiduously endeavoured to exhibit his capacity for thought, now his mild and understanding nature showed itself without effort.

Bella treated him with evident depreciation, but he bore it in silence, saying nothing, but showing that he was not angry with her.

She acted according to her nature, and she was moreover not his friend, Clodwig was his friend, and it seemed a duty to put up with anything for his sake. He sat in the library, ready whenever he was called, and retiring whenever he fancied he disturbed.

Towards midnight Eric was summoned, Clodwig was awake and was calling for him.

Bella also went.

She was glad to see Clodwig looking so animated, and even now Clodwig maintained a sort of formal courtesy to his wife ; she wished to give him his medicine, and he said, " Yes, give it to me, but do not speak at the same time against Doctor Richard. Pray do not."

Bella sat for a time in silence by the bedside. Clodwig begged her to go to rest, and she complied with his wish. When he was alone with Eric, he said, " Oh, I have slept so well, and so strangely ! I have been dreaming all the time of the remembrances of childhood ! Hark !—I see a little child, quite a little one, with nothing but its little shirt on, sitting on a cushion by the table, and my mother is holding him and talking to him. I think I can still feel the warm breath of her words, she has leaned her head on my breast, and she is saying, ' There was once a child and it went into the wood to gather flowers, and it found beautiful red flowers, and it gathered them, and then it found beautiful blue flowers, and it threw away the red ones and gathered the blue, and then it found beautiful yellow flowers, and it threw away the blue ones and gathered the yellow, and it found beautiful white flowers, and it threw away the yellow and gathered the white ; and it came out of the wood, and there was a stream, and it threw the beautiful white flowers into the brook, and it had nothing more left in its hand.—Is our life only playing with flowers ?'

He seemed to slumber ; after a time he raised himself again, and said—

" Go up into the room you occupied when you first

stayed with me; take Robert with you, and bring me the bust of Victory."

Eric went with the servant into the balconied room, and made him take the bust of Victory; that of the Medusa, which had stood opposite to it, lay in fragments on the floor.

He asked Robert who had broken it, but Robert knew nothing of it.

When Eric had placed the bust in a suitable light before the sick man's bed, Clodwig said, "Yes, she looked just like that—she, too, in her best hours—your mother knew her." He said nothing further.

After he had looked at the bust a long time in silence, he told Eric to call the banker in. He came, and Clodwig stretched out his hand to him, and said, "It belongs also to you." After having repeatedly nodded as if in confirmation of his thoughts, he continued, "I see far out into the world. Imperialism will be established in America—and in the old world. Some collect round Rome, and others gather round another centre—it is not a man, it is only an idea, it is freedom. Two great standards are planted, and round these standards two countless armies are gathered. On the one standard stands inscribed, We cannot! on the other, We will! A new belief, a new confession will come and revive the world. This new religion will not praise men nor flatter them—it will expect something from them, it will demand something from them; it will be strict, hard, and severe towards them. This alone is helpful. We are walking over a churchyard—our life is death. We require revival by some great idea, by some new religion, and men will assemble in countless masses and will travel to some high moun-

tain to set up their standard. I see you, as you stood that day under the blossoming apple tree, a messenger. You were bearing the standard, and on it was written, Free work !...and now sleep well...good night !" He ceased.

A light lay on his countenance and shone from his eye, which grew fixed in its expression, then he laid his head back, and closed his eyes, but he felt for Eric's hand and held it fast. After a time he let it go. The banker withdrew.

Eric sat by Clodwig's bed, he had fallen asleep. Bella came again, and Prancken with her ; he offered a prayer with the sister of mercy for the dying man ; he did it without reserve and parade, with open decorum. Eric signed to Bella to be quiet ; she sat for a time in silence, and then went away with Prancken.

Eric struggled with sleep and weariness. The morning broke and shed its rosy light over the town. Eric bent over Clodwig, but he heard his breathing no longer. Clodwig had died in his sleep.

Eric sent for Prancken, and begged him to inform his sister ; Prancken insisted that Bella must be allowed to sleep on, till she awoke of herself, as she needed strength. So the sun rose higher, and the sister of mercy sat praying by the bed of the dead.

A carriage drove into the courtyard ; the prince's physician had arrived. Doctor Richard, the physician, Eric, and the banker went again into the room where the body lay. Eric cast another look at the corpse of his friend. The bust of Victory, standing opposite, seemed looking at it painfully.

Doctor Richard briefly informed the physician that Clodwig's illness had been produced by a cold, caught

while he was suffering under great mental emotion. The gentlemen went into the garden-room, and Doctor Richard ordered wine to be brought. "You must drink some," he said to Eric, encouragingly, "nothing else will do; you have consumed so much strength, and the machine must now be fed with wine."

Eric drank, but a tear was mingled with the wine.

The doctor drove away with the physician, and soon after Eric left with the banker, for Bella had expressed her wish to be left alone. They looked sorrowfully back at the mansion, from which a black flag was now waving.

For two days Clodwig's body was exhibited in the grand saloon; it lay on white satin pillows, and his countenance looked peaceful. Lights were burning round his coffin, and he was surrounded with palm trees and flowers. Every one flocked thither from the whole neighbourhood. On the third day Eric, the sheriff, the banker, the major, and several respectable citizens from the town, besides a representative from the prince, and several high state officials, attended Clodwig's body to the vault at Wolfsgarten. The bells sounded from mountain to valley as the last of the Wolfsgartens was buried.

Sonnenkamp had also wished to attend the funeral; he had ridden on the road to Wolfsgarten, but he was not seen among the mourners.

Through the open window in Clodwig's room of death the damp autumn mist penetrated and gathered in drops on the brow of the figure of Victory.

All was mute and desolate at Wolfsgarten, for Prancken also had taken his departure.

Bella was sitting in her own room in deep mourning attire. She had black bracelets on her wrists; she had

just been trying on some black gloves, and had taken them off again ; and now she had placed her delicate hands together and her eye was staring at vacancy, and a voice said within her, "Thou art alone, thou wast always alone, in thyself, and in the world, a solitary nature, as solitary as Frau—"

Her thoughts wandered from house to house in the capital, she knew what they were saying of her and of Clodwig. They had paid her such homage, but where was there one human soul now which yearned for her ? "I am alone, and I will be alone," she repeated to herself. She heard the pendulum of the clock, and remembered a remark of Clodwig's, how he one day said to her, to think of the past and to wish for the future, that is the pendulum of our lives. "That suited him," she muttered, "not me. I do not stand between remembering and wishing ; I desire the present life, ardent life."

She rose, and stood before the mirror, and an expression of pain passed over her face, as she saw that she was no longer so slender as formerly, and black makes people look slender—she appeared to herself so small. Her thoughts wandered further ; as he was to die before her, could he not have died years before, while she was still beautiful ?

A horseman dashed into the courtyard. It was Sonnenkamp. What does he want ?

Sonnenkamp was announced.

"He is welcome."

He entered.

"Countess, I have brought you back that which you have newly awakened in me—heroic courage."

"Heroic courage ? what is it to me ? I am desolate, weak."

"You desolate, weak? You have kindled in me the power to defy the whole world; I am young again, I am fresh again. Now in this eventful season I come to you, to you alone; you alone are still the world to me, you alone make the world still of value to me, and I should like to be something to you, that to you also the world may again be of value."

Bella looked amazed, and he continued—

"Rise above this hour, this year, this country, above all circumstances. If there is a human being that can do this, it is you."

Bella took off her black bracelets, they seemed to press her, and Sonnenkamp continued—

"Bella, I could say I will escape into the wide world—I will sacrifice, I will regardlessly annihilate everything; I will thrust from me wife and children, if you will follow me, if you will venture to cast all behind you, and to be a free nature. I could say this, and it would be true. But that must not decide you. You must not live for me, you must live for yourself. Bella! I see your soul before me, within me, I am speaking your feelings, you are saying as I do; I am at war with the world, she desires public utility, and I—I am no lover of public utility. I am not for benevolent institutions. Others will allure you, stupefy you, persuade you; I esteem you too highly, you have the courage to be yourself."

"I do not understand. What do you wish? What do you wish for yourself, and what for me?"

"For myself? What have I left to wish for? A ball through my brain. There is only one thing that can save me."

"What is that?"

"It is you. To show you what is greatness, and to see you great, I could still wish to live and to struggle. If there is such a thing as admiration, if we can bow before an exalted nature, before a genius that conquers the world, I..."

He bowed low, made a step forwards, and Bella calmly said: "Sit down."

He seemed surprised at her words, but he seated himself and continued: "I know not what you are going to do...yet no, I know what you must do. Do not speak, let me speak. If I am mistaken in you, then my whole life, my thoughts, my efforts, my struggles, are insanity, and the pathetic proclaimers of lofty phrases are right. Bella, you have said one great word to me: a man of resolute action has no family, may have no family. That is my guiding star. I have no longer any family. I have nothing in the world, but myself and you...and you must have also nothing in the world, but yourself; you have never been yourself, never yet, but you can, you must become so."

"Yes, I will! you will fling away all the rubbish that obstructs my true nature. Speak on...what do you bring?"

"I have cast behind me everything that still binds me to the world, to you alone I say it...to you alone; this very day I set out for the new world. There, there is a new world!"

Sonnenkamp rose quickly and grasped her hand.

"Bella, you are a great woman, a nature born for ruling; go with me, you have courage."

Bella shuddered, her eye dilated, she opened her lips, but she did not speak, and Sonnenkamp continued: "I know that your independence is beyond everything



to you, and I am ready to give you any pledge that you shall retain your independence. Go with me, there is a throne to establish. This brow is made for a crown. Come with me."

There was something powerful in Sonnenkamp's tone, it captivated her and overcame her. He seized her hand and she did not withdraw it. Had she so long trifled with all and was she now to be overcome? For a second the thought passed through her mind, that it would be a great remembrance to have experienced this, to have had it in her hand, and to have cast it from her...but she must never bind herself, never, never more. But involuntarily she said: "You think great thoughts, and you think great thoughts of me. I thank you. Oh, friend, we are weak, miserable creatures. Too late! too late! Why does such a call come too late? Ten years ago I should have had the power, then it would have allured me, and I would have staked everything. Anything rather than this lame, idle, vain digging after antiquities...no, I did not mean to say that...and yet...you understand me. But it cannot be. Too late!"

"Too late!" exclaimed Sonnenkamp, seizing both her hands. "Bella, you have told me that had I come in your youth, you would have gone with me through the wide world. Bella...we are young, as long as we will be so; you are young and I will be so. Be courageous, be yourself, be your own. What are seventy idle, halting years? One single year, full of life, is more than all."

There was a long pause; nothing was heard but the ticking of the clock and the scream of the parrot in the adjoining room.

"When do you start?" asked Bella.

"To-night by the express."

"No, by ship. Is there no ship going?"

"Yes; this very night."

"I will come too. But now go...go! Here is my hand, I will come too."

She sat silently, her hands clasped together, her eyes closed. Sonnenkamp seized her hand, and held it firmly, he felt the wedding ring on her finger and softly drew it off.

"What are you doing?" exclaimed Bella suddenly. She looked at Sonnenkamp fixedly, and saw the ring in his hand.

"Leave me that as a token," he said.

"What is the good of it? We are not people who make scenes. Give it to me."

He gave the ring back; but she did not put it again on her finger.

That night the steamer halted at the town; it rained, and blew, and the engine roared and hissed; there was a man standing on the landing place, wrapped in his mantle, and a tall veiled figure passed him.

"Let me go alone," said the woman to the man as she went past him.

The landing board was placed, the woman crossed over and the man followed her. The board was withdrawn again, the vessel turned and floated away in the night and storm. No one was on deck but the two; the sailors hurried to get back to their cabin. The steersman in his water-proof and three-cornered hat, turned the wheel and whistled softly as he did so.

The tall, black-veiled female figure stood on the deck

of the steamer, going down the river ; she gazed at the waves, and on the villages, and towns on the bank, where here and there a light shone through a pane and cast for a moment a stream of light upon the water. A rain of fire poured from the chimney, and a stream of bright sparks fell upon the figure...

## BOOK XIV.

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### CHAPTER I.

THE leaves were falling from the trees, the branches were bare, and Villa Eden stood there, white, glittering, and conspicuous, now that there was no foliage to conceal the bright-coloured wall work. The house was desolate; he who had built it and planted the garden had disappeared.

Sonnenkamp had returned to Europe, he had wished to obtain honours and repose, he had wished to secure a free position for his children. He had been unsuccessful. He now felt impelled to return to the new world, and he had carried with him into the whirlpool a restless and adventurous spirit.

A November storm was blowing through the Rhine valley, shaking the trees, filling the hoisted sails, and carrying the vessel along with it. When Eric awoke he felt anew his sorrow at Clodwig's death; he mourned doubly for him, for he felt that no one to whom he spoke of the departed, would fully comprehend the purity and elevation of his nature. Clodwig had left behind no trace of his influence, and only those who had looked in his eye and had heard his voice, could know and revive the memory of what he was.

Eric had not much time for mourning for his deceased

friend in the quiet morning. The notary from the town was announced. He entered and brought a letter from Sonnenkamp, in which he stated that he had taken with him all that proceeded from the slave trade. He gave Weidmann and Eric full power to dispose of all that he left behind until his children were of age, and to take care of Frau Ceres.

Eric read the letter again and again; he seemed not able to understand what it meant, but there it stood, and the notary explained to him that Sonnenkamp had been with him the day before, and had drawn up the deed of authority: he had also written a letter to Weidmann. Eric left the notary alone and walked thoughtfully up and down the park. He met Tante Claudine and communicated the tidings to her.

"He has decreed his own sentence," said Claudine in her own quiet, thoughtful manner, and then she mentioned that Sonnenkamp had been on the previous day at the green cottage, and had laid strong injunctions upon them to take care of Frau Ceres and the children.

They pictured the feelings of their hearts, how would they receive it, how would it affect them when they heard the tidings? Who would tell the wife, who would communicate it to the children? Eric went with Claudine to his mother; they found Manna with her.

By small degrees he endeavoured to announce Sonnenkamp's sudden departure, but Manna said: "He has forsaken us!"

Eric answered in the affirmative. Frau Dournay seized Manna's hand; Manna stood immoveably, looking before her, at length she said: "Oh, my mother! I will go to her."

They reflected whether the tidings had better not be conveyed to Frau Ceres by Fräulein Perini, but Manna insisted that she and Eric's mother would tell them to her. They left the cottage and walked to the villa. They went in to Frau Ceres; scarcely had they intimated that Sonnenkamp had gone away, than Frau Ceres exclaimed: "I know, I know. You need not tell me. Oh, I can be silent. We have learnt it."

She gave them notwithstanding to understand that Sonnenkamp had travelled to Italy, and perhaps to Paris also, and that he would soon come back to them. When Manna now exerted herself for her mother's sake, the latter smiled and said: "Yes, child, it was not necessary for you to go into the convent. I never intended that. When we go to your father, you must tell him that I never intended that. It is so cold in the convent, and nothing but black dresses, and black does not become you at all."

Eric was summoned, for Roland had arrived; his cheeks were glowing as he exclaimed: "Eric, Herr Weidmann sends you word that he will come and see you to-day. And do you know it already? Lincoln is elected. Herr Weidmann has received the tidings."

Eric now put the two things together. Sonnenkamp had of course also received the tidings, and it had accelerated his resolve. He had often said that the contest would be inevitable, if Lincoln was elected. He had fled in order to join in the contest.

"Where is my father?" asked Roland, as Eric did not utter a word.

"Your father?"

"Yes, where is he?"

"Gone to America."

"Without taking farewell of us all? And my mother, where is our mother?"

"Manna is with her."

Eric was obliged to tell Roland everything. Roland listened, and for a long time did not raise his eyes; at length he said, "I will go to my mother."

Eric advised him to be cautious, and he promised to be so. When Roland entered his mother's room, she exclaimed: "He has left you to me, he cannot long remain away, he will come again."

She embraced Roland passionately, saying: "You have never left me, you have never gone into a convent. Yes, Manna, take your brother for your example. Now you can remain with me."

Frau Dournay had sent a message to the major; he came at once, and when he heard the news, he said: "And we have not yet pronounced sentence upon him."

The storm-wind chased the leaves hither and thither, it seemed also working its devastations among men.

Eric and the major were still standing together, when a horseman appeared. He was wrapped in a cloak; he halted. Had Sonnenkamp himself appeared, they could not have been more astonished. It was Prancken. He looked troubled.

"Where is Herr Sonnenkamp?" he asked.

They informed him of all they knew.

"And is he alone? Do you not know...who is with him?"

"No."

"Has no one of my family been here at the villa? Have you...not seen my sister?"

They could give him no information. Without saying a word, Prancken turned his horse's head and rode

away. The doctor came, and from him they heard that Bella had disappeared from Castle Wolfsgarten. When he heard that Sonnenkamp had also fled, he exclaimed: "She is gone with him! A masterpiece! If Sonnenkamp had employed the most cunning tactics, he could not have acted more astutely. By seducing Bella to accompany him, he diverts slander from himself, and from all that he has done. That he could carry away with him Bella Prancken, is the most powerful act of all."



## CHAPTER II.

**H**ENRY, come ! Henry ! come back ! These are your trees, your house. Come back ! I will dance for you ! Henry ! Henry !”

Such was Frau Ceres’ cry. She would eat nothing ; she wished to wait till her husband came and said : “ Dear child, take something.” It was only at Fräulein Perini’s urgent persuasion that she would touch anything. She walked lamenting through the garden and the conservatories. Fräulein Perini had indescribable trouble in pacifying her. Frau Ceres scolded the gardener for raking the paths, and thus obliterating the footprints of her husband. They were never to be effaced, or he would die.

She sat for hours at the window, looking out over the river, where the vessels were passing up and down, and at the hills and clouds, and moaning softly to herself : “ Henry, I have deeply offended you ; you may beat me as you do your slaves, only take me to you and forgive me. Ah, do you remember how it was when you came to me ? Cesär was playing the harp, and I was dancing in my blue frock and yellow shoes. ...Do you remember ?...Manna !” she exclaimed passionately. “ Manna, bring your harp and play to me, and I will dance. I am still beautiful. Come Henry !” and she tried to sing a dancing air.

Suddenly she asked Fräulein Perini: "He will come again, will he not?" and she asked this in such a calm distinct voice, that their anxiety on her account was lulled again.

"If I die, he is to marry Frau Bella, tell him so," she whispered confidentially, staring with her large eyes. "Frau Bella is a beautiful widow, very beautiful, and he is to give her my ornaments, they will become her well. Let me order the carriage, I will go to Countess Bella, she has letters from him, I am sure."

Fräulein Perini endeavoured to calm her, but Frau Ceres persisted that she would go to Countess Bella. In her fear, Fräulein Perini sent to Frau Dournay and Eric; she hoped they would divert Frau Ceres, and be able to dissuade her from her idea; but they were unsuccessful. Frau Ceres persisted in her request. They told her that the Countess had gone on a journey.

"Then she is with him...with him. I know he has given her my ornaments, and I have the false ones. Call my children to me!"

Manna and Roland came, and with terrible gaiety Frau Ceres exclaimed: "Your father has married Frau Bella, you have now still a mother, she is beautiful... very beautiful. They are all standing and looking at me! Ask them...ask them if it is not true? I am not stupid, he himself said I was clever...Oh, I am clever."

Manna turned to Claudine, who affirmed that it was certainly true, and that Sonnenkamp had fled with Countess Bella. Roland looked at Eric; his eyes were fixed on the ground. The children threw themselves on their mother's neck, and wept and sobbed.

"She has no children, she is not your mother! You

will remain with me, you will not go with her. He will want to steal you. Do not let yourselves be stolen."

They placed Frau Ceres on a sofa, and she held her children's hands till she fell asleep. Manna and Roland sat silently by her side. Who can tell what was passing through their minds? What a heritage of ignominy had their father heaped upon them!

Weidmann sent word that he had arrived. The notary presented him and Eric with the deed of trust, and he had also received instructions from Sonnenkamp as to how tidings from home were to reach him. Information of all that happened at Villa Eden was to be sent to a newspaper of the Southern States under the initials of S. B. A shudder passed through the three men, for in the instructions left it was openly stated that the announcement of the death of Frau Ceres was to be inserted in certain English and French papers which were mentioned. It seemed that Sonnenkamp expected his wife to commit suicide.

While they were still standing together, Knopf arrived, and with him the negro Adams. Adams wore a grey coat, just like the one that Sonnenkamp used to wear when working in his garden. Roland offered his hand to the negro, saying:

"You have wished to injure my father; I pardon you, for you have been injured yourself."

Roland went to Manna, and told her that he had sent for the negro; that he considered it his duty to shew the man that he bore him no resentment for the evil that he had brought upon the house, but that, on the contrary, it was his wish to show him kindness, and that he was to remain for the present at the major's house.

Manna would hear nothing of the negro. She had shrunk into herself, she had not gained the composure which Roland had so quickly recovered, and she rarely went even to the green cottage. She remained with her mother, she was grateful and confiding to Fräulein Perini, and begged her repeatedly to forgive her if she had ever vexed her. Manna's voice had again that veiled sound, and over her whole being the shadow seemed to have fallen that had for a time passed away. This condition of mind seemed to Fräulein Perini as one that might be made use of. She went to the priest and told him that now was the time, perhaps the last time, when everything was to be gained; that Sonnenkamp had made his children independent, that Frau Ceres was plainly growing more emaciated, and in her fits of violence it was evident to all that her life was in danger. It might now be possible to free Manna from the net in which the Dournays held her ensnared.

The priest considered it at any rate a duty not to withdraw from the child who had once placed herself in such confidential relations to him; but even to Fräulein Perini he refused to recognise any other motive. He went to the villa and sent word to Manna that he wished to speak to her. Manna trembled, and sent a message in reply that she was very grateful for his visit, but that being engaged to Eric she could only see the priest in Eric's presence. Fräulein Perini refused to deliver this message to the priest.

"Then I will go myself," said Manna. She went down into the balconied apartment, and begged the priest not to be hurt by her telling him that as Eric's fiancée she must resign for the future all spiritual exhortation.

The priest did not look angry, his expression was

full of sympathy, as he replied, "It shall be as you wish." He turned and went away.

Of all those whose thoughts had been directed to Villa Eden, none was more deeply affected by the sad events there than the major. He had no longer any rest in the house, and from the day of Sonnenkamp's narrative he had lost his best friend, his "relieve guard," as he called it, namely, his healthy sleep. He went restlessly hither and thither, talking often to Laadi. In the night his feverish thoughts were so disquieting that he would talk in a low tone to himself, and occasionally he would go and wake Fräulein Milch that she might soothe him, and Sonnenkamp's flight and the tidings that Bella had gone with him confused him still more.

A few days after Adams had been brought to the house, the major was ill, and was obliged to keep his bed. The doctor gave him some quieting remedies, and he was soon better, but he could prescribe no calming remedy for Fräulein Milch. This was procured for her by a man who understood nothing of medicine—it was Professor Einsiedel. She was complaining to him of the negro's presence, and she said, "I must take care not to form a prejudice against all negroes from my acquaintance with this one negro."

"What do you mean?"

Fräulein Milch blushed and replied, "When one does not know a foreign nation or a foreign race, and has not a favourable idea of them, one is so apt to regard any single one with whom one becomes acquainted as the representative of the whole race, and to impute to them all his peculiarities and faults. This negro is a man who will neither learn nor work; as a slave and as a servant he has been accustomed to be cared

for by others. Now one might very easily be prejudiced and imagine that all negroes were like him, and that would be unjust."

"Well considered," said the professor. "But I should like to know how you manage to defend yourself from prejudice? I know but little, certainly, of the female sex, but I think this guarding from prejudice is rare among women."

Fräulein Milch compressed her lips; she could have said why she demanded that each individual should be considered for himself. After a pause she continued, "Do you not think that the negroes will never be perfectly free unless they free themselves, unless a Moses arises in their midst, and leads them out of slavery? Do you not think that this generation which has been in slavery, must die out, and that the new generation which has grown up in freedom must be the first to enter into the promised land of liberty?"

"There you have it?" interposed Professor Einsiedel, "I hope you understand me. The negro race has no independent power of civilization: it brings, so far as we have yet seen, nothing with it into the intellectual property of mankind. Certainly, strangers ought not to liberate them; the only means of deliverance for them which we know is civilization, and that is being carried amongst them, and will alone free them."

In his delight at having so good a listener, the professor was on the point of entering still more fully into the subject, when the gamekeeper arrived with his son, the cellarman, and the daughter of the Seven Pipers. They had come first to the major's house to announce that everything had been again happily settled, and that the Seven Pipers had given his consent. They had purchased that "profitable inn," as

the gamekeeper called it, the Carp, in the town, and the gamekeeper gave a brilliant picture of his happiness in being the father of a public-house.

The major, who had heard their voices in his room, sent for them to come to him, saying that such happiness made him half well again; he only exhorted the gamekeeper not to give too much way to drink. The gamekeeper gave him his hand, saying—

“There’s my hand upon it. From this day forth I won’t drink a single drop more than to quench my thirst. But I may quench my thirst—may I not? I have, thank God, a healthy thirst, but on the wedding day—you must be there, too—then I shall drink enough for all the world! And the Lord will look down from Heaven and say, ‘yes, there’s none that can do that like my gamekeeper!’”

This simple joyful event brought freshness and animation into the oppressive atmosphere that seemed to affect all those in the neighbourhood of Villa Eden. A good idea occurred to Professor Einsiedel, and he told the gamekeeper that in gratitude for his joy he should do a good action, and take the negro to his house. The gamekeeper was at once ready to do so. Fräulein Milch told him in a whisper that it would be difficult to get Adams to work, and she begged him to be very kind to the negro. The gamekeeper promised, and took Adams away with him.

The dogs barked loudly when the negro reached the gamekeeper’s house, and the women screamed with fear; the screaming of the women was soon hushed, but the barking of the dogs did not cease, and as soon as Adams entered the house all the dogs began again.

When the doctor, accompanied by Frau Dournay,

next went to the major's house, he was very much pleased to find that Adams had already left the house, and still more that the major was sitting up in bed, smoking his long pipe. He only begged that the major would keep himself quiet, and then he went with the two ladies into the sitting-room. Here he told them that he ought to be proud, for that Bella had written to him from Antwerp. The letter was as follows :

"You alone have never feigned friendship towards me, therefore you shall have a remembrance of me. I give you my parrot; the parrot is the masterpiece of the Creation, he only speaks what he has been taught to say. Adieu.

"BELLA."

The two ladies looked frightened at each other, the doctor was not a little astonished when Fräulein Milch said that she had certainly never experienced any courtesy from Herr von Prancken, but that it was very hard that such a terrible fate had befallen him. After losing his betrothed one, his sister had left him also, and so much sorrow and shame had been brought upon him. Had Prancken had any idea that Fräulein Milch was feeling pity for him, it would have been, perhaps, the bitterest drop that he had tasted in his present sorrow.

The doctor described the confusion that had prevailed at Wolfsgarten after Bella's flight; it was not yet known whether she had taken with her or had left behind some considerable stores of money.

"I miss something," he said, "since Bella is gone, and that is a barometer for my thoughts and a source for my reflections. Now that this woman is gone, one feels how wide her influence was, perhaps vaster than



was confessed to her. On the whole, this story pleases me, for it is another evidence that there are still bold and powerful natures in the world."

"You like singularity," interposed Frau Dournay.

"Oh no. What appears to others as singularity, I see as a logically consistent mode of action; Bella must have acted thus and not otherwise, it belongs to her heroic character. Herr Eric can bear witness, that I foreboded something of the kind some time before the event occurred. There is a similarity between Bella and Sonnenkamp; both are clever and acute thinkers on all general subjects, but tyrannical, malicious, and selfish in all that concerns themselves. Now that she is gone, I may say she has also escaped as a murderess; not with dagger and poison, but with killing words she struck Clodwig's heart, he confessed it to me himself."

"How is all this possible with so much cultivation?" said Frau Dournay.

"Yes, it lies just in this," interposed the doctor. "All intellectual life interested Frau Bella but little, her thoughts turned within and she knew not wherefore; her mind lay waste, for what was the good of all this cultivation?"

The major called out loudly from his room that they were to tell him what the doctor was saying with such vehemence. Fräulein Milch quieted him and said it was no conversation for a sick man; she confessed, however, that they had been talking of Bella. When Fräulein Milch again entered the sitting-room, a message came from Villa Eden summoning the doctor and Frau Dournay; Frau Ceres was in great danger. The doctor and Frau Dournay hastened to the villa.

"Henry, come! come back! These are your trees, your house! Come to me! I will dance for you! Henry! Henry!"

Such was Frau Ceres' constant cry.

"Come," she said to Fräulein Perini. "His heaths must be well taken care of, I understand how to do it, I have learned it from him. Good bog earth must be dried and beaten and passed through a sieve. When he comes, he will say: you have done well, Ceres; you are quite clever."

She went with Fräulein Perini to the conservatory, and told the head gardener with intelligence that he must be careful that the atmosphere of the heaths was kept at a medium temperature and very moist.

Fräulein Perini sent a gardener's boy for Eric, she was so uneasy about Frau Ceres that she could not endure to be alone.

Frau Ceres was very calm; she raised the pots in which the heaths stood, to see if the saucers were kept damp; at length she turned and said; "It is time that Captain Dournay should learn how the plants are treated. Scholars always think they can learn nothing from us; but they could learn a good deal from my husband. There are more than two hundred sorts of heaths at the Cape. Yes, you may believe it. He has told me so. Now we will go back again into the house."

They went towards the large square with the lake and the fountain. Suddenly Frau Ceres raised a shrill cry. She saw in the distance a man in a loose grey coat, and the gamekeeper with him.

"Henry! Henry! It is you! I am here! Come! Why do you turn away from me?"

The man turned round, it was Adams. Frau Ceres shrieked: "You are changed into a negro! Henry, who has done this to you? Henry! For shame! Tear off the black skin, Henry!" and thus crying, she sprang with all her force upon Adams and tore the clothes from off him. She sank down before him, and she was just being carried in strong convulsions by Adams and the gamekeeper into the house, when the doctor and Frau Dournay arrived. Frau Ceres did not awake again to consciousness.....

Manna and Roland knelt silently by their mother's corpse. The beautiful flowers which Sonnenkamp had nurtured with such care, stood around the corpse of his wife in the music hall. Friends came; they embraced and kissed Roland, and Lina came and silently embraced Manna; with a pressure of the hand and with an embrace, each seemed to say to the mourners: I am with you, I should like to help you.

Francken also appeared among the mourners; he knelt down by the corpse, and Fräulein Perini at his side. The funeral service was performed in the church, and from thence the train passed on to the cemetery. Knopf and the teacher Fassbender had assembled the choir, and they sang over the open grave. Roland leant against Eric, and Manna was supported by Frau Dournay and Claudine.

The singing was finished and the priest came forward. For a time he gazed silently at those assembled; not a sound was audible, only in the wood there was to be heard the chattering of the magpie and the scream of the nutcracker. The priest stood before the open grave and offered up the prayer for forgiveness of sins, then he consecrated the grave with the usual words,

waved incense over it, and three times sprinkled holy water. Then he bent down, took the shovel, and threw three shovels of earth upon the coffin, saying as he did so: "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return." He rose, looked calmly at the assembly, gazed silently into the face of the mourners, pressed his prayer-book to his breast, and after having made a few general remarks, exclaimed: "You poor, rich child from the new world! now you are in the true new world. You who have here passed into eternity, are now ennobled, for death ennoble, and you wear an ornament finer than all your diamonds, for with all your worldliness you had a believing heart; you have borne the crown of thorns in sorrow. But you, you who are standing around, I call to you: you can build villas, you can adorn them richly, but the prince of life, Death, will come at last. A house of boards deep under ground, that is the home, that is the villa, allotted to each of you. To each rich youth those words are pronounced: leave all behind you and follow me. Would you also go weeping away, because you could not leave the possessions of the world?...Oh! I call you—no, He who has brought us to this day, and who bids us look into this grave, who is high above all things, He calls to you: Tear off the bonds of slavery, you are yourselves slaves! Be free! you, noble maiden, you who have cherished the noblest desires, look down into this grave and across the span of time when such a grave will be opened for you. Do not disdain the hand that would save you. Days of grief, nights of desolation will come upon you. You will ask by day: what am I and what have I to do in the world? and in the dark night you will lament and

shudder at the night of death. You know your means of safety, you bore it within you. And now? Faithless...thrice faithless!...Faithless to thyself, faithless to thy friend and to thy God!"

Beating his breast, he continued in a tearful voice: "How gladly, how joyfully would I die, I, who am here speaking to you, could I say I have saved you. No, not I, the Spirit has saved you through the breath of my lips. Come, leave everything that binds you, and on which you have rested—come to me, ye children of sorrow, to me, ye children of misery, of suffering, of wealth, and of helpless poverty!"

He paused, and as no one moved in reply, he continued: "I have spoken, I have exhorted, as I have felt constrained to do, and because it was my duty. I appeal to thee whose mortal frame we have just consigned to the earth, call to thy children and say: you shall cast the three clods of earth on my grave when your hand resigns what is called the possessions of the world, and which is nothing else but the purchase price of a lost soul. If you do it not, then we will pray for you, for you who are dead though alive, as we pray for thee whose dead body we are now lowering into the grave, but whose soul is risen into eternity. Grant that thy children may grasp eternity and eternity alone..."

The priest trembled violently, and Roland trembled also at Eric's side. Weidmann now advanced to Roland's other side and laid his hand on his shoulder.

The grave was filled up. The priest walked quickly away; Pranken went with him, and the mourners returned to the villa. Roland was the first who roused himself, and said: "I am not going to allow myself to

be shattered and weakened. This black terror shall not frighten me."

Manna also seemed supported. The death and the agitation at their mother's grave had tended to fortify the hearts of the children...

The day after the burial, Fräulein Perini requested to be allowed to leave; and the whole of Frau Ceres' wardrobe was assigned to her. She ordered it to be taken in large chests to the rectory, and immediately afterwards she travelled to Italy to the young widow, the daughter of Herr von Endlich.

### CHAPTER III.

**S**ILENCE and mourning reigned at Villa Eden. The father fled, the mother dead, and without raged the furious winter storms.

Sonnenkamp had left his children the greater part of his wealth ; he had declared that no stain rested on this property, but still no blessing for the children could rest in this paternal inheritance. Should they cast it all from them ? They had been brought up in wealth, and had been accustomed to it, in a home where everything was in abundance ; but they repressed the temptation of riches, indeed they were scarcely touched by it. Eric and Manna determined to begin a new life. Roland pondered in his own mind what calling he should decide upon. He told Manna that he had resolved to become an agriculturist, and to earn his bread by the labour of his hands.

" Ah ! " he said to her, " if you could also find some sphere of activity."

And it was with a smile bursting forth amid his pain, like a bright beam piercing the dark cloud, that he added : " I forgot entirely that you were engaged to Eric."

Manna was silent.

" What are you reading so eagerly ? " asked Manna, as he sat for hours over a book without looking up.

He showed her, it was a book on the science of cultivating and managing forests. The perception of constant growth, and the superintendence of it by man, refreshed his mind. It was with a pang at his heart that he said: "I could not, like my father, care for horticulture, and yet it is from him that I inherit this interest in forests. The power of the soil and the laws of growth are the same in the old world as in the new—I meant to say in the whole world."

Roland did not venture to tell Manna at present that he was preparing to go to America. Even the brother and sister avoided talking together of how they should continue a life, rich in external appliances, but robbed of one thing that seemed never to be restored—namely honour.

Weidmann came to Villa Eden, and he and Eric in the presence of the notary took possession of all papers of value. In the desk of the writing-table lay the keys, and the mysterious word, to the letters of which the lock must be arranged, before the key would open it. The word was Manna.

Roland now longed for Mattenheim, and Eric also declared his intention of accompanying him thither; he wished to prepare himself for finding some active employment which would allow him to form a home by his own means. When Eric told the major his plan, the latter complained that in his old days he should also have to build a new nest, for his masonic brother the old master, whose wife was dead, had become engaged again, and was going to marry in the spring. Fräulein Milch had no desire to be tolerated by a young wife, and as the old master said he wished to fit up one of the rooms which the major had hitherto



occupied as a spare room for friends, she exercised her absolute authority, and declared gratefully but decidedly that she would leave the house. It was perhaps the only time that any discord arose between her and the major.

When, however, the major saw how painfully Fräulein Milch felt the error she had committed, he scolded himself for being too humble and yielding; in fact, he thanked Fräulein Milch that she retained the feeling of pride which he ought to have, but which he so easily forgot. He now discussed a plan with her for removing to the castle, as some of the rooms there were already finished, and it would be so pleasant living up there; but Fräulein Milch would hear nothing of an abode at the castle. She described to the major the turmoil they would have; she reminded him of the baker, butcher, grocer, and milk-woman, and every trade that existed, until he became thoroughly alarmed. Eric and Roland rode off to Mattenheim on the following day. Adams also rode with them; he was to go to Mattenheim to be taught some active employment. The ladies were alone with Professor Einsiedel and the major, who now remained more than ever with them.

The villa was silent and empty; several of the servants had been dismissed, the gardeners alone had been retained. Manna lived in the green cottage; she wore deep mourning, and her dark eyes appeared still larger; she wished to know nothing more of the outside world, and she lived like a younger sister in the constant society of Claudine, with whom she read, played, and studied. The life was fresh at Mattenheim; the day began early and ended early. All were full of industry;

Eric worked at the powder manufactory, which one of Weidmann's sons had established, and even Adams, who saw every one occupied, could not avoid work. He was ashamed of his idleness. The lad, who had once been a criminal, was to teach him to plough and to sow; he even forced himself to thresh, but he could not keep time; he liked best to work at the mill, and it was a strange sight to see the strong negro walking up and down covered with flour; he was moreover eager at the lessons of an evening, which Knopf gave him.

Knopf was perhaps the happiest of all the inmates of Mattenheim. Had he not all he could desire? Weidmann, whom he honoured, Eric, whom he esteemed, Roland, whom he enthusiastically loved, and a prince and a slave whom he instructed. Yes, Prince Valerian had to put up with being instructed with Adams, for while the latter was doing his writing, the prince was continuing his studies in history and mathematics.

The whole day was spent in all weathers out of doors; surveys had to be taken in the now purchased crown lands; the forests had to be cleared of the dead wood, and there was excellent sport, in which Roland excelled.

The evening of each day was sacredly kept; those evening hours, when work is suspended, a habit now unfortunately so little observed, were there rigidly attended to. It was the fresh life of productive wealth.

When they returned from the field, or from the manufactory, or from the mines, or from the domains, they could at once see by Frau Weidmann's face, whether there was a letter from America. Letters often arrived from Dr. Fritz, and it was a matter of the greatest

delight when Lilian wrote also. Knopf had his secret pleasure in being the silent confidant of a romantic affection.

Weidmann expressed his conviction that a storm was gathering over the world, and he hoped that breaking in America, it would purify the whole atmosphere of Europe.

For some time a silent melancholy was observed in Roland. He did whatever was required of him, but for hours he would sit gazing before him. Neither to Weidmann nor to Eric did he reveal what was passing in his mind; only to Knopf did he express his anxiety, but Knopf had to promise him to tell no one else. Roland had heard that Dr. Fritz was the bitterest enemy of his father.

Like an obstructed flame, which suddenly shoots up in many tongues, all the pain in Roland's heart burst forth anew. Pain for his father's act, for his flight and seduction of Bella, while his mother yet lived; pain for the death of his mother, and his sad heritage—all this passed confusedly through his mind, and the only way of deliverance seemed annihilated. Lilian was the daughter of one of his father's bitterest foes, and he himself, when the decisive moment came, was to stand in the hostile army opposed to his father.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE bees which we brought from Europe are now flying out in the spring—wrote Lilian from New York.

At Mattenheim also spring was approaching. The work in the field and forest pressed forward, sunshine and hailstorm alternated in quick succession, but the green seed refreshed the eye. Invitations were issued from Mattenheim to all friends to come to a farewell feast in honour of Prince Valerian, who was about to return to his own home. The first who arrived were Frau Dournay, Claudine, and Manna, and with them came the major and Professor Einsiedel.

Manna and Frau Dournay found many links to attract them to Frau Weidmann and her daughters-in-law. The life in the house was so full and rich in all the stages of existence that it was refreshing to every one's heart. Many reflections and self-questionings were excited in the minds of the ladies from Villa Eden at the sight of the active habits that prevailed here, for with all the business going on, there was a composed and regular routine in the house, and without troubling herself with thoughts, Frau Weidmann fulfilled the round of her duties. She was proud to show her whole house, and especially her large jars of preserves, where she had not only sufficient supplies for her extensive family, but also for the poor who could

not provide them for themselves. It is true she also complained that she had not time enough to expend on her own cultivation; but she added with a smile that her case was much the same as in her flower-garden; she drove away the birds there, for one must either give up salad and fruit or forego the singing.

All were astonished to hear of the great movement going on in the new world, for papers had just arrived with a letter from Lilian, and Weidmann remarked that in this approaching summer the greatest and most decisive event of the century, and perhaps that of all modern history, would take place. If it were possible to sunder the Union, then freedom and humanity would be so injured and retarded, that the petty labour of individuals would be in vain.

Lina came with her parents and her lover, and the doctor arrived with his wife, and brought the tidings, interesting to all present, that Pranken had joined the papal army.

They gathered at length round the table, for the farewell entertainment to Prince Valerian.

Weidmann, who sat at the head, proposed the toast to his departing friend. After having spoken of his desire for knowledge and his zeal for his fellow-men, he continued, "Two things are struggling together in the world, selfishness and humanity. The more thou servest others in love, the freer thou art thyself; the more thou surrenderest thyself to others, the richer art thou in thyself. We are labouring for the freedom of our fellow-men. By calculation alone no freedom is to be effected. Where love and unselfishness do not co-operate nothing lasting is achieved. Love of gain and thirst for enjoyment press forward, as if they were

alone the character of our age. But we declare that great is our century! Europe with its old civilization and its declining nobility is striving to urge men to work, and the Russian empire and America are seeking to liberate men for free work. Ever since I have seen the great millennium wave advancing, I have lived in happiness and confidence. Doctrines are understood by each, according to his own mind, just as each speaks in the voice belonging to himself alone, and never perfectly to be imitated. Action, just, noble, free action alone, cannot be interpreted, cannot be misunderstood, nor changed by individuals; we can form no league for free action, for free action belongs to each alone!"

The toast was proposed for Prince Valerian now starting for a foreign land as an advocate of free and noble action.

While they were still at table, a letter arrived from Professor Crutius, in which he communicated to Herr Weidmann that according to the Transatlantic correspondences just arrived at his office, the war in America had broken out. With deep agitation Weidmann informed his guests of the tidings.

"I will go to the war!" exclaimed Roland. His face beamed, his eye glowed, every one looked at him, no one seemed to venture to say a word; at length Weidmann said—

"It is your destiny, your duty."

"Could I go with you?" said Eric.

"You can, you must!" interposed Manna.

"I? And you, Manna?"

"I will go with you; I will go with you both."

Roland fell on his sister's neck, crying, "Manna, you are a heroine. Oh, my sister! Oh, Eric! We will stake everything! Now is deliverance at hand!"

"I have seen it coming," said Frau Dournay. "Who could venture to restrain you?"

Knopf had summoned Adams, who, loudly shouting and clenching his fist, exclaimed, "We will all go—all!"

They embraced each other, as if a deliverance had come upon the world.

When they sat down quietly again, Manna said softly to Eric, "Oh, Eric! and our father in the hostile camp and his son opposed to him..."

Eric soothed her by saying that in the Southern States paper designated by Sonnenkamp, he should insert, in words only intelligible to Sonnenkamp, the fact that Roland was entering the American forces, in the confidence that he should not be opposed to his father who was fighting in the navy.

It seemed utterly forgotten that they had met together for a farewell feast to Prince Valerian. He rose and said that he did not wish to interrupt the tone of feeling of friends whom he was leaving behind; that he would carry with him in his heart the memory of the pure-minded people living in that house on the Rhine highlands, and the remembrance should be preserved throughout his life in his distant home as a shrine. He pointed out that there were moments in life which were like the opening of a blossom, which has long and silently been preparing in the bud. And as everything without in nature was now opening, it was a happiness to him to know that Eric and Manna as husband and wife, had resolved to join the contest, and to place themselves at the disposal of the claims of pure humanity.

The prince spoke in an agitated voice, and all were

moved, for he had been the first to express in words that Eric and Manna would now be married.

It was soothing and diverting to many minds present in their state of eager excitement, when Knopf read a farewell poem; there was a good deal that was amusing in it, and the whole party laughed, though the heart of each was trembling.

They rose. Lina was asked to sing a farewell song, and then Prince Valerian drove merrily away, being accompanied by Knopf as far as the railway station.

The gentlemen gathered round Eric, and the ladies were with Manna, who, shuddering within herself, and with eyes cast down, stood there with folded hands; Roland went from one group to the other, now talking to Manna, and now to Eric. It was resolved that Frau Dournay, Claudine, Lina, and Manna, accompanied with Roland and Professor Einsiedel, should return to the villa, and on the following day Eric and the rest should join them there, and that Weidmann should perform the civil part of the nuptial ceremony, which belonged to his office.

It was a bright spring day; Manna, robed in her bridal veil, was standing in her room with Frau Dournay and Claudine; she scarcely spoke a word. Lina brought the fresh myrtle wreath; she was full of rejoicing, and was obliged to force herself to restrain her exuberant mirth.

The major and Professor Einsiedel entered to fetch Manna for the nuptial ceremony. In the music-hall, which the gardener had richly decorated, at Lina's direction, Eric was awaiting her, and with him the doctor, the sheriff, and Weidmann, who on this day wore the golden chain as a badge of his office as burgomas-



ter. Eric went towards Manna, she held out her hand to him, and he led her to the table covered with flowers, behind which Weidmann was standing.

When Manna wrote her name, she almost lost her power; she wrote "Manna," and looking round, she asked in a low tone, "What shall I write—Sonnenkamp or Banfield?"

She laid her head with its myrtle wreath on Eric's breast; all the whole sorrow of her life seemed compressed into this one moment.

"Write both names," said Eric, softly. "In future you have mine."

She wrote; then looking up, she said, "There, the last act is now done. I promise you here, Eric, that never more shall anything of the kind overcome me. With you—with your name, my new life begins."

Weidmann gave them his blessing, saying as he did so: "I do not understand how men can manage not to believe in God. You are thus wonderfully joined together by the Almighty Spirit, whom we acknowledge."

In a few short words he then stated what it was to be united now on the very threshold of a great and decisive movement, and with the resolve to stake their life for it. Eric drew the wedding ring on Manna's finger. Then he went with her into the garden, and they sat in the same spot where she had given him her first kiss; and the spring air was fragrant round them and the nightingale sang. At noon Eric and Manna started down the Rhine.

It was evening when they sat together on the castle ruins and looked down upon the convent. Eric told her how on that evening when he had first seen Manna, he had sat here alone in a state of emotion which he

could not master. Manna said in a low tone: "Yonder—yonder I wished to remain all my life and to sacrifice myself as an expiation for the evil deed. I am now bringing more, indescribably more than an offering. I am taking upon me the hardest lot of woman, to stay and wait to see whether the combatants return alive, or whether they must be sought for among fallen foes. Oh! Eric, to call you mine from this hour makes me happier than any human being has ever been before."

She had not shed a tear all that day; she now wept bitterly; but Eric succeeded in calming her. They went silently, hand in hand, down the hill. The moon rose over the Rhine valley and glittered on the stream and shone on tree and bush, where the buds were softly opening and the nightingale sang unweariedly; the whole world seemed full of joy.

Manna and Eric once more shared the joy of the joyful at the wedding of Lina and the architect. When they returned to Villa Eden, a visitor had arrived. The banker had come with his daughter-in-law, who wished to become acquainted with Roland's sister and mother-in-law. The three ladies soon formed one of those friendships based on refined cultivation of mind. They went to the conservatory, and the fragrant odour of the flowers met them, and the eye was refreshed with the various colours of the newly opened blossoms. Presently the major came with Fräulein Milch, and turning to Manna, his first words were: "Frau Dournay, allow me to introduce you to my wife."

He left the ladies standing still with astonishment, and went to the gentlemen and told them all that he was ready to yield to the urgent request of his friends and to live at the villa and to keep everything in

order, and that Fräulein Milch had declared herself willing to lift her veil of mystery; Manna's free and noble resolve had removed the ban from Fräulein Milch also, and he begged his friends to listen to the story which she would relate to them.

They sat down, and Fräulein Milch began: "You, Herr Professor, are quite like my father; he was also a scholar, though in another branch of science. You have many of his habits. You, Frau Dournay, who have honoured me before you have known my life, and you, Frau Manna, who, after conquering your bitter prejudice, have bestowed on me your rich love, shall now know my history. But you," she said, turning to the banker, "you will best understand the story of my life, for you are a Jew, as I am a Jewess." She paused. All were silent, and Fräulein Milch continued: "I am the daughter of a Jewish scholar. My father was a man of noble and religious feelings; he was regarded as an acute scholar, but in practical life he was childishly easy and even helpless. He was studying the scriptures from morning to evening. My mother, who belonged to a wealthy family, had married my father at her parents' desire for the sake of his piety and learning; she adored him with all her heart. The quiet and uniformity, the calm satisfaction which prevailed in my parents' house, where the poor were fed, and where all life was regarded as nothing but the pauses in a divine service, the passing from one feast to another, this you only can know"—she again turned to the banker,—"you alone can estimate. I myself am often obliged to try and recollect it, as a dream.

"In the winter, when the congregation assembled for common prayer in my father's study, as he was not

allowed to go out, I used to hear the affairs of the world talked of when the prayers were finished. What did we know of the world ? The officials, the soldiers outside, these belonged to the world, and they appeared to me as beings moving in a fabulous sphere, into which we could not enter. My only brother was a handsome man, very like Captain Dournay, and he was the friend of the young drummer Grassler, who was quartered in our house. He respected my father, and he was soon a favourite with all of us. The drummer at length had to leave. I remember it as if it were to-day ; I was standing on the stairs, holding a knob of the balusters which turned round, and playing with it, and the drummer said to me : ‘ Yes, Rosalie, when you are a tall woman and I am an officer, I will come back again and fetch you.’ He went away beating his drum, and I always heard the strange words in the sound of the drum, and I stood there on the stairs, turning the knob, and the whole world turning round with me. But excuse me, I am getting too diffuse.”

“ No, tell us the story with as much detail as you will.”

“ Well, then, they went to the war, and my brother fell ; Conrad came back, he had become an ensign, and he brought my father my brother’s little prayer-book, the cover and leaves of which had been pierced by a bullet. My father and mother and I sat for seven days on the ground weeping, and Conrad came and sat with us. Then my father went back again to his Holy Scriptures, but while formerly he had only softly hummed the words to himself, he now pronounced them loudly and earnestly ; he seemed obliged to coerce his thoughts from wandering to his son. Time gradually

healed his sorrow. My brother had long been in his grave, who knows where? and Conrad had returned to his home. I was seventeen years old, and we had been keeping the Easter feast, and my father had been speaking of that wonderful deliverance from bondage, which we celebrated at Easter, and was bemoaning the oppression under which we were still sighing.

"It was late before we repaired to rest. I slept in a small room near my parents'. Presently I heard my father saying to my mother: 'What a miserable position we Jews are in! There is that handsome man, that good and faithful Conrad Grassler, come back again. He has risen to be a captain, and they have pensioned him as major, and now here he comes and proposes for our Rosalie. If the good man were only of our belief, how gladly would I give him my child! I could not desire a better man for her. But as it is, it cannot be, and may God pardon me the evil of my thoughts.' I heard this in my little bedroom in my father's house; in imagination I was already up and away, out in the world, in which the officials lived and the soldiers and all those to whom this wide world belonged.

"My father had nothing against Conrad, but the one thing...I kept repeating this to myself all night. And in the morning, when my father and mother were in the synagogue, I sat alone with my prayer-book...this is it, it is a book of devotion for women, compiled by my father...but my thoughts were not in it. I was alone at home; there was no one in the streets, the whole community had gone to the synagogue. I sat down in the middle of the room. I would not look out of the window, for I felt certain Conrad would pass by.

How strange that he had adhered to that which he had said to me as a child. What had he become? How would he find me? Presently, I know not how it was, I stood at the window and looked out; I saw Conrad. I drew back from the window, but I heard footsteps coming up the stairs...and my heart beat as if it would burst. I told Conrad what my father had said in the night to my mother.

“My father returned from the synagogue, and never have I experienced more bitter pain than when he laid his hand in blessing on my head, as the custom is with us. I did not wish to disturb the joy of the festival, and I resolved after it was over—ah! I destroyed all the joy of his whole life, there was no longer any festival for him—that I would escape with Conrad. I persuaded myself that my father would give us his blessing when he saw that nothing else was possible. We wrote to him, he did not answer; through a friend he sent us word that he had had two children, but that they were both dead to him; and that he prayed it might fare well with them in the next world. Then he sent me word again: you are seeking honour in the eyes of the world, and for the sake of this honour you have forsaken your father. I wrote back to him and vowed solemnly that I desired no honour before the world; I promised to take upon me the contempt and the shame of the world, and I have kept my promise up to this present day. We were married by the civil authorities, but before the world I renounced all honour. Conrad soon received the tidings that my mother was dead, and my father followed her after a few months. I received a small inheritance; and I have long sorrowed for my conduct to my parents. Conrad,

who himself shared my sorrow, consoled me with all his kindness of heart. I was once at the grave of my parents, unknown, in the night. If there is a heavy penance, I endured it in visiting my parents' grave by night, because I feared the eyes of men. And yet my heart felt relieved from that time. I had at least the power to repress my grief before Conrad. Conrad and I removed to the Rhine. In a village on the Lower Rhine we lived for twelve years, concealed from all the world, and happy in each other. We needed nothing from the world beyond ourselves. No one knew us. I attended the church. I had a desire to pray with others.

"When the organ swelled and a divine service foreign to my ears was being celebrated, I sat alone and prayed in the prayer-book that my father had compiled, and in the other that my brother had had with him in the field and which had rested on his heart, which beat no longer. I was no more a stranger, for there were human beings round me, praying to the same Spirit to whom I was appealing, and this Spirit will know and will make it right why men turn to Him in such different modes.

"We came hither. How I have here lived, you all know. On our change of residence, Conrad wished that I should take my proper honourable position, but I preferred not to be called his wife; it was my penance and mortification, for having left my parents; but we lived in fidelity and in unity. Thus we have lived, and now I think my sorrows have atoned for my error, and I am free."

"You are so," exclaimed the banker and Professor Einsiedel, with one voice.

Manna embraced the major's wife.

## CHAPTER V.

**I**N the inn of the Carp there was noise and riot. The cellarman, as its young host, was filling the glasses merrily, and the gamekeeper and the Seven Pipers were looking on happily, and occasionally knocking the fluted glasses.

It was known throughout the whole neighbourhood that the cellarman was a confidant of Roland and Eric, and many young men came from the places round, anxious to enlist in the American war, in fact a deputation from Weidmann's cement manufactory had offered passage money for thirty-two men.

The cellarman had informed Roland of what was going on. Roland therefore went to the inn of the Carp, and explained to the men that he was only going to take with him three young doctors—for one of these the banker was reponsible—and that he induced no one else to go with them. Accompanied by the gamekeeper, he then returned to Villa Eden, where the major was now living for a time.

There was much to settle, and at the last Eric was obliged to leave some essential matters of business to Weidmann and the sheriff. Before he could start he had to ask for his discharge, for he was still in the service, though unattached. In reply to his memorial he received the announcement that the prince wished to



speak with him personally. He travelled to the capital, and was not a little astonished at the prince's gracious manner, as he informed him that to such a man as Eric he could not give a discharge, but only leave of absence for an indefinite period.

Eric's pride, however, was soon humbled, for the prince intimated that Eric, who now possessed such wealth, ought to remain in the country. The day of departure, long prepared for, seemed to come as a surprise at last. The valet Joseph came with his bride; he had been given the means to purchase a small inn for himself in the capital. He behaved himself, however, still as the servant of the family.

Fassbender's son, who had been engaged in the banker's counting-house, accompanied them to the new world; he was going to enter his brother's business, who was a large building contractor. The dumb boy from the cement manufactory, to whom Roland had given a knife, came up the evening before they started, bringing Roland a pot, on which was engraved in very clumsy letters the words : come again.

Roland begged Weidmann's son to take care of the poor boy, and he returned with him to Mattenheim. It was very hard for Roland to bid farewell to the dogs and horses. He had wished to take Griffin with him, but when they put before him the difficulties that might arise, he gave up the idea. And putting his hand on the dog's head, he said : "Yes, old friend, I can't take you with me, but I must leave behind a good deal more than you, and I don't myself know whither I may be going."

The dog looked sadly up at his master. On the following morning there was a great pilgrimage from the villa

down to the steamer's landing place. They let the carriages drive on in front, and Weidmann walked with Eric, the major with Roland, and Knopf with the negro; Manna walked between Frau Dournay and the major's wife, and Claudine and Professor Einsiedel remained behind at the villa. And so they walked along. Manna wept and leant on the arm of her companion. Looking up at the cemetery, she said: "On the banks of this river is our home, for here our mother rests beneath the earth. I remember an old legend: the nomadic races wandered and wandered, but where they buried one belonging to them, there they were obliged at length to settle and to cease to be wanderers."

Manna's voice was choked; after a time she continued: "There stand the trees which my father planted..."

She could not speak more for weeping. When they reached the landing place, they found great numbers assembled. The host of the *Carp* and the *Seven Pipers* presented in the name of many a small cask of maiden wine encircled with garlands of green. The gamekeeper was very merry, and reckoned how many glasses a day each of the travellers could have, till they arrived in New York.

Eric and Manna looked at their mother, and held her hand, and the mother tried to comfort them and said: "Eric, spare your life...But if you do fall for the sake of the great cause, I shall mourn for you, but I shall not pity you."

"Mother, I have a confident assurance that I shall return alive from the contest; and should I fall, cling to the thought, that I have lived the highest life,

through thee, through my father, and through my love for Manna."

His mother pressed his hand in silence. Then she gave him the picture of Uncle Alphonse, and enjoined him to inquire after him and his possible descendants. The joyous character of Rhine life now showed itself afresh. The musical society arrived with their band, merry songs were sung in the early morning, and shots resounded from the vessel which now appeared, making its graceful way down the river; the vessel halted and the farewell was hurried. Eric, Manna, and Roland kissed their mother, and she exclaimed: "Endure faithfully!"

The vessel pushed off, and a cry resounded; the dog Griffin, whom the cellarman had held by his collar, had broken loose and had dashed into the Rhine after the steamer. The vessel again halted, the dog was drawn in, and was now taken with them. Those standing on the shore made signals and those on the vessel answered them, till they could see each other no longer, but their gaze rested long on the villa. What would become of the house? who would return to it? what sort of life would be established there? But there was still a surprise for them. It had never occurred to any one that they had not seen the major at starting, and now he and his wife appeared from the cabin. They accompanied the travellers as far as the Lower Rhine. And a feeling of home went with them.

"Yes!" said the major to Eric. "You know I have been a drummer...I will tell you the story myself some day...when you come back again you shall have it."

At the station before the island, the major and his wife landed, they had lived there in the early period of

their union, and they now wished to spend a day there, and present themselves as man and wife to some of their kind friends. The major made a signal from the boat, he tried to put on a happy face, but the tears were running down his cheeks, and he bent over the boat side and let them fall into the Rhine.

They journeyed quietly on. As they passed the convent island, a flock of white pigeons was hovering over it; the nightingales were singing so loudly, that they were heard above the noise of the steam engine, and the children of the convent were walking two and two along the river side and singing. Manna waved her hand to them. No one guessed who was passing by, on—on to the sea—to the new world.

Eric remembered a paper which Weidmann had given to him at starting, and he now read it; they were these words from the conclusion of Humboldt's *Cosmos*: "There are races more cultivable, more highly civilized, and ennobled by mental culture, but there are no races nobler than others. All are equally appointed to be free."

## BOOK XV.

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### EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO AND FROM THE NEW WORLD.

#### ERIC TO HIS MOTHER.

On board the Benjamin Franklin.

OUR vessel bears the name which my father always mentioned with such especial affection.

My mother, I am now living on the sea, and it feels to me as if I were writing to you from another world. We had another pleasant meeting before we left the fatherland. When we were going on shore the first evening, we saw at the window of the corner house at the landing place a broad, benevolent-looking figure. The man bowed, and I returned his salutation, but I did not know him. On entering the town, he came up to us, and I found it was Master Ferdinand, whom I had helped at the musical festival. He had heard of our life. He made us go to his rooms, and with a quickness that could only spring from unselfish kindness of heart, he gathered together all his fellow musicians, and all the well-taught amateurs in the town, and we sang and played till the night was far advanced. With music in our hearts we left the Rhine, and we left Germany.

Manna and Roland will write to you themselves; they are now on deck reading the *Odyssey*, it is the only thing that one can read here. Life on *terra firma*, and life here in a confined space amid all sorts of household stuff, are two very different things. Such a vessel is a world in itself.

A wonderful occurrence happened to our friend Knopf. He is writing to the major; ask him to show you the letter. We arrived at Liverpool in the evening, and had arranged to spend a day there. In the morning I was alone on the harbour. This is the first English harbour in which slave-ships were equipped. I was awakened out of my dreams of the changes that history can show; for a vessel about to sail, weighed anchor. On the deck there stood a man, whom I had little doubt was Sonnenkamp; he had a long beard, but I recognized him in spite of it. Either he has been in Europe all this time, or he has returned here. He seemed to recognize me, for he raised his broad-brimmed hat, signed to some one to come, and a figure advanced, which I could not recognize distinctly, but I think it was Bella.

From friends to whom Herr Weidmann gave me letters of introduction, I hear that a man of Sonnenkamp's appearance has been sending a cargo of arms and ammunition to one of the harbours in the Southern States. I dare not think of the horror a meeting would have caused. It touched me deeply when Manna said, as I was walking with her in the town in the afternoon: "I feel as if I must meet my father here, as if I should see him turning round the corner." I do not think I did wrong in not telling her what I had seen. It is a terrible thought that perhaps father and

son may yet meet in the hostile armies. My hope is that Sonnenkamp, as an old naval man, will fight by sea.

Roland is the delight of the whole vessel. With unwearied eagerness he tries to make himself acquainted with the management of the vessel, and the work of the screw. He is always busy here or there, and I am glad that he casts aside all bitter thoughts and speculations.

On the second evening.

It is now night. Manna is alone on deck, looking at the stars. Above are the stars in countless number, and all round is the boundless ocean. It seems to me as if on this voyage I must let all troubles, thoughts, reflections, and speculations disperse, that I may be a man of resolute action when I set foot on the new world. There has been a touch of adventure in all my past life, and in my character. What is it that is leading me now to stake my existence in a great turning point in the history of mankind? Not merely to be a spectator, but to act, to live, and perhaps—no, mother, I have a confident feeling that I shall return home alive from the contest.

Home! home! Oh, mother! my heart rises above the immeasurable billows of life, we are with you. And if fate decrees it otherwise, still cling to the thought that your son was happy, and possessed life in its fullest blessings. I have had you, my father, Manna, science, pure endeavour, action, all has been mine. Here I sit, and the waves carry me along. Happy is it for him who feels, as I do now, that he is striving towards a high aim.

There are many young men on board, and they tried to draw Roland into their society, but with excellent tact he manages to keep aloof from them. These young men, merchants' sons of various religions, spend their time in playing hazard ; the waiters on the vessel understand several instruments, and they have got up a very tolerable orchestra. We have also a barrel organ, which four cabin boys turn alternately at fixed times, and then money is given to them. We—Knopf and his betrothed belong to us, and our doctors also generally keep to our circle—form an exclusive society.

On the seventh day.

I have not written for five days, since then I have been, with all belonging to me, on the brink of death. We have had a storm, such as the captain never before remembers, and he has been at sea now for three-and-twenty years.

The strongest in the midst of the storm were Roland and Knopf. Knopf was however not with us, he was on the fore-deck with his betrothed. Manna clung to me, we wished to die together. Why should I tell you of the danger ? It is over. In the morning, when the sky was clear and the sea calm, we celebrated a betrothal on board the vessel. Friend Knopf will tell you everything more in detail. The cask of maiden wine which was given to us, was entirely emptied on this day by the ship's company. The Rhine has infused joyfulness into every heart. There was singing, dancing, rejoicing, all the flags were hoisted, and at table friend Knopf made a speech, as amusing as it was touching. I think he means to send the speech to the major. We had our own music also. Knopf



played the flute, and induced Manna to have her harp brought on deck, and to play. The whole ship's company stood round, holding their breath; when she had finished, they all shouted and applauded.

The day after to-morrow we hope to land. My first walk in the new world will be to send you this letter, unless we meet a ship on the way, which will take it to Europe. To Europe!

Be glad in the thought of your happy son,

ERIC.

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KNOPF TO THE MAJOR AND HIS WIFE.

On the Rhine.

I am writing to you at once, in the same hour that you left us. What was the Nibelungen voyage on the Rhine? What was the Argonautic expedition? In one day everything is new, beautiful, and bright.

Opposite to me Eric is sitting with his young wife. The old legend so familiar here on the Rhine is renewed, I mean the legend of the released maiden. None but a pure youth like Dournay could have released the pure maiden. And I, what am I? I am myself curious to see what fate will do with me.

On the sea.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER,

Oh, how happy it is for me, that I, who could never thus address any one, can now say brother and sister. In the red book which you, dear sister, have given me, there are many remarks on travelling. I hope some day to be able to carry them out; now I cannot. Out with the good news: I am engaged!!!

While I am making the three marks of exclamation,

it occurs to me that the form of this sign may have some signification ; they seem to me in the form of a comet. Ask Professor Einsiedel if I have not made some great scientific discovery.

Do you remember, dear sister, how I told you on that day when I went in quest of our friend Dcurnay, I met a girl and two boys in the wood ? This girl is now engaged to me, her name is Rosalie, like yours ; she might be your sister...and indeed she is so. She has brown eyes like yours.

Well, who is she ? I hear you ask, and you put aside your work and look at me so truly. Let me calmly tell you. Well, the girl that I saw that day, my wood maiden, is the daughter of a schoolmaster, and—I request your respect—she has passed her examination as a teacher. I did not venture to approach her, though I recognized her at the first glance on the vessel ; I tried to allure the brothers to me, and I said to the smaller one—who clung to me at once—“Tell your sister that I met her in the wood in May, as she was going with you to the chapel, and she had a brown gown on.”

“Why do you not say it to her yourself ?” asked the little boy.

I had no time to reply, for my wood maiden just then came up and scolded her brother for troubling a stranger. And the little boy exclaimed : “That is the very gentleman you imitate, and show how he looked at you over his spectacles.”

Now it was out. So she had ridiculed me ? she too ? I took off my spectacles—to confess it honestly, I would gladly have thrown them into the sea. We stood embarrassed, then she said—ah what a voice she

has! She sings, too, just like the sheriff's Lina, she can go higher though, up to A in the fourth octave. What did she say? you ask. Good, hearty words; she had not ridiculed me...Oh, I know no more...she held out her hand to me and...

I cannot write it, you will all hear it later, and if I do not write it, you know it all the same; I, Emil Knopf, a teacher of girls for so many generations, am betrothed to an angel. This is a worn out phrase. Who knows whether the angels would pass examinations as teachers?

Can human reason imagine that the girl took pleasure in me even on that day in the wood, when I had no idea whence she was or who she was; and now she is placed on the same vessel with me, or I am placed on the same vessel with her, and she has an uncle in America, to whom she is travelling. It is a good thing that there is an uncle in America. I think I have known my father-in-law.

We have experienced a tempest. In the midst of the storm—and it was no ordinary one—I thought: how would it be if you had perished at sea, and had never known a kiss from a girl's lip, and how it feels for a tender hand to stroke your face and say you are nice...Just think! I, Emil Knopf, famed as the least dangerous of men, I am nice! Oh how blind were the mothers and daughters in the promised land! Rosalie has a little mirror, and when I look in it I am actually nice; I please myself. But do not think I have grown foolish, I have my full reason. Herr Major, I promise to explain the law of gravity. I have my full senses.

To you, dear major, I must say one word especially; your belief is the right one. You believe in the inde-

structible goodness in every man, and it holds true. Adams is quite a changed being. The idea that he is to fight for the freedom of his brothers, has awakened his better nature. I could tell you much more, but it is enough. You know already. We practise talking English, but we will remain Germans.

In sight of land.

In three days we shall be at New York. I do not know with what I may not be assailed there. Rosalie says I am to write now ; she is sitting by my side. I cannot really write a letter when any one is in the room with me, and now, especially, when such dear eyes are looking at me. I will try it, however ; Rosalie thinks I spoke so beautifully that my speech ought not to be lost. She makes me vain ; she holds everything I say in high esteem.

You know that we have had a fearful storm, and that the day after our betrothal was celebrated. In imagination we invited our best friends at home, and I mentioned you all and addressed you. First 'you, dear major, and then you, dear sister ; your cap with the blue riband was a good starting point for me. My Rosalie also wears a blue riband. I said to you for instance...

Oh, you good people, I cannot remember. They all said I spoke as if I had a Whitsuntide spirit. It may be, but I cannot write it. Well, that is enough.

(*Postscript*). I have given what I have written to my Rosalie to read ; and she passes a severe criticism on it. Yes, such are these examined teachers.

New York.

To compose a letter of the events of three days,

indeed, even of one day in New York, would be to describe the waves of the sea and the varying conformations of the clouds. I do not keep my journal any longer, it is too much. When we landed, the uncle was waiting for us; but he did not receive me very willingly as a nephew. I wished I had had you there, dear major, that you might have explained to him who I am and what I am. Now I must wait till he sees it himself; and perhaps that will never be. I do not take it amiss of the uncle, he had already destined a bridegroom for Rosalie, and when I introduced Captain Dournay to him he said: "Dournay...Dournay?"

He said nothing more. He must once have had something to do with some one of the family. The uncle is very reserved, but everything in Doctor Fritz's house is open to the other extreme. Now I know how Herr Weidmann and his family must have been when they were all young; but Herr Weidmann has more sons, and here are daughters. And what magnificent girls! and a wife! I can only say that if she looks at one with her large eyes, she looks through one.

Oh, what splendid beings we Germans are! Wherever we are placed, even here on the soil and in the atmosphere of liberty, there we come out and show what we are. I was present when Roland and Lilian met; they must have a secret shibboleth, for her first word was "pebble." Yes, in a love affair there is always a secret understanding. Roland and Lilian only held each other's hand, and then went out together. The children live here in great independence. No one has any time here. I now understand why they say in America that time is money. The restlessness is unequalled. As far as I see at present, it will be re-

garded here as enthusiasm if Eric, Roland, and Manna renounce their large property. No one asks here how wealth has been acquired.

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CONTINUATION.

Here is war—war! Most people think it will soon be over; Doctor Fritz, however, now says that the obstinacy of the Southern States is very great, and that they are much better equipped than we are. What will become of you? Doctor Fritz now thinks it strange that I wish to become a teacher of negroes, and I am not yet ready enough in the language. He gives me the hope, however, that the thing may be subsequently carried out. And I am thinking of even vaster plans. There must be a college founded for the schoolmasters of negro youths; I will not give it up. For the time I give music lessons, and it is very strange, coming out of a house, where we have been practising music, to hear the drums beating and the noise in the streets.

Adams is full of despair because the president will not admit any black people into his army; Adams is to be employed on the fortifications, and this he does not like. But he will think better of it. It is all one what a man does for freedom, so long as one labours for it. Young Fassbender is undertaking with his brother to furnish the army with supplies. I hope he will behave honestly, for I hear there is a good deal of deceit and fraud going on. It is sad!

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KNOFF TO FASSBENDER.

...And tell me, have I not met a tutor at your house of the name of Runzler? It is important for me to know this, for this tutor Runzler is the father of my *fiancée*.

I think he was at your house, and he took snuff out of a large snuff-box.

I have just asked my Rosalie. Her father also used a large box-wood snuff-box. It is therefore correct. Memory is a wonderful thing, and we schoolmasters ought to attend to it more. I remember the snuff-box only, and I wish you could tell me what we talked about. You recollect, I was at that time very sad on account of the childish trick which Roland had played me, and I had, besides, lost my spectacles. I was so very much depressed, that I remember but little of what occurred at the time. So write it all to me, and you will do me a great favour. You will soon receive a card with the announcement -

EMIL KNOFF,

ROSALIE KNOFF, *née* RUNZLER,

*Married.*

I tell you, all life is a fairy tale.

Your son is an extremely practical man ; you will have pleasure in him.

If your under-teacher likes to come here, I can get him employment in teaching music. We have enough teachers in Germany for exportation.

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ROLAND TO FRAU DOURNAY.

Forgive me if I no longer call you mother ; it seems to me like an injustice to my deceased mother, that I should do so. Pray see that my mother's grave is carefully tended, and her favourite flowers, heaths and pinks, planted on it.

Now that this is off my mind, I will write of other things. When I think of the green cottage, it always

seems to me as if it were floating on the sea, and must come over to us.

Eric and Manna will have written to you on our voyage. I made myself tolerably acquainted with the whole management of a vessel, and should prefer to join in the naval warfare, but Eric is decidedly opposed to it. It is probable that my father will oppose our forces by sea, and therefore it is better that I should be in the army on land.

I have met Lilian here. Do not say that we are still too young; events have made us older. Benjamin Franklin wished to marry Miss Read when he was only eighteen years old. We have promised each other to wait till the war is at an end.

Pray do not let these lines be seen by any other eye but your own.

We were in Washington, and I have seen the acropolis of the New World. I wished to make a pilgrimage to Franklin's grave, but it is well that I have been able first to make a pilgrimage to one of his greatest successors, namely to Abraham Lincoln. I have seen, for the first time, a man of immortal fame, I have in his presence pronounced the name which posterity will preserve. The lips whose words will be heard by present and future ages, have pronounced my name. I saw greatness, and it is so simple.

I should like to have entered a regiment of negroes, and I told him so. He was silent, but he placed his broad and powerful hand on my head.

Manna is to remain in Dr. Fritz's house. Eric has probably already told you that he enters the forces with the rank of major; and I have a comrade, Hermann, Lilian's brother, who is very like Rudolph Weid-



mann, and is the same age as he, but at eighteen, here, one seems much older: he speaks but little, but what he says is solid and good. Ah! he has had a glorious youth!...no, I will say no more of it. I have left Griffin with Lilian. We are in the cavalry; if we had but our own horses from Villa Eden—such wretched cart-horses are here obliged to be used for the cavalry, and the drivers become their riders. Ask the major to let me know, through you, who has bought our horses. My heart aches when I think of Villa Eden. I hear, here, that many like ourselves are living in honour and happiness. But this must not lead us into temptation, and must not seduce us ever.

I must leave off. Have patience with me, you shall see that you have not in vain done so much for me; you shall see that I will act as a man.

Yours,

FRANKLIN ROLAND.

Thus I call myself now only.

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MANNA TO FRAU DOURNAY.

...I should like to throw myself on your breast, and say, "mother!" and nothing more. The pen in my hand trembles, but I seem to hear you saying, be strong. I will be so. I dare not think how it will be when we again live with you; you are our home. We must wait, who knows how long—who knows at what sacrifice. I dare not think that Eric may be snatched from me, from me—from us.

It was like a dream to me when we stepped on shore, on the land of my birth; I should have liked to float away for ever on that vessel. I am living in Dr. Fritz's house, and Eric and Roland are to-day gone to Wash-

ington; I cannot believe that Eric is not with me, and yet I shall have to part from him in a very different way. We are not anxious, mother, I think. A wonderful destiny has brought us together, and it will remain true to us.

I should like to tell you a good deal of the family in which I am living, and of its kind and intelligent members, and often when I hear the wife and the children speaking, and watch their conduct, I am inclined to say that is like Eric's mother, my mother. There is a fellowship of noble minds throughout the whole world, and he who possesses any share in it finds it in others. This is to me the meaning of those words: "Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened to you." You have given me the power of seeking and knocking, and I find it is opened to me. Oh, mother! why must there be such mighty events, events affecting life and death, to call forth the greatness, and goodness, and self-sacrifice of the human heart? Why not in peace, and love, and silent care?

It is well that I have been interrupted. Lilian has a pretty voice for singing, and the *fiancée* of our friend Knopf also sings well. We have practised some pieces here, and I accompany Lilian's singing on the harp. If we could only waft the sounds across to you! In the midst of the tumult of life, we sit here for hours and sing. I understand anew that expression of Eric's father, that art is a deliverer.

Why does the word father so rend my heart? When I get into this train of thought it always seems to me as if I were passing into a desert, far—far away, where there was nothing to delight the eye, or to refresh the mind. I must endure it.

I see with regret that I have been writing distractedly, but you will know and believe that I am not so, and, above all, you must know that I never burden our Eric with such bitter thoughts. It is not because I resolve not to do so, no, it is because as soon as he is here, fear and sadness vanish, and everything is light and sunshine, and day.

Three days later.

Eric is come back from Washington with Roland; they have much to tell, and Roland is full of enthusiasm, as you may imagine. Lilian is far more mature than could be expected at her age. She was sent to Germany on account of her zeal for proselytizing, and our friend Knopf has accomplished a good work in her. Lilian has been a sister to me, and we often talk of how she will return with us to the Rhine; she thinks, however, that Eric and I will remain here, but that will never be. There is our home, you are our home. I kiss your eyes, and cheeks, and lips, and hands. I am happy that I am

Your daughter,

MANNA DOURNAY.

P.S.—Dear Tante Claudine, Professor Einsiedel promised to send me some books on astronomy. Remind him of this with my affectionate regards. I find a good deal of diversion here in studying the stars. I am playing the harp rather industriously also.

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ERIC TO WEIDMANN.

...Having experienced in my short life what pure and noble beings there are upon earth, I was free and

unconstrained in the presence of Lincoln. A high destiny has been allotted me, in being allowed to look in the face of some of the best men of my generation. And when wiseacres shall tell me again with condescension that I am an idealist, I can reply that I must be one, for in my path of life I have met some of the best in the world.

From some of the people round Lincoln we caught the expression that the negroes must not be set free, for that they would never work unless they were compelled. So Roland whispered to me: "Do the possessors of negroes work if they are not obliged?"

Lincoln saw that the youth said something to me, and he encouraged him to speak openly, and Roland, with calm manliness, repeated what he had said to me. You, who have laboured with me in awakening this youth's mind, will feel the same pleasure that I do. And now I will tell you of your nephew.

Oh, our blessed German life! In ancient times the migratory tribes used to carry the images of their gods with them into foreign lands; we Germans carry our poets, our philosophers, and our musicians through the whole world, and thus your nephew's house is a place of culture, home-like, agreeable, and free. In the midst of the tumult of political and private life, immortal minds are holding their sway, and are producing a devotion, a repose, and a peculiar temple-like calmness. In the midst of the advance of this great historical movement, I feel that each individual man is like the cell in the tree, or rather we are like scholars on a school bench, not knowing the plan, nor the aim to which it all leads; we have to learn our task to-day, and cell grows on cell, and knowledge accumulates on knowledge, till—yes, who knows the end?

It is not yet a hundred years since the Republic of the United States was formed. Oh, how different is the aspect of things here to what we had imagined! I have met with many who doubt in the continuance of the Union; in fact, a clergyman told me the other day that there was probably more power of duration in a monarchical constitution. This feeling arises from despondency and despair, but I hope there are only isolated instances of it.

The slave question is far from being as decided here as we imagined. Your nephew thinks that the entire abolition of slavery must become a necessary measure in the war, for the existence of the states. Patriotism must be combined with humanity; pure ideas must be balanced by advantage and necessity; the logic of facts entails a decision of conduct which the logic of thought could not do. Even here in the north there is a strong party who will not join the extreme views, as they call the absolute abolition of slavery; they hope to subdue the south, not by the abolition of slavery, but by war. We hope it may not succeed. The contest must be wholly fought out. The expression state-necessity, so often misused by tyrants, may, we hope, for once lead to freedom.

We have to hear much against the negroes here. That the four millions of slaves represent nearly two thousand millions of gold dollars, is of course a very prominent fact; they talk also of the many vices of the negro, as if an oppressed race could be mere models of virtue. Every people thus long held in slavery, tortured, tormented, and condemned to ignorance, must fall into a similar condition. Tyranny has always represented the oppressed classes as lower natures,

though it denies of course that somewhat of the depravity they exhibit has been imprinted on them and instilled into them by oppression.

I have become acquainted here with a highly gifted negro, and have heard a speech from him upon the position and future of his race. There was something Demosthenes-like in it; the man had been a slave for twenty-two years, and has acquired a perfectly scientific education. Sometimes there is a trembling kind of lament in his voice, and I admire the way in which he restrains all display of anger. If one individual man could ever be the liberator of his people, this man or one like him could be the hero of liberty. But the heroic age is over for ever and everywhere; yet all can work still, each for the other.

Since I have been here, I see not only deeply rooted prejudices, concealed under the mask of humanity, but I perceive also the great revolution of mind which the abolition of slavery entails. But America must now atone for the sins of omission of her forefathers. Her streets, houses, and fields have all been built and cultivated by the bone and marrow of negroes, and this must be paid for and atoned for. That it should fall to the lot of the present generation to do this is hard, but it must be so. All America is bearing a father's guilt. Roland is only a prominent instance of the sins of the father being atoned for by the children.

We are in the midst of a cause that proves the logic of its own proceedings. The attempt at a peaceful arrangement has been unsuccessful. The cry of "No subjection! no interference with the independence of the separate states!" could be met by force alone, and now the cry resounds: "No confiscation of property!"

that is, no abolition of slavery, and yet this must be the ultimate consequence, if it is not the first.

Moral guilt, which can never be liquidated and never repaid by interest, is now the great national debt of the Union, and this moral guilt cannot be obliterated by blood and money. They say here that the war will cost three thousand millions of dollars, and with the half of this sum, the slaves could have been set at liberty. But an idea cannot be purchased with money, life must be staked in the struggle for it. Freedom cannot be purchased nor given, it must be fought for...

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MANNA TO FRAU DOURNAY.

...That nocturnal apparition of the blackened men was nothing compared to it! I have witnessed a slave insurrection. Dr. Fritz says it was caused by exasperation against the conscription ordered. Several negroes were killed, our friend Knopf had his school destroyed, the negro orphan houses were burned down, and the poor black children were turned crying into the streets. We have much to do and to repair. I was at the funeral of a negro woman. Negroes have a separate place of burial. Even in death the separation...

How often I hear in fancy the air and the words: "All guilt has its avenging time." It was a summer's day when I first heard Eric sing that song on the Rhine. How indescribably sad was I then! And now it seems as if Goethe's words were resounding over this whole continent: "All guilt has its avenging time."

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FRAU DOURNAY TO ERIC AND MANNA.

...No tree bears so many blossoms as the good wishes

which my heart cherishes for you. We are sitting quietly here, while you are in the midst of battle. We can do nothing for you, only I will tell you, my son, and you, my daughter, whatever betide, be consoled with the confidence that we are with you in spirit. Our part is now to wait calmly.

I have been in the new village. It must be like a new settlement in America. It is a great happiness to be able to procure such a cheerful and busy life for so many people. My son! Why do you not tell me whether you have inquired for Uncle Alphonse? Do not neglect doing so. If he still lives, tell him that I have never thought evil of him, though he behaved so hardly towards us, and tell him that your father always remembered him with brotherly affection. Ah! I know not if he still lives. Try to gain some information.

Our friend Einsiedel is now arranging your father's papers. Our good major means to make a room for himself in the conservatory, that next winter he may spend the whole day among the flowers, and imbibe their breath. He asserts that he shall then live to a hundred.

---

LINA TO MANNA.

...To-morrow is the anniversary of my wedding-day, and so I am going to give my first large coffee party. Have respect for me. I shall spread my beautiful damask cloth, and I have gold-rimmed coffee cups. Oh, why can you not be here? People say that my voice has been much stronger since I have been a mother. Oh, Manna, the happiest song is after all that which one sings to one's child. Write to me quickly.



Prancken and his wife are returned, but they are not going to remain in our neighbourhood. He is appointed ambassador somewhere on the Danube, near Turkey. I don't know the name of the country.

---

WEIDMANN TO ERIC.

...My nephew sends me the newspapers regularly. Do not be troubled by thinking of Europe and of the various circumstances connected with it; you are now placed at your post, and you must look only at that which lies nearest to you. Forgive me for venturing to exhort you.

It was high time for this dishonour to be effaced from our age, for it is evident that by long habit, it is no longer regarded so bitterly as a sin and a disgrace.

I am gaining surprising experience in this point. Herr Sonnenkamp was more ruinous to our country than he knew; people are now speaking well of him.

He was only a slave-dealer! is heard everywhere.

Heroism has always something powerful about it, and the bold villain is more attractive than the simply virtuous man. Even people of serious views think it over-scrupulous of the prince not to have ennobled Herr Sonnenkamp.

A plant has been propagated in Europe, which people call the water-plague; you will have read of it. It was brought from Canada, and it has almost choked up the Thames with its roots and stalks, and it has taken deep root in the continent, and has now reached us. In mental things, also, there is a similar kind of water-plague.

It is good that you and Roland refer to me and to my nephew your wishes respecting the money now in

the bank. My nephew is of opinion that a part should be expended now and the rest at the conclusion of the war. He writes to me with great satisfaction of how you and Roland resist all temptation, for, as I conjectured, you are exposed to it afresh in America.

---

DOCTOR RICHARD TO ERIC.

...Be happy that you have no longer time to indulge in subtle speculations, but that you have something to do.

And now for a good story.

Otto von Prancken, for whom I always felt a sympathy, as I do for all profane people—he is no hero of virtue, but he has a good nature—has outrun the black coats in cunning; he induced them to send him to Rome, and there he played a capital stroke.

He entered the papal army with the rank of major, but he got mixed up in a quarrel; I believe he sought it. He wrote a letter full of dissatisfaction at the organization of the army. This was intended to justify him for withdrawing from it, in order to bring home the young widow, the daughter of Herr von Endlich. When you return, you will have new neighbours. They say however that Prancken is going to enter the diplomatic service, and I think he has talent for it.

Have you heard or seen nothing of Frau Bella?

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FRAU MAJOR GRASSLER, FORMERLY FRAULEIN MILCH,  
TO KNOFF.

...You can imagine what pleasure your letter gave us. My good husband was merry again for the first

time since you left; he has been very restless ever since you have been all gone. For months he has not been able to get rid of the wish that he was younger, so that he might have gone too. We have quite a domestic affliction in Laadi's blindness, and no doctor can remedy it. People laugh at us, for nursing the dog so faithfully; they want us to shoot her, but we cannot do that. My husband sits for hours with Laadi, talking to her; he even leads her out daily for a walk. Why should a dog go blind? One must take care not to grow sentimental. Mother Nature is a very hard mother.

Ah, dear friend, I am ashamed of myself for writing of such paltry things to you, who are now in the midst of a great historical event, and how can all this interest you? My husband has told me that at Count Wolfsgarten's one day there was a long discussion upon the American saying: Help thyself. Is not that now the great word that is becoming an act in America? America is helping a long enslaved race to gain liberty, and in so doing, she is helping herself to gain liberty and morality.

*Postscript.*—I knew the father of your Rosalie; he was once with us with the schoolmaster, Fassbender.

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ERIC TO WEIDMANN.

Adams is ordered to work in the trenches, and with him a large number of negroes. He would not take a pickaxe in his hand, till Roland joined the negroes and worked with them.

There is a good deal of discontent in the army; they find fault with Lincoln for adhering to a wavering po-

licy, for his uncertainty, and to put it in its mildest form, for his extreme dilatoriness.

I must leave it to Doctor Fritz himself, or rather to time, to justify his remark, for he says: Lincoln is not a highly gifted man, towering above the masses; he is of average proportion, and the exact expression of that point to which the popular mind has as yet arrived. He is not a man of distinction, but only of just significance.

It may be, but that is much. It is not greatness in the old sense of the word, but are we not now in a period which has overcome heroism, and demands no hero, around whom all others should be grouped as subordinate figures?

Republicanism, democracy and pantheism stand opposed to monarchism, aristocracy and monotheism; they are three different names for three forms of the same principle.

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ROLAND TO FRAU DOURNAY.

My first lines from the field are to you, dear Frau Dournay. Why do you not know Lilian? She is worthy of being known by you.

Oh! what a man is Doctor Fritz!

He told me he was a pupil of your husband's, and it ought to make you happy that his mind is represented by such a man in the New World.

I am obliged to try not to think too much of you and of the past; I dare not now think of anything but what we have before us, and I am tired, for I have had a good deal of drill.

Eric is held in great respect here.

He is now in the camp; it is said, that to-morrow we shall give fire for the first time.

In the morning.

The battle is beginning. I hope to do my duty.

In the evening.

I have been appointed an officer.

---

ERIC TO WEIDMANN.

From the camp.

We have fought a battle. We were defeated. Roland has distinguished himself, and was appointed an officer; I have to use all my influence to restrain his boldness.

It is a great help to me that your great-nephew Hermann is so prudent.

The hardest thing in this war is that thousands must be sacrificed before the leaders will have learned the art of war; there is a want of experienced and confident generals. It is not a small thing that the army, without confidence in the strategy of its leaders, maintained itself so bravely; they must learn war by war. The Southern States have thus an advantage.

It affords me some thought whether our adversaries fight with the hope of victory; I mean, whether they honestly hope that if they conquer, their principle can be a lasting one.

It is the exasperation they evince, an exasperation passing all the bounds of humanity, and the passion for revenge with which they fight and treat their prisoners, that appear to me as tokens that they believe in a victory in battle, but not in a victory in peace. And then the question occurs to me again:

why must the realization of an idea be always purchased by blood ?

It is the great riddle of history.

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ERIC TO WEIDMANN.

From the Camp.

...The true and necessary thing has happened ; the negroes have been called to military service ; Roland, Hermann, and I have entered a negro regiment. Now for the first time is the contest complete. The negroes are willing and good, and are always merry. This military discipline is a grand school for life.

We have learned from a spy whom we sent out that a man whom, from the description, I gather to be Sonnenkamp, is in the army opposed to us, and with him there is a woman in male attire, of great beauty and commanding the homage of all. I had hoped that he would have joined the naval forces, and the thought is terrible to me that he and his son may meet in battle with each other. If only Roland hears nothing of it.

It is a pleasure to me to see the intimacy between Roland and your great-nephew Hermann. The two youths are inseparable.

---

ROLAND TO FRAU DOURNAY.

...At last it has occurred. Eric, Hermann, and I are serving in a black regiment. That is what I wished. I may tell you that they love me, these enslaved people, who are now fighting for the humanity which men will not grant them in peace. I think of those words of Parker's. Ah ! what a day was that, when I heard his name from you for the first time, as you were going out of church, and then——

Forward! is our watchword now; we must no longer look back.

I have found a friend, a friend who would suit you perfectly, and my Hermann is Lilian's brother. I dare not venture to think that he is fighting from his free resolve, and I—No, I also am freely staking everything...

We are beaten! mother we are beaten! Eric consoles me and consoles all, he says that it is good we should learn to endure. Well, I will try to learn it.

(Eric's postscript.) Mother! I found these lines of Roland's with his things, and I send them to you. We have since fought again and gained a victory. Roland has disappeared; he is either fallen or taken prisoner, but he fought manfully. Oh! my Roland!

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ERIC TO WEIDMANN.

From the Camp.

Oh! my friend, we have gained a victory, but Roland is lost! I have sought for him over the battle-field with our doctor and Adams and Hermann. What a sight! We have not found Roland. Our hope is that he is captured.

What a hope!

I try to comfort myself while I comfort Hermann. All this sterling youth's strength of affection comes out in his sorrow for the lost one, but he is far from any weakness; he evidences the good school in which he has been trained, the school of the republic and his German home. Hermann is now the companion of my hut; he is very different to Roland. Here in America there is room for each, and every bough lives and assumes the form it chooses; but then Hermann has no sorrow of heart, as my poor Roland had.

I beg you, if any tidings from Sonnenkamp arrive for me, to write to him and tell him his son is a prisoner. I am wearied to death. The vision of the wounded, the dead, and the crushed will never vanish from my memory. I do not know when I shall write to you again, only I beg you to carry out what I say with regard to Sonnenkamp for Roland's sake; perhaps you could insert it in some English newspaper that is sent to the Southern States. Talk over it all with Professor Einsiedel.

Roland was yesterday unusually agitated. He heard the negroes singing a song, and suddenly he remembered that this was the song which his nurse had sung to him. The burden of it was sad and the melody still sadder. A negro mother is singing to her child and telling him that he is to grow and get beautiful teeth, because the master likes it.

The whole day the song seemed in Roland's mind, he was talking of it and kept humming it to himself, and it appeared to take possession of him. His cradle song was in his thoughts, when he perhaps advanced to death...

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LILIAN TO FRAU DOURNAY.

"Write at once to Eric's mother," were Roland's words. You know, therefore, honoured lady, that I have found him.

The fearful intelligence reached us that Roland had either fallen or was taken prisoner, and I could endure no longer. I travelled into the hostile land. Accompanied by brother Martin—I mean Herr Knopf—I ventured to cross the boundary. We were disguised as Southerners, and I carried my arm in a sling, as if



I were wounded. Ah! how shall I tell of the dangers which we passed through? Herr Knopf did not cross the boundary; I went over alone and Griffin was with me.

Oh, what have I not witnessed! I have been on battle-fields, and have looked in the face of hundreds of dead and dying. I was in the hospitals and heard groaning and lamentation, but Roland was nowhere, and there was no trace to be found of him.

I wandered on and on, and our horrible foes pitied me. I found him at last. No, not I—Griffin found him. He lay wounded in a barn; he looked so altered and emaciated, I should scarcely have known him.

Roland says that a woman in male attire ordered him to be carried to the barn, and he asserts that it was Countess Bella. I once saw her when I was at Mattenheim, and I saw her here—I feel sure it was she—rushing past on horseback, in a man's dress; she looked at me, she must have recognised me.

I gave Roland a pebble when we parted at Mattenheim; he wears this pebble now on his heart, stitched up in his clothes, and it was the means of saving him from death. I have sent the news to New York, but I do not know whether the letter will get there. Letters go regularly to Europe, so I beg you to send the tidings to my father and to Eric. You may add, moreover, that Roland is out of all danger—a German doctor, who is with the army here, assures me of this.

Will you give these tidings to my uncle and aunt, and to all belongings. Roland is just awake.

He begs me to ask you to take the deaf and dumb boy to the villa, and to give him employment in the garden; he speaks much of him.

DOCTOR FRITZ TO DOCTOR RICHARD.

We receive nothing but sad tidings from the Southern States. A prisoner who fortunately escaped—you know, probably, the inhuman way in which the Southern States treat their prisoners—told me, by chance, that Sonnenkamp Banfield was fighting in the army there, and that there was a beautiful lady with him. Sonnenkamp has not attained to that importance in the Southern States which his ambition looked for. He is too radical for the landowners of the south; he makes a logical principle of that which they desire, just as he did formerly in his dispute with me. But he has wholly destroyed his influence by coming forward with a plan for making a monarchy of the Southern States. The landowners of the South have no wish for that; republicanism is still in their veins, and although Sonnenkamp withdrew from his plan, he has forfeited the consideration he must have obtained from his indisputable power and his regardless conduct. I believe that he and Countess Bella are fighting only from despair and love of adventure.

ERIC TO WEIDMANN.

...We have witnessed the end!

It was a hot day, and there was an obstinate encounter on both sides. We conquered, but our loss was great. Presently Adams came to me; he was bleeding, and foam was standing on his lips. I wanted to bind up his wounds, but he hindered me, exclaiming—

“Come! come! I have not killed him—he is lying outside.”

“Who?”

“Roland’s father.”

I took a doctor with me, and we hastened past heaps of mutilated men who were calling out for help.

We reached a hillock where he was lying. As I stood before him, I could scarcely breathe, but at last I exclaimed—"Father!"

"Father!" he cried, "away from me! leave me!"

He fixed his glassy eye on me. He pulled up the grass and dug into the earth, and buried his face in it, as if in search of the one fragrance that refreshed him, but he shook his head, he seemed no longer to smell the exhalation. Then he turned round and stared at me. The doctor examined him, he was bleeding. With violence he thrust him away.

"I will not be bound! Away with you all!"

I knelt down by his side and said that he had not stood opposed to his son in the battle, for that Roland had been lost for the last three months, and had probably been taken prisoner.

"Prisoner!...alas! alas!" he cried. "A prisoner! Oh! it is *her* fault...her...I did not wish...I was obliged...she would ride on horseback and play the amazon..."

He laughed scornfully.

"On the sea...by sea..." he continued, "there is where I wished to be...I was obliged to follow her...I saw her fall...she was beautiful even in death...an enchantress..."

The doctor signed to me, and I understood the signal. I asked whether he had any further wish. He looked at me fixedly. "There...give me that...give it me!"

He pointed to a heath, growing not far from him. Adams had followed our eyes and the words, and plucking a tuft of the heath, he gave it into the hand of the

dying man, who looked up at the negro with eyes starting from their sockets. Then a smile passed over his countenance, he raised himself with a powerful effort, uttered a horrible cry, and fell back in the agonies of death. He died with the heath in his convulsed hand.

Oh! what have I witnessed, what must I witness! As we buried him in the ground and covered the spot with heath, I wept for the man of such mighty strength. What might he not have been, if...

I was interrupted in the midst of writing. I was called to Adams, he had neglected to have his wound bound up, and now it was too late. He asked for me. I was standing by his side.

"Herr major, will my brothers be free?"

"Yes, yes," I exclaimed; then he raised his hands and screamed and raved. His wild nature, which was only fettered and restrained, showed itself in his death struggle. Oh, I can write no more; I am mistaken in myself. I believed myself fortified against everything, and I am not. I beg you, dear Herr Weidmann, to tell my mother of the death of Roland's and Manna's father. Could I only sleep and find rest.

(Postscript in Manna's hand.) This letter, written thus far, was found in Eric's pocket, when he was drawn forth from under his horse. In his excitement, which amounted to unconsciousness, he mounted his horse and would join the battle, but he was thrown. I send the letter. He knows no one at present, and speaks confusedly, but the doctor gives me hope. I will not send the letter till I can add better tidings.

Three days later.

My husband says that he finds refreshment in thinking of you. I have to-day written to our mother also.

## MANNA TO FRAU DOURNAY.

Mother, he is saved! All the pain is gone! He is saved! For nights and days he lay in fever, and did not know me. But one day he exclaimed—"Ah, the tones of the harp!"

I telegraphed at once to New York, that they should send me my harp, but the man at the telegraph office told me that a lady living alone here possessed one. I went to the lady . . . and this lady is the mother of my Heimchen. The Lady Superior had written to her of the child's love for me, and I was now obliged to tell the mother everything. And now . . . Yes, we live amid miracles! From Heimchen came the harp, which was to soothe my husband to rest.

I do not know whether I ever told you of a veiled Spanish lady whom we saw at Karlsbad, and whom I occasionally met at church; this was Heimchen's mother. Hers is a bitter fate; she was married, and afterwards learned that her husband was already married; she will, however, never mention her husband's name. She told me now that she had known me at that time, but had not introduced herself to me; a gentleman in Countess Bella's party had insulted her, and she took her departure. I do not understand much that she says; but I dare not trouble her, for she talks unwillingly.

I returned to Eric. The doctor proposed my playing in the adjoining room. Eric fell asleep, and when he woke, he said, "Why does not Manna come?"

The doctor forbid my going to him, as all agitation was to be avoided. And so I might only look at him when his eyes were closed, until the doctor at length permitted it.

In his feverish delirium, he was always seeing me in the convent, with the wings on that I wore that night, and then he would speak French, and laugh at sister Seraphine. The agitation which Eric had experienced at my father's death, had so completely shattered him, that the doctor assured me that for some time he never slept at all.

Sleeping draughts were given to him, but they seemed to produce a bad effect, and they were obliged to be discontinued. Then the battle began again. Everyone had begged him to give himself rest, and he had already earned such distinction ; but he mounted his horse, and rode off. The horse fell with him, and he was carried into the hospital as dead. I received the tidings, and hastened hither. Now all is well again, only he is still very weak.

But, as his way is, he begged me to give pleasure also to the other wounded men, and so for hours sometimes I am playing the harp in the sick wards. It refreshes the sick people indescribably, and the doctors even say that the wounds heal better since there has been a more cheerful tone of feeling. When I go back to Eric, and the doctor tells him how good the music has been for the sick people, his countenance beams ; he speaks but little ; he only holds my hand in silence. But, mother, you may be easy. Eric has asked to be allowed to write a word to you also.

(Here followed, in a trembling hand :) "Your living, loving, and beloved son Eric."

(Then, in Manna's hand :) "Do not be frightened at these unsteady strokes. The doctor repeats that all danger is past, and that great quiet alone is necessary. Oh, mother ! How shall I thank God that my Eric

lives, and that I am not widowed, nor a life orphaned before its birth ? Be easy, I keep myself strong : I have a threefold claim to live.

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MANNA TO PROFESSOR EINSIEDEL.

...In the hospital I was called to a man who was severely wounded ; he was a prisoner from the forces of the Southern States, and he had heard my harp-playing, and had asked about me, and had learned that I was a German. The man told me that he had an uncle in Germany, a book-keeper in a large banking house. One evening, when his uncle was at the theatre, he had robbed him and fled. I told him that, through you, I had become acquainted at Karlsbad with a man whose history agreed with this story ; that is, I had only seen him, but I described him as well as I could. The sick man asserted that that was his uncle. And now he has begged me to write and say that he repents of his act. He has always hoped to come to great wealth, in order to return and make amends for everything. But this hope has not been realized, he must die poor ; but he wishes his uncle to know of his repentance.

Will you communicate all this to the man ?

---

ERIC TO HIS MOTHER.

...In my delirium I was always saying to myself—  
“ You have promised your mother to return home well ; you must not be ill—you must not die—you must fulfil your promise.” And that thought was with me always, sometimes making me quiet, sometimes restless. I seemed to feel as if I must be able to do something to force nature to remove the shadow,

the pain, and the incapacity which burdened me. There were two souls in me. And once I heard you say quite distinctly to me, "Keep yourself quiet; you are destroying your life by your thoughts; learn for once not to think at all." And then I was standing on the platform at the musical festival, and could not get out a note. I have suffered terribly. But now I am perfectly recovering. . . .

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DOCTOR FRITZ TO WEIDMANN.

...Through Eric's being wounded, and Manna's harp-playing, as it stood in the papers, a strange riddle has been solved. A little old man of refined appearance came to me; he spoke German, but evidently with difficulty, and manifesting that he had not expressed himself in this language perhaps for many years. He asked me whether I was really acquainted with a Major Dournay. I replied in the affirmative, and it was only with difficulty that I at length brought out that this was Eric's uncle, a man of great wealth. He wished for information about the family, and above all to know if his sister Claudine was still living. Fortunately Knopf could tell him all he required.

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ERIC TO HIS MOTHER.

Mother! Our uncle is found. My fall from horseback, and still more Manna's harp-playing, were related in the papers as a marvellous tale. Uncle Alphonse read it, and introduced himself to Doctor Fritz. My uncle himself came to see me, as I was still ill. I felt as if I had seen my father.

They told me I was so excited that my life was again in danger. They must now withhold all tidings from me till I am quite strong again. I showed my



uncle your letter. The old man, who for years wished to know nothing more of Europe, nor of his relations there, wept bitterly. He will return to Europe with us.

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DOCTOR FRITZ TO WEIDMANN.

...Two children have been born to us. Manna has given birth to a son, and Frau Knopf to a girl. I happened to be with Knopf when his daughter was born, and when he saw it for the first time, he exclaimed aloud: "Pure Caucassian race!"

He then confessed to me that in spite of his love for negroes, he had always been afraid that his Rosalie would have a black child, seeing, as she did, nothing but negro children all round her. And now he was delighted that his daughter, whom he named Manna Erica, should be of pure Caucassian race, and he merrily extolled the fate, which had given him, a teacher of girls, a girl for his first-born.

Manna's child has received the name of Benjamin Alphonse. Uncle Alphonse is godfather; in his will he has assigned the whole of his property to be equally divided between his sister Claudine and his brother's son, and he has now already given over the half to them. He wishes to go with them to Europe, but I do not think the good man will live very long.

I have before told you that my daughter Lilian sought out her hero Roland in the enemy's territory, and saved him. Roland is still very weak, but he is gone with a German Doctor to our farm, Lilian House, to recover his youthful strength. He will subsequently enter the navy. The great struggle is drawing to a close, and with our triumphal rejoicings we shall be able to celebrate Roland and Lilian's wedding. They will remain here with us. Roland has acted bravely.

We are going to apply the greatest part of his paternal property towards procuring free land for the negroes, furnishing them with all that they require, and establishing schools for them...

---

ROLAND TO WEIDMANN.

Lilian House.

Here in the quiet of this country life, where I am recovering from the effects of the war, I have, in my solitary walks, entertained an idea which has at last formed itself into words, and these follow me all day long like a melody.

Villa Eden would make a home of peace and repose for the champions of free thought. How to give a distinct wording to what I wish, I know not; but I mean that something like a cloister might be established for solitary and rest-requiring minds.

What we have expended here during the war, and what is now to be applied to the freed negroes, has been done with the co-operation of Doctor Fritz, whom I now call father; but the great and laborious work is only now beginning.

There is still our house in Europe; and my sister agrees with me in wishing that it should not be sold nor remain deserted, and so I ask whether something might not be established there, which would afford a free and peaceful resting-place to men who have devoted their life to high intellectual matters.

Let Eric talk the subject over with you; he has many scruples. Should you and our friends at home decide otherwise, we declare ourselves beforehand agreed with you.

(Eric's postscript). I send you this letter of Roland's. I place it in your hand as an evidence of his

inclination, for there are countless obstacles to the plan which he proposes with regard to Villa Eden, obstacles all arising from the one fact that the idea of freedom cannot assume a definite form.

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ERIC TO HIS MOTHER.

...Mother! grandmother! All is well. What more have I to say? We have passed happily out of all our misery. And mother, I am coming—I am coming home with my wife and my child, and with Uncle Alphonse.

The waves will carry, the vessel will bear, and the land will stand firm, and mother, I shall again clasp you in my arms, and I shall lay my child on your lap, and we shall live and work ...

---

ERIC TO WEIDMANN.

...We have marched to Richmond with our black regiment. I have had the highest blessing vouchsafed me. I have been allowed to co-operate in the greatest conflict of our century. There is no more slavery.

Later.

...Read this. A murder, an assassination! Why is it not to be? Why is nothing pure and beautiful to be accomplished? Lincoln murdered!

Does it not often seem as if a malicious demon ruled the world?

No, this act stands as a token of what barbarism the advocate of aristocracy and the defender of the privileged classes is capable. In future times men will no longer believe in such depravity; now it is regarded as an act of assassination, and not as the deed of one man, but as the act of a conspiracy.

In the Southern States during the war, fanaticism was let loose; it has now received its bloody seal.

## DOCTOR FRITZ TO WEIDMANN.

History will not suffer Lincoln to be made a hero only on account of his death as a martyr. He was an upright and sterling character; he lived for a good cause, and he was murdered for its sake; that is much, and it is enough. The helmsman is gone overboard.

An event in my own life occurs to me, renewed as it now is in its widest signification.

When I crossed the sea for the first time, to go to the New World, after our hopes for our German Fatherland had been frustrated, there was a sudden alarm on deck, and the vessel stopped its rapid course. Everyone was agitated; everyone asked, What has happened? And the cry was raised, The helmsman is gone overboard.

The helmsman of the American Union is gone overboard, and the thousand-fold and incalculable springs of motion in that New World are suddenly standing still, as our vessel did at that time in the midst of the ocean. But the vessel is firmly put together and tried in the storm; the helmsman is mourned for, but others step into his place.

It is no play of words, when I tell you that now for the first time the American Union has gained a wonderful unity of feeling.

It is difficult in our modern times for one common sentiment to pervade all minds; now it exists, and it will exercise an incalculable effect.

When had the New World even an hour or a day in which one single feeling pervaded the hearts of all, as it has done now at the death of Lincoln?

This is an effect, greater than any that could have been devised. The great thing is not the tumult, but the repose which followed the death of Lincoln. There

was a silent and sorrowing people—a whole nation mourned.

If there could have been anything which could for ever obliterate the last trace of a justification of slavery from the mind of man, the death of this simple, able man, and the mode of his death, has done it.

Is it perhaps a law of history, that a great idea requires to be ratified by the sacrifice of a martyr?

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KNOPF TO THE MAJOR.

...The uncle of our friend Dournay is dead; he was ill, and the tidings of the assassination of President Lincoln killed him.

Eric and Manna will return home with their son.

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ERIC TO WEIDMANN.

...Then thus it is to be; history has disposed of property thus obtained.

Roland will remain here; he finds here the true sphere of his labours in his union with the family of our friend, Dr. Fritz. I shall return home with Manna. We have decided at first to reside at Villa Eden. This letter goes to Europe only three days in advance of us.

I have promised Roland to come over in the year 1876, the hundredth anniversary of the American Republic. At that great festival of the modern free world we will then both silently compare what each has effected in his fatherland.

THE END.

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BILLING, PRINTER, GUILDFORD.

